

SPECIAL NATURE NUMBER

July 1915

Price 6<sup>2</sup>

*The*  
**QUIVER**



*IN THE SUMMER TIME*



*LOOK WELL AND PRIME  
BY TAKING*

***BEECHAM'S PILLS.***

## THE QUIVER



We do not offer a prize for the solution of this puzzle. Our photo shows an AutoStrop Safety Razor Set which has literally been "through the wars." It belonged to a Life Guardsman, and was in his haversack when struck by a piece of a bursting shell. There can be no doubt that the man's life was saved by the fortunate coincidence. The neat little self-stropping AutoStrop Razor is being largely used by officers and men at the Front.

### The only razor that strops itself and saves expense for new blades

No razor can shave well unless it is sharp, no blade can be sharp unless it is stropped. The AutoStrop is the only safety razor that combines instantaneous and automatic stropping with the advantages of a perfectly adjusted safety razor. It can be stropped, ready for shaving, in twelve seconds without handling of blade or taking to pieces. It is cleaned as easily.

## AutoStrop Safety Razor

Test it against any non-stropping razors and you will realise not only the enormous saving in blade expense, but the clean, cool, close shave that only a stropped blade can give.

The Standard Set, as illustrated here, consists of finely made heavily plated razor, best horsehide strop and twelve tested "Valet" blades in beautiful leather case. Price complete **21/-**

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO. LTD.,  
67 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

On sale at all high-class  
dealers throughout the world



*IN THE SUMMER TIME*



*LOOK WELL AND PRIME  
BY TAKING*

***BEECHAM'S PILLS.***



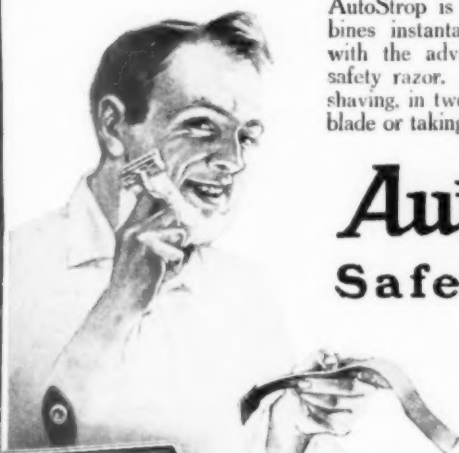
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AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO. LD.,  
61 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

On sale at all high-class  
dealers throughout the world



Easy to Buy—Easy to Try—Fast when Dry

“The material is quite all right . . . but——”

Invariably it is a “but,” and that “but” either represents a fading of colour, a shabbiness all too evident, or stain marks indelibly indented. And yet—the material is quite all right!



# Drummer Dyes

“So easy to use”

make all such articles just as new. The first-time freshness can be restored, the first-time lustre re-introduced by simply using Drummer Dyes, and at home. For Drummer Dyes are reliable and trustworthy, steadfast in colour and true to tone. Try them to-night on any soiled, faded, or shabby garment in your wardrobe—you will assuredly obtain the same good wear and service again.

Try Drummer Dyes on the following articles:—

Knitted Coats  
Underskirts  
Underwear  
Woollens  
Wrappers

Stockings  
Scarves  
Gloves  
Blouses  
Bodices

Boys' Suits  
Girls' Dresses  
Pinafores  
Skirts  
6c. 6c. 6c.

Every colour is represented, useful and fashionable, and your Grocer, Chemist, Oilman, or Store can supply you.



The Drummer on the packet is your guarantee and protection against substitutes.

Have you had your copy of “Home Dyeing” yet? It's full of interesting advice and economical wrinkles. A post card to the makers brings it by return.

EDGE'S, BOLTON, LANCs.

Makes “Old” Clothes Just Like NEW

# Player's Navy Cut

**Tobacco and Cigarettes**

**FOR THE TROOPS**

From all quarters we hear the same simple request:  
"SEND US TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES."

**TROOPS AT HOME** (Duty Paid).

It would be well if those wishing to send Cigarettes to our Soldiers would remember those still in Great Britain. There are thousands of Regulars and Territorials awaiting orders, and in sending a present now you are assured of reaching your man. Supplies may be obtained from the usual trade sources and we shall be glad to furnish any information on application.

**TROOPS AT THE FRONT** (Duty Free).

John Player & Sons, Nottingham, will (through the Proprietors for Export, The British - American Tobacco Co., Ltd.) be pleased to arrange for supplies of this world-renowned Brand to be forwarded to the Front at Duty Free Rates.



Regd. No. 154011

**John Player & Sons, Nottingham.**  
**CASTLE TOBACCO FACTORY.**

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited.

# Great Home "Hair Beauty" FREE Demonstration

A Wonderful Hair-Growing Gift That Will Enable You to Commence a Fascinating Series of "Hair Beauty" Experiments at Home.

**Commence to Grow Beautiful Abundant Hair This Way FREE.**

NO matter how thin, weak, or impoverished your hair may be, there is a simple scientific method whereby it can be restored to its natural glory and fullness.

To-day it is recognised that "Harlene Hair-Drill" is the safest, surest, and speediest way to hair health and beauty.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" brooks no refusal, and will not take "NO" for an answer from any head of hair, but, in the most natural and "sympathetic" way, renews hair "life" where hair death had set in.

A week of "Harlene Hair-Drill" makes this manifest, even in the worst of cases, and therefore *will*—and *must*—in your case, and the great "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift will enable you to enjoy this free of cost.

**1,000,000  
ENTIRELY FREE  
"HARLENE HAIR-  
DRILL" OUTFITS.**

The inventor of the wonderful "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of growing hair will forward, upon receipt of coupon below, the following generous Hair Beauty Aids, which will enable you to commence to grow healthy, luxurious, youth-giving hair at once:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair—the wonderful Hair tonic, stimulant, and dressing that literally compels a magnificent growth of hair.
2. A free packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder—the finest hair-cleanser in the world—which prepares the head for "Harlene Hair-Drill."

*You can double the health and beauty of your hair by following the advice given here.*



*If you desire beautiful hair write for your "Harlene Hair-Drill" Triple Gift to-day.*

If your hair is dull, lifeless, lacking in its full natural lustre and brightness, if it is falling and baldness is approaching, if you suffer from scurf, dandruff, irritation, or hair decay, then send for your free-of-cost "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit and commence to grow beautiful abundant, healthy hair.

When you have seen how truly splendid is this "Harlene" method, you can always obtain larger supplies from any chemist—"Harlene" in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; "Cremex" Shampoos at 1s. per box of seven (single packets 2d.)—or direct on remittance from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. All post orders, except foreign, are dispatched carriage free on remittance. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

Everyone who desires beautiful abundant hair should test the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Method, as they may do free of cost. Just fill in and post the form below.

## FOR YOUR HAIR BEAUTY GIFT

To EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,  
20-26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Hair-Growing Outfit. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

Name.....

Address.....

Quiver, July, 1915. ....

A "Fountain Pencil" which all should have  
—invaluable to soldiers and sailors

THE  
"MABIE" MAGAZINE  
PENCIL

This is an attractive and well-balanced pencil of handy size, the holder of which forms a magazine containing 5 releads. By partially unscrewing the point section and holding the pencil with the point slanting downwards, a new lead can be instantly fed into writing position without soiling the fingers. The improved method of gripping holds the lead absolutely rigid, and it cannot slip in the pencil when writing. There is practically no wastage of lead, as it can be used to under a quarter of an inch.

A Worthy Companion to a "Swan" Pen



Three patterns: Plain, engine turned or lined. Silver, 6/6. Rolled Gold, 7/6



Same patterns with pocket clip. Silver, 8/-. Rolled Gold, 9/-

"Relead," 9d. per box.

Write to-day for Catalogue of "Swan" Pens, etc.

**MABIE, TODD & CO., Ltd., 79 & 80 High Holborn, London, W.C.**

88 Cheapside, E.C.3; 954 Regent St., W.1; 3 Exchange St., Manchester; 10 Rue Neuve, Brussels; 180 Boulevard, 37 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; and at New York, Chicago, Toronto, and Sydney.



This shows the exact amount of lead (16 inches) each pencil carries.



# YOU CAN SIT AT THE PIANO and Play tunes TO-DAY

by

**Naunton's National Music System**

This is not the impossible task which some people would have you believe. With Naunton's music to guide you, the piano is the easiest instrument in the world to play, for there is no drudgery, no practising tiresome exercises, no scales, sharps, flats or accidentals, no unexpected or unnecessary difficulty whatever.

Naunton's National Music System is not a mechanical device nor a vamping method, but a **SIMPLE, RAPID & PERFECT System of Musical Notation** which you can learn to read, play and understand almost instantaneously.

You play tunes on your very first lesson.

**Over 50,000 people are already playing the piano by it**

Playing with taste and skill, charming other people, delighting themselves, getting more and more enjoyment out of life every day, and all because they ventured to try Naunton's National Music System. They proved for themselves that what we claim to be true is true, and the opportunity is now offered to you also.

What others have done quickly and well, you also can do with equal speed and ease. Not one of the 50,000 people just mentioned had a better offer given to him or her than that which is given to you now. Read carefully through the coupon at the foot of this page and see the promise contained in it. If you then have a desire to play the piano perfectly, send your **1/-** with the coupon to-day, and in return we will send you our **"Special No. 1,"** containing five tunes, which we guarantee you can play. Thus you can judge for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you just as it has done for the 50,000 and more people who are already playing by it. Never in all your life will you have spent a shilling to better purpose.

We say for ourselves only what our pupils are more than willing to say for us. Just read their

## CLEAR TESTIMONY TO THE IMMENSE VALUE OF OUR WONDERFUL SYSTEM

**This from a Pupil who has taken nine lessons out of the fifty which comprise the whole System:** "I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

**This from a Pupil who has taken only six lessons:** "I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

**From a Musician who has composed over 3,000 popular songs:** "I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

**From a Proud Mother:** "Florrie can play splendidly, and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you said."

**From a Composer:** "I think it A1, easy, excellent. Any person could understand it."

**From many Pupils whose testimony can all be rolled into one:** "When reading your advertisement I could scarcely believe that any system could achieve what was there stated. But on studying your first lesson I realised that at last a system had been discovered which would help persons who formerly held the idea that to play the piano was utterly beyond them. Naunton's National Music System is splendid. It is the acme of simplicity, and is as perfect as it is simple."

**From a Pupil who thinks that one good turn deserves another:** "I am recommending it to all my friends, and two of them are sending to you for their lessons."

THE ORIGINALS OF THE ABOVE AND THOUSANDS OF SIMILAR TESTIMONIALS CAN BE SEEN AT OUR LONDON OFFICES AT ANY TIME.

## SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

To THE MANAGER, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.

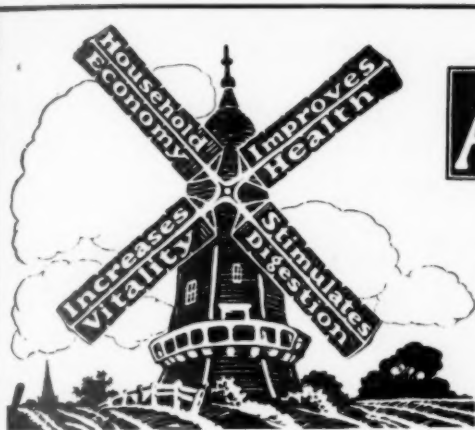
Being a reader of THE QUIVER, and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for **One Shilling**, in return for which please send me your **"Special No. 1,"** published at 2/-, containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a THOROUGH musician by your Course of instruction.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

DATE .....





**A**S the sails to  
a windmill  
so is Allinson  
*Wholemeal*  
Bread to the  
human body.

It is Nature's driving force, providing not only a maximum amount of nourishment and strength, but also just those essentials needed to stimulate the digestion and allow the system to assimilate every particle of its goodness.

Allinson Bread which contains the wheat—the *whole* wheat and nothing but the wheat—is brown because *wheat* is brown, and delicious because *wheat* is delicious. It is stone-ground by a patented process to the ideal degree of fineness—neither too fine to clog nor too coarse to irritate.

Allinson Wholemeal Bread, in addition to its 100 per cent. nourishment, contains that part of the wheat which keeps the organs healthy without medicine, as Nature intended. Try this bread and you will thoroughly endorse every word of this advertisement—you will not only enjoy its crisp "wheaty" flavour, but also reap the benefit of its health-giving and health-maintaining nourishment. Invaluable to those suffering from Constipation.

**FREE SAMPLE 2 lb. LOAF.**

Send 4d. stamps (to pay carriage) for free 2lb. sample loaf and N.F. Biscuits, together with free illustrated booklet on "Bread and Health," name and address of nearest Allinson Baker, and particulars of monthly prize distribution of 23 cash prizes and 100 Bread Trenchers and Knives. For 1s. a 3½lb. trial bag of Allinson Wholemeal will be sent in addition to above.

Allinson Wholemeal Flour is packed in 3½lb., 7lb. and 14lb. bags, containing a useful recipe book for baking all kinds of fancy cakes and making the ideal Allinson loaf.

NATURAL FOOD CO., 210 Cambridge Road, London, E.

**Allinson**  
**UNADULTERATED**  
**WHOLEMEAL**  
**Bread**

# Banish dust, dirt and germs from floors, furniture & linoleum, by using RONUK

—the Sanitary Polish  
for the Home.

Sold Everywhere. In tins, 3d., 6d., 1s. & 2s.

## 100 PIECES PURE WHITE CHINA, 21/-

Includes a complete Dinner Service for twelve, a complete Tea-Breakfast Service for twelve, Hot Water Jug, Teapot, and a set of three jugs. All to match, pure white, each piece thin and dainty, beautifully finished, and fit for any table.

**Packed Free, Guaranteed Delivered  
Perfect, 21/- the Lot.**

Money back if not delighted. Why not have your china bright and fresh from our kilns, and at half the price you usually pay? Our catalogue, showing in colours a really nice selection, with testimonials from all parts of the world, will be sent to you Post Free.

Write for it now!

VINCENT FINE ART POTTERY, D, MOORLAND WORKS, BURSLEM, ENG.



## SULPHOLINE

THE FAMOUS LOTION

**Quickly removes SKIN ERUPTIONS,  
ensuring A CLEAR COMPLEXION.**

The slightest Rash, faintest Spot, irritable Pimples, disfiguring Blisters, obstinate Eczema disappear by applying

## SULPHOLINE

which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear,  
supple, comfortable.

Bottles 1/- and 2/9

FOR 42 YEARS

## SULPHOLINE

HAS BEEN THE REMEDY FOR

Eruptions  
Pimples  
Redness  
Psoriasis

Roughness  
Rashes  
Eczema  
Scurf

Acne  
Blotches  
Spots  
Rosacea

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., LTD., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., and can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

Quickly removes the effects of Sunscorch.

## Pianists, Violinists, 'Cellists

The Cowling System, by a few minutes' daily practice, away from the instrument, ensures that little extra responsiveness and control of the fingers needed to make playing more certain and easy. It gives **Strength and Flexibility** to the hands and fingers. The Course consists of 12 lessons (by post), each illustrated by actual photographs of the hand and its muscles, and accompanied by clear and explicit instructions. No apparatus is required, the fee is small, and the results are permanent.

Send to-day for Free Booklet; address  
The SECRETARY, COWLING SYSTEM,  
Museum Station Buildings,  
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

## COUPON. THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS.

To the Editor, "The Quiver,"  
La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts and  
forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.

(Signed) .....

Address .....



ENSURE YOUR POPULARITY  
BY BUYING

*Fry's* Chocolates



# Laitova Lemon Cheese

*The daily spread for the children's bread.*

**CHEAPER THAN BUTTER**

*—ask the Grocer*

**NICER THAN BUTTER**

*—ask the Children*

You cannot appreciate  
its deliciousness until  
you have tasted it.

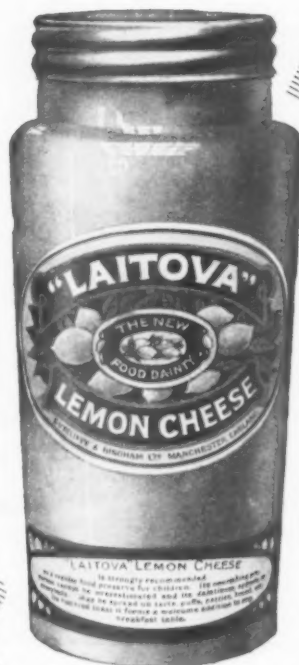
The most wholesome  
and nutritious food  
dainty of to-day.

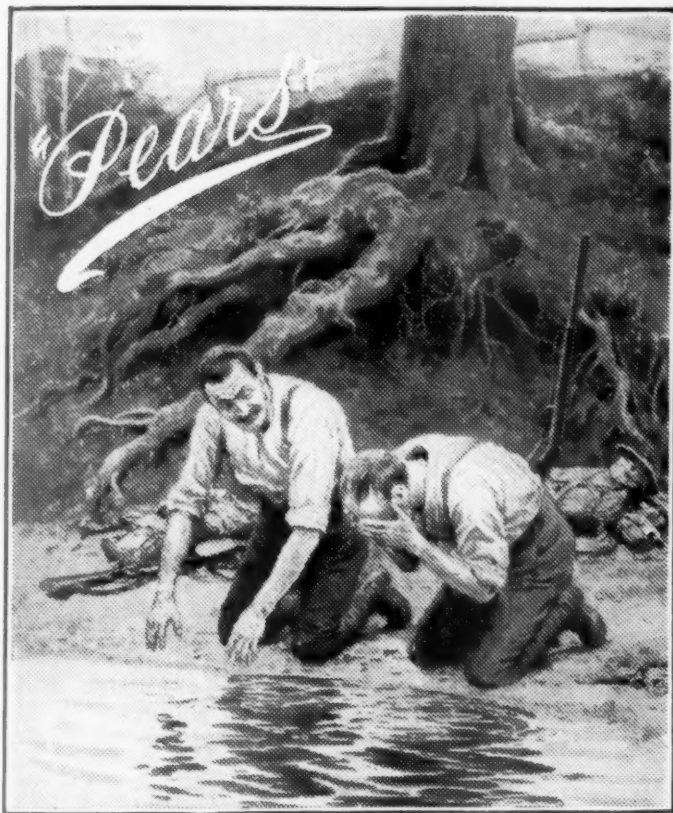
And the most  
economical, too!

Your grocer supplies it in screw-top  
jars, 7d.

**SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd.**  
**Cornbrook, MANCHESTER.**

D 92





*Oh for a cake of Pears now!*

**For the Boys at the Front**

Just put a cake or two of

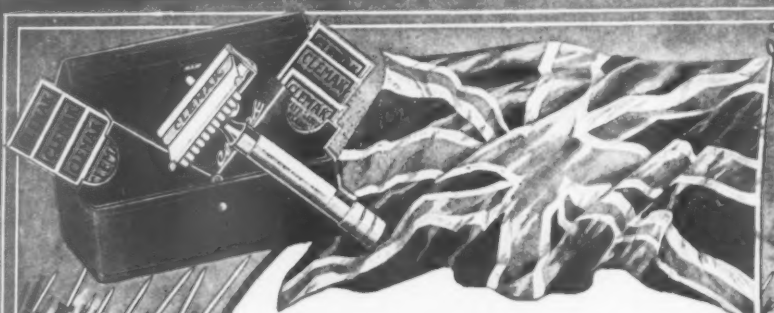
# **Pears' Soap**

in the next parcel of presents you are sending. It greatly enhances the Joy of the Wash and the Shave.

Large cakes supplied in boxes of 3 Tablets convenient for enclosing in parcels; it takes up very little room.

*Copyright,*





## Supremacy!

Like the British Army, the "Clemak" has firmly established its ascendancy. It may be outnumbered, it cannot be beaten. It may be attacked by every weapon known to commercial warfare, but still it triumphs. Sheer merit! That's the secret of "Clemak" success.

# CLEMAK Safety Razor 5'

No loose parts to worry about and no adjusting—it's simplicity itself. And so safe you can shave in a dim light—or in the dark if necessary. Cleaned in a moment—Stropped in a minute—and a blade so keen that all the science in the world can't make it keener.

Obtainable from all **Cutlery, Ironmongers, Stores, &c.**, or post free from the **Clemak Razor Co.**, 17 Billiter Street, London, E.C.  
Sole Australasian Agents—**W. PLANT & CO.**, MARKET STREET, SYDNEY.



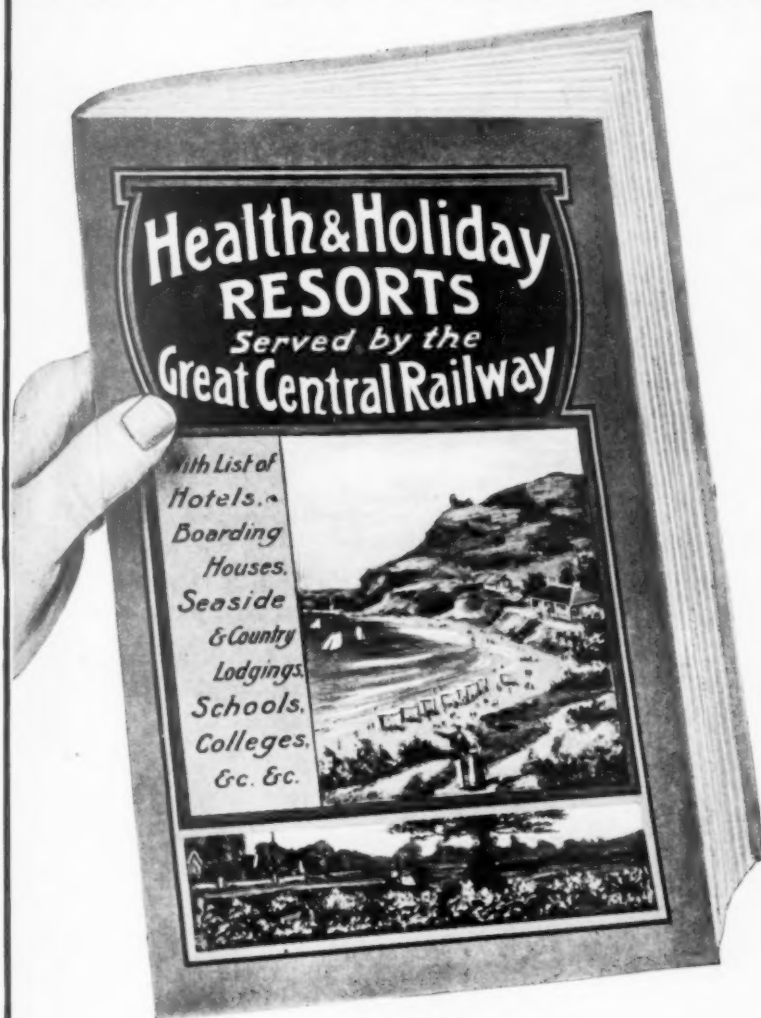
**5/-** Silver-plated Clemak Razor with stropping handle and Seven blades.  
Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor, Twelve specially selected blades, Patent Stropping Machine, so the velvet hide Strop **10/6**

**BRITISH MADE**





# FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS



This Guide contains

**GOOD ADVICE AND USEFUL INFORMATION.**

Post free on application to G.C.R. PUBLICITY DEPT.,

216 Marylebone Road, London, N.W.

SAM FAY, General Manager.



Style  
No. 1436.

**Boys' Brogue Shoes**

with the proper pith in them. Built of tough leather to withstand the roughest of wear, they retain their perfect comfort-giving shape to the end. In black or dark brown.

Sizes 7 to 10 ... 8/6  
" 11 to 1 ... 9/6  
" 2 to 5 ... 10/6

**All orders over 5/- sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom.**

**Play's the thing for the Kiddies**

—but it does "play the dickens" with their shoes, doesn't it?

That's why they should wear Norwell's Perth Brogues.

There's no more protective hard-wearing footwear made—yet they're neat and light withal.

Just the thing for the kiddies to wear on their holidays—will keep their feet comfortable and their ankles firm however much they romp.

And there's a hundred years' experience and reputation behind every pair of Norwell's Perth Brogues.

**Ease and comfort for the Bairns.**



Sandals, Run-about Slippers, and stout Shoes for every age—best quality at moderate prices.



Style No. 1448x.  
**Serviceable Shoe for School Girls**

This is a well-made shoe, stout and stylish, for school wear. Gives perfect comfort to the growing feet. In black glaze kid, black box calf, or brown glaze kid.

Sizes 7 and 8 ... 4/11  
" 9 " 10 ... 5/9  
" 11 " 12 ... 5/11  
" 13 " 1 ... 6/6  
" 2 to 5 ... 8/6

**Send for New Illustrated Catalogue of Family Footwear, sent post free.**



**Style No. 4—for Ladies.**

This superb make of Buckle Brogue Shoe for Ladies will stand any amount of hard usage and setting. Made of stout flexible leather with uppers of dark red brown or black calf skin, soft and restful on the feet, absolutely bone dry, and keeps its perfect shape always. Post free in Britain. 18/6



**Style No. 13—for Ladies.**

One buckle Brogue Shoe, hand-made; a stylish-fitting shoe for the golfing lady; gives long service, keeps the feet dry always, and is flexible and soft to the feet. In beautiful quality of calf skin. Post free in Britain. 18/6



**The New Style Shoes for Ladies' Summer Wear.**

For smart wear with the new style costumes—no footwear will be more popular or adaptable than Norwell's Scotch-made Buckle Brogue Shoes. In fashionable one-bar and two-bar styles, they are light, stylish, and long-wearing.

Foreign Orders are carefully and promptly handled. Postage is extra.

Norwell's guarantee perfect satisfaction with every transaction—or cheerfully refund every penny of your money.

**D. NORWELL & SON, Perth, Scotland.**

Write for Illustrated Catalogue, sent post free to any address.

**Norwell's  
'Perth' Brogues**

Plk 92

Direct from Scotch Maker to Wearer

Specialists in Good-Wearing Footwear.

(Established over 100 years.)

# TOTALLY PARALYSED

A Modern Miracle—in a dream saw herself cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Got some and—her dream came true.



Mrs. Hopkins,  
Eastbourne.

Mrs. Hopkins, of 1 Beale Cottage, Lottbridge Road, Hampden Park, Eastbourne, says: "I was paralysed, I had to be lifted in and out of bed, and as I was placed so I lay. Medical and Hospital treatment did no good, though massage, electricity, and everything possible were tried. My leg was to all appearances dead, almost black, and with no feeling at all in it. People thought it should be taken off, but I wouldn't agree. I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets (I had dreamt they would cure me), and after a time I found I could move my foot. Then I went about on crutches, and at last walked out without any support. People came to their doors to see me. It was a modern miracle. Now I am ever so well."

## SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box D37), Chester Rd., Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

## Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a genuine and tested remedy for all forms of nerve or bodily weakness in old or young. They are composed of harmless ingredients which have an invigorating effect on all the nerve centres, and are the surest remedy for:—

**NERVOUS BREAKDOWN  
NERVE PARALYSIS  
SPINAL PARALYSIS  
INFANTILE PARALYSIS  
NEURASTHENIA**

**NERVOUS DEBILITY  
SLEEPLESSNESS  
ANÆMIA  
KIDNEY DISEASE  
INDIGESTION**

**STOMACH DISORDER  
MAL-NUTRITION  
WASTING DISEASES  
PALPITATION  
VITAL EXHAUSTION**

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices, 10s. d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d.—the 2s. 9d. size being the most economical.

# Rexine



Give a few moments' thought to the upholstering of your furniture, and before ordering be sure to see samples of

## Rexine

the perfect upholstering material.

It entirely supersedes leather. Has the same dignified appearance but wears better, is stain, scratch, and waterproof and can be washed. Yet despite its superiority Rexine costs only one quarter the price of leather.

If your furnishing house cannot show you samples write to

The British Leather Cloth Manufacturing Co. Ltd.,  
Hyde, nr. Manchester.

B11 Q



**Dri-ped's** double wear and wet-resistance help Tommy on the road to Berlin.

Dri-ped sole leather is nearly as tough and enduring as Tommy himself; rocky ground can't break through Dri-ped *half* as quickly as through ordinary leather—and even the mud of Flanders didn't penetrate the Dri-ped soles worn by thousands of men at the Front during the recent winter.

**Get the double-wearing, wet-resisting Dri-ped—on new or re-soled footwear—for "civi" or soldier—from dealers and repairers everywhere.**

Send a post card for interesting free booklet "*How to Double Boot Life*"—list sent free of dealers and repairers stocking Dri-ped in your district. Write now, to WILLIAM WALKER & SONS, LTD., County Buildings, Cannon Street, Manchester.



See this stamp in purple every few inches on each sole—without it, the leather's a substitute.

# DRI-PED

THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES

R4 ©

**STANWORTH'S**

**"Defiance"**  
(Regd.)

**UMBRELLAS.**



**Just Wrap Your  
OLD UMBRELLA**

in paper and post to us to-day with P.O. for 6/-. By next post it will come back "as good as new," re-covered with our No. 18 "Defiance" Silk Union, and securely packed in strong cardboard box. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our illustrated Catalogue of "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 2/6 upwards.



**J. STANWORTH & CO.,**

Northern  
Umbrella Works,  
**BLACKBURN.**



**The Faithful Friend,  
Whatever his plight,  
Till help they send  
He'll guard Fluxite.**

**IT IS INDISPENSABLE :-IS**

**FLUXITE**

It is admitted the world over to be by far the most effective flux for Plumbing, Electrical, and General Soldering Work. BOTH Amateurs and Mechanics use FLUXITE. With it anyone can repair pots and pans and other metal articles, because it

**SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING**

Of all Ironmongers, in 6d., 1/-, and 2/- tins.

**The "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET**  
contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc.

Price 4/6

Postage paid on Sample Set in United Kingdom.

Auto-Controller Co., 226 Victoria Road, Bermondsey, England.

**Send  
him  
some**

**DAISIES**

*Pte. W. Clapham, of the 3rd Coldstream Guards, writing last month from "Somewhere in Flanders," said :-*

"The din and racket of the guns, and the exposure and getting no sleep in the trenches, often make a man feel queer. I have often had terrible Headaches in the trenches. My chums have complained of the same thing, and some are troubled a lot with Neuralgia."

*Pte. C. Caramaletis, of the 7th Cav. Field Amb. R.A.M.C., wrote :-*

"Neuralgia and Headache are two of the most common complaints a British Tommy has to contend with. As soon as the boys knew I had some 'Daisies' there was a general rush and they were soon disposed of. They are just the thing we need out here. Some more would be very welcome."

*Pte. P. Weller, of the 2nd Queen's Regiment, wrote :-*

"I took a 'Daisy' when I went to my dug-out and it quite cleared my headache, and I slept like a top that night, which I have not done before for a long time; so I think all the boys at the front ought to have some 'Daisies' with them."

"Daisy" is sold by chemists and stores everywhere in 1s. packets containing 20 powders. The packet may be sent to the front by ordinary penny post; and it takes up practically no room in the haversack. It is the most useful and most welcome gift you can send to your soldier friend. "Daisy" will at once ease his pain and earn you his gratitude.



**CURES**

**SOLDIER'S HEADACHES**

**in a few minutes.**

**SEND HIM A PACKET TO-DAY**



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your  
best**



Use it daily. That is the way to get the utmost good from Icilma Cream—the famous, fragrant, non-greasy toilet cream. Besides, you can then rest assured that—no matter how much the weather may change—you have done the best thing possible to protect your skin and complexion.

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**SAVE LAUNDRY BILLS**

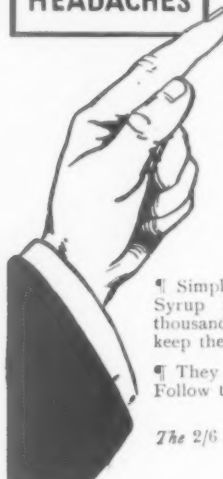
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CONSTIPATION  
BILIOUSNESS  
HEADACHES**

**MOTHER  
SEIGEL'S SYRUP**



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¶ For the power to think well, work well, sleep well, and enjoy life depends mainly upon the ability of your digestive organs to draw nourishment from your food.

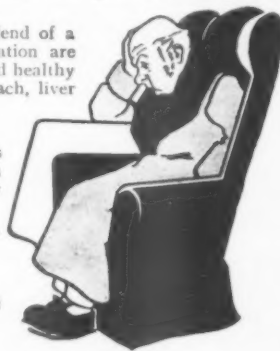
¶ Mother Segel's Syrup gives you that power. By taking it, you rid yourself of Indigestion, and at the same time gain new strength and energy from well-digested food.

¶ This famous remedy is a scientific blend of a dozen herbal extracts, which in combination are wonderfully effective in restoring tone and healthy activity to the digestive organs, the stomach, liver and bowels.

¶ Simply by taking 30 drops of Mother Segel's Syrup in water, after meals, thousands upon thousands of one-time victims of Indigestion now keep themselves fit and well.

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Those  
Hard-to-  
Get-at  
Places



And Secures  
**ECONOMY OF TIME  
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It dusts, cleans, polishes, and  
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Use it on linoleums, polished  
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in every corner of  
the house. The  
dirt is held and  
a lustre is left  
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Beautifully Soft and  
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**12/6**

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tanned soles. There is a shoe to suit  
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trated list and name of nearest Agent.

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Made by NORVIC SHOE CO.  
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A wound or sore should be cleansed  
before it is closed. Otherwise there  
will be after-trouble of a serious kind.

**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT**  
cleanses before it heals. It heals  
from the bottom of the wound, and  
first draws out all impurities. That  
is why it is so highly recommended  
all over the world, AND WHY IT  
WILL SUIT YOU. It soothes in-  
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hands and chilblains. For burns,  
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In cases of Rheumatism, Gout and  
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If your dealer cannot supply Marple Sheets you can be put  
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The 'Allenburys' Foods being perfectly digestible and closely resembling healthy human milk, give freedom from Digestive Ailments, Promote sound sleep, and ensure vigorous health and development.

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From Birth to 3 months.

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Pamphlet "Infant Feeding and Management" sent free

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Should Store or Chemist offer you other preparations instead of these, it is an insult to your intelligence and done for extra profit.

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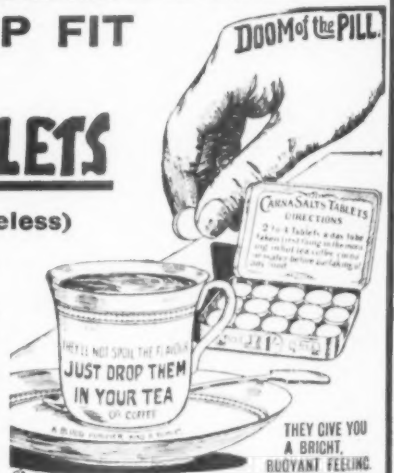
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Will please you. Most comfortable and sensible. Save loss and laundry cost. Beautifully soft and absorbent. Very cleanly for colds and illness.

50, 1s. "SILEY-FIBRE." | PAPIER CREPON 50, 7½d.

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should be in every household. The simplest and most effective remedy ever discovered for Colds, Nasal Catarrh, Hay Fever, Asthma, Bronchitis and Influenza. Cures the Worst Cold in a Few Hours.—J. M. Bannerman, Chemist, Edinburgh.

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OF ALL CHEMISTS.

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OR YOUR HEADACHE  
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Cures Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay  
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are the only Standard 10/6  
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## A WAR-TIME WEDDING HINT

So it was all settled. Reggie's training was nearly through, and soon our second-lieutenant cousin would be off to the front, leaving a bride behind him. They had been engaged just a week when the fateful August 4 thrilled England through and through, and it was wonderful what a serenity of understanding had since grown up between those two, Evie and Reg. No one was surprised, therefore, when they quietly announced that next time our young officer could get leave from "somewhere in Sussex" there would be a war wedding. No fuss or ostentatious expense—just a quiet family gathering after the ceremony.

The presents were rather nice. War-time economy was slackened a little in favour of the war bride and her soldier. Uncle Tom sent a cheque instead of jewellery, while Aunt Freda paid the first year's rent of the tiny flat. But the present which Reggie described as "jolly sensible," and which made Evie's eyes sparkle with housewifely pride, was the case of "Arcanum" cutlery. You see, it isn't just ordinary cutlery, and to a young couple starting in life, with no possibility of a domestic for a year or two, it's simply too good for anything to have a friend remember how much labour is saved by having "Arcanum" knives and forks in use. As Mabel Stuart said when she sent the present, she knew how the set would be prized, for she had a similar case when she was married two years ago, and so she knows that "Arcanum" blades never dull or stain, and never want cleaning in the ordinary way. A dip into a jug of hot soda-water, and each knife is clean and bright and ready for use again. And as for durability—"Why, Evie, dear," said Mabel, "mother bought her table cutlery twenty years ago direct from the Arcanum people, 17 Augusta Road, Birmingham, and they simply won't wear out. 'Arcanum' is ever so much cheaper in the end."

**DRESS LINENS.** Linen Cambrics, Mercerised Repps, Mercerised Suitings, Tobralcos, Muslins, &c. Patterns now ready. —MURPHY & ORR, Dress Department, Belfast, Ireland.

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A Wise Woman

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Send 3d. for a Sample Jar. 25 Varieties. Try them all.

GEORGE W. PLUMTREE, Ltd., Southampton, (or Name of nearest Agent). Also ask for "Plumtree's" Oz Tongues and other Dainties—packed in glass.

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They save the Bacon Bill—and the Butcher's Bill too.

A FINE DAIRY FOR SOLDIERS IN CAMP. DAIRY—TASTY—APPETISING.

They make charming sandwiches for teas, suppers, &c. "Quite the Correct Thing"

Of all Grocers, Confectioners, and Stores at 6d. and 1s. bearing registered label and signature. IF CANNOT PROCURE, write to

## A NOTABLE COCKROACH CAMPAIGN

JUDGING from sundry recent paragraphs in the Press, the cockroach appears to be giving increasing evidence of his extended activities, and it may be helpful to those pestered with this generally detested insect if you will kindly allow me to record the result of a campaign urged against him in Sheffield. In the Fir Vale Workhouse of this city the cockroach was in such overwhelming abundance as to threaten to take entire possession. The kitchen and bakery had swarmed with them; the pests invaded the bedrooms, mingled with the food, and so excited the wrath of the Government inspector that he said if the guardians did not get rid of them they must pull down the kitchens and bakery, and provide others in an isolated position. Traps and powders were of no avail, and the insects promised to become masters of the situation. My curiosity was aroused, and I gladly availed myself of an opportunity to visit the place at night, to see how the cockroach disported himself in the quiet hours of darkness, and I found a sight unequalled. They were packed in places as closely as it was possible for them to get together, and could be counted in thousands. Being given permission to experiment on them, some food was prepared for them which I thought would tempt them from all others, at the same time making quite sure that when they once tasted it they would never require any more. For a week or two there was little apparent effect, the reserves coming out to take the place of those whose epicurean taste had led to their destruction. There was, however, one notable effect, for, from the first time that my remedy was tried, no cockroaches were ever afterwards found in the food. The treatment was steadily pursued; a fresh supply of the paste was put down every night, and at the end of four weeks there was a general admission that the cockroaches had perceptibly diminished in number; at the end of eight weeks cockroaches had diligently to be sought for. I was quite satisfied with my experiment. But the daily Press and some of the scientific papers gave an account of the campaign, introducing my name, with the result that I was inundated with letters asking where the remedy could be obtained. As it was made privately for use at the workhouse I was not then prepared to meet the general wants of the public. This year I have again been pressed to put the remedy on the market, and I have arranged for the sale of it to a limited extent. This paste is spread on to a stiff piece of paper, card, or glass (almost as butter is spread on bread), and put down in the places where the insects congregate. They like it, and after eating it retire to their hiding-places, from which they never again emerge. In fact, they there still carry on the destructive power of the paste, for cockroaches are ruthless cannibals. The paste is somewhat difficult and dangerous to make, and as it can only be made in comparatively small quantities, it will not be possible to meet any great public demand. I shall be obliged, therefore, if you will allow me to state that the sale of the remedy has been entrusted to Mr. J. P. Hewett, Chemist, of 68 Division Street, Sheffield. The label on each tin will bear my signature as a guarantee; make sure of this. Post free 1s. 3d., 2s. 3d., and 4s. 6d. per tin.

E. HOWARTH, F.Z.S.



# THE WAR AND CHARITIES

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

The special national appeals for War Relief have been nobly responded to. But many of our great Charitable Institutions are threatened with serious loss of support. The work they are doing is a permanent work of relief, more than ever necessary at this time of crisis.

May I earnestly commend to your sympathetic consideration the claims of the Societies mentioned in these pages?

I shall be most pleased to receive and pass on subscriptions for any or all of them, and need hardly say that we make no deduction for office expenses.

Your friend,

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.  
June, 1915.

*The Editor*

Will you help

## DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Will you send us 2/6?

In connection with Founder's Day, to be held on Saturday, July 3rd, an urgent appeal is made for

**100,000 Half-crowns**

to help to pay the Food Bill for our great family of 7,500 children during the coming months.

The War has seriously affected our income; and the cost of food has increased considerably.

Last year we raised 110,171 half-crowns in memory of the late Dr. Barnardo. Will you please help us to do the same this year, because the need is greater?

Yours faithfully in the service of the Children,

WILLIAM BAKER, *Honorary Director.*

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Founder's Fund."

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## THE WAR AND THE WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY

Over 600 old boys are serving  
their country on Land and Sea.

Help is urgently needed for 4,600 of the Nation's  
Children now under the Society's care.

Gifts will be gratefully received by

FREBENDARY RUDOLF,  
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Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed and made payable  
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London Female Preventive and  
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Maintains:—

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Other useful work.

£15 needed daily. Kindly help us.

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Its Institutes and Homes have been willingly placed at the disposal of the Authorities, and in many cases are being used as Military Hospitals to succour the wounded and shelter the stranded. Since the "blockade" was declared the port missionaries have on many occasions given shelter, refreshment, and all the help in their power to the passengers and crews from the several ships which have been sunk. Tens of thousands of warm garments, libraries of books, and tons of readable literature and scriptures are being despatched to our gallant sailors, to the lonely lighthouse keepers, to the men on lightships, mine-sweepers, etc. Many hundreds of grateful testimonies have been received from officers and men.

Its army of Chaplains, Managers, Matrons, are carrying on their invaluable work in the mighty ports of the world. Write for a copy of CHART AND COMPASS, the Society's magazine, profusely illustrated, and full of fascinating stories of gallantry on the sea.

#### FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED TO-DAY.

Please send something to the Treasurer: **SIR FREDERICK GREEN, J.P.**,  
The Sailors' Palace, 680 Commercial Road, London, E.

<b>THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,</b> Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.	
President: <i>The Earl of Shaftesbury.</i> 124 beds always full.	Late "Norfolk Eastern" Hospital. 35,000 Out-Patients annually.
Economically Administered. £12,000 a year expenditure.	Inquiry System in force for prevention of abuse. 87,000 Attendances.
Assured Income under £1,000. No funds in hand.	
<b>PLEASE HELP.</b> <b>T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.</b>	

### The Three Gifts of Life

By **NELLIE M. SMITH**

A capital book for parents and children, in which the author, by means of simple, direct talks, tells what part the sex instinct plays in true manhood and womanhood.

Cloth gilt, 2/- net, of all Booksellers, or post free 2/3 from **CASELL & COMPANY, LTD.**, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

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to maintain the vast and varied operations of this great Society in the most crowded districts of London, where it ministers in the name of Christ to the bodies and souls of thousands of the poorest children and adults. Its many agencies include Cripples' Mission, Sea-side Country Homes, Barefoot Mission, 50 local centres of work and 90 affiliated Missions in Greater London.

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# CRIMPOLINE HAIR-CURLING FLUID

Beautiful natural curls or waves produced in a few days without the aid of tongs or pins. Crimpoline will make your hair soft and silky and keep it curly in roughest weather. It is neither greasy nor sticky. When once the hair curls with Crimpoline it always remains curly or wavy with very little attention. Crimpoline cleanses and restores faded or dull hair, and always keeps it fresh and young. It has also the advantage of being a splendid hairdressing. Results will surprise you.

1/9 and 2/6 a bottle, postage 3d. extra.



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BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION INSTANTLY

There is no waiting. First application shows a wonderful improvement to the most troublesome complexion. Further applications enhance your beauty still more. The more you use Peralia the more beautiful you become.

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# THE QUIVER

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# THE HOSPITAL AT THE BASE

By THE EDITOR

IN these strenuous times there is a constant call for "More Men, and Still More Men" for the fighting line. Yet, although the need be so urgent, we never hear of "Less, still less men for the Ambulance Service." Of course not. If more men are required in the fighting line, more men—and women—will be required for the Red Cross services at the front, for the hospitals at the rear. It would be folly, and worse than folly, to neglect these.

Now, the great charitable societies of this country play the same part in the industrial and social life of the nation that the Red

Cross helpers do to the military forces. The nation is at straining point now, help is wanted in many directions; but it would be short-sighted policy—if not folly—to neglect those institutions whose constant work is to pick up the wounded in the industrial battle of life, to succour the dying, to care for the orphaned and the sick.

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G. I. P.



NATURE NUMBER . . .



A Nest of  
Young Kestrels.

Photo :  
B. Hanley.

(See "NESTLINGS AT HOME.")



Finding a Black-headed Gull's Nest.

Photo :  
G. Hanley.





# THE QUIVER



VOL. L., No. 9

JULY, 1915

## NESTLINGS AT HOME

Nature's Provision for her Feathered Babies

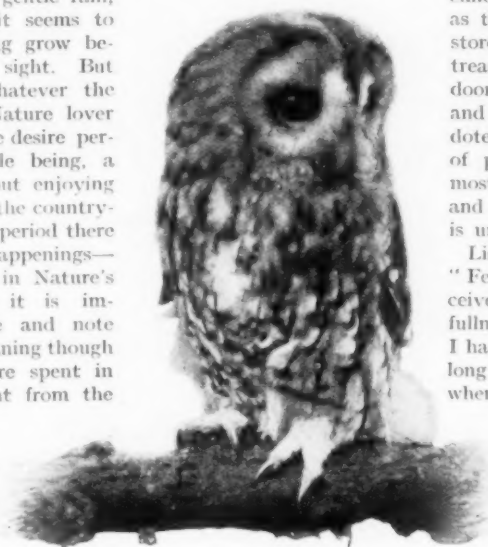
By BENJAMIN HANLEY

MIDSUMMER offers countless items of interest to those who love a life in the open. The days may be hot and sultry, when swallows and martins skim low over the meadows and barely clear the golden flower heads of the buttercups; of bright dazzling sunshine with a canopy of intense blue such as pains the eye to gaze at; or of gentle rain, so warm that it seems to make everything grow before one's very sight. But no matter: whatever the weather the Nature lover finds an intense desire pervades his whole being, a longing to be out enjoying the beauties of the countryside, for at this period there are so many happenings—each an event in Nature's calendar—that it is impossible to see and note more than a gleaming though every hour were spent in the open. Right from the early dawn-light to the time of softening shadows—there is no night at midsummer

—the intervening moments, even the very seconds, are teeming with myriads of happenings and episodes, which record Nature's progress with steps which never falter, along summer's pathway. Morning, noon, or eve, equal delights are held out for those who look with sympathetic and questioning eyes to try to read the story written by Nature's

children. Fairy book such as this never was, with its storehouse of wondrous treasure—and the ever-open door invites one to dip again and yet again. As an antidote for the rush and hurry of present-day life, a life mostly filled by clamourings and weakening of things, it is unequalled.

Listen to Richard Jeffries: "Feeling with them I receive some at least of their fullness of life. Never could I have enough; never stay long enough. The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours that we really live, so that the longer we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable



The  
Brown Owl.

Photo:  
B. Hanley.

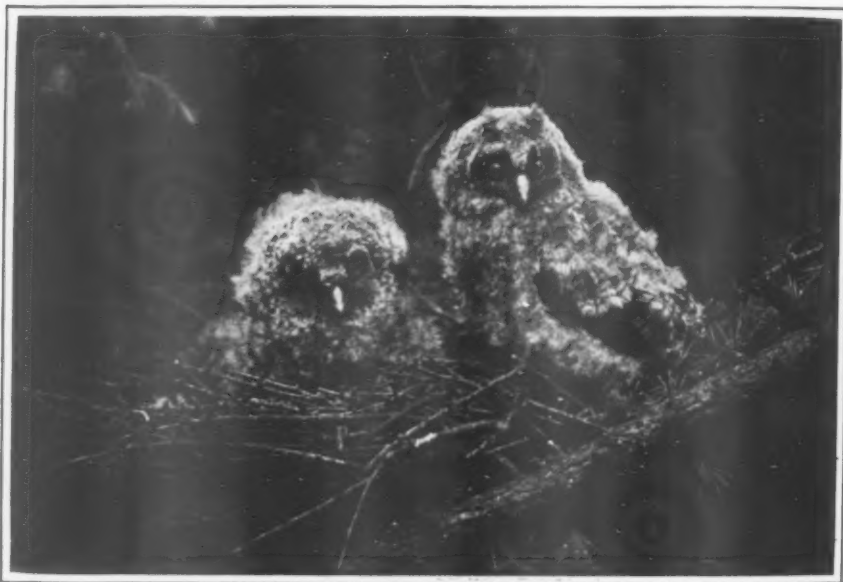
## THE QUIVER

time. These are the only hours that are not wasted, these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty. All else is illusion or mere endurance."

For one brief hour, then, let us hasten away to the fields and woodlands where the luscious growths of vegetation curtain from our eyes many wonderful things, where merry voice of feathered caroller reaches us and where the air is full of pulsating life, so that one can almost *hear* things grow, and here we may find the sweetest things in Nature—nestlings; tiny, downy

some considerable time; those clad in down from the time of hatching, but still unable to leave the nest; and others able to leave their homestead and, to a certain extent at least, look after themselves from birth. In the first section, which includes by far the greatest number, we find amongst others the common perching family—the finches, buntings, thrushes and crows. In the second division come the birds of prey, whilst in the third we have game birds, plovers, gulls and water-fowl.

It might be asked why all nestlings do



Young Long-eared Owls.

Photo  
B. Hanley.

feathered mites which instinctively find a warm corner in our hearts.

Nestlings there are in great variety, for this is above all a time of young birds, and we may mention a number of those likely to be discovered or passed unseen during an ordinary country ramble.

Nestlings are but imperfectly understood, so let us consider for a little while some of the provisions Nature makes for these feathered mites of hers.

Nestlings may be divided roughly into three classes, i.e. those entering the world devoid of covering and quite helpless for

not enter the world similarly equipped, but a little thought will serve to show how wise is Nature's plan for the help of her children when she orders otherwise. The bare, helpless youngsters are mainly those having comparatively few natural enemies whilst in the nest, and so they can remain for their feathers to grow and limbs to strengthen at leisure; and whilst those of the birds of prey have to remain in the nest for a lengthy period, yet in their case they have more natural enemies, for all birds instinctively dislike a hawk-like form—and this by the way, in my opinion, mainly

## NESTLINGS AT HOME

accounts for the mobbing of the cuckoo by small birds; and again the nests, except in the case of some owls, are usually built in exposed situations where the need of a downy covering from birth will be apparent to all.

Take the case, however, of two birds which nest in similar situations, the carrion crow and the sparrow hawk—indeed, the latter sometimes appropriates the old nest of the former. But even here there is a great difference, for the nest of the crow when used by that bird is a deeply formed structure, and so the newly hatched young find a certain amount of shelter from the sides of the nest; while in the case of the hawk the nest is more of a flat but substantial platform, and the young birds find no shelter from the winds and cold, and thus a nursery covering is essential.

Turning to those which are more ade-

quately equipped still, such as the game birds, here again the need for such provision should at once appear, for their natural enemies—rats, voles, weasels, stoats and the like—are numerous, and it would never do for the young birds to stay helpless in a nest on the ground for long, and so they are able to get away soon after emerging from the shell.

Some species under this third section of ours are notoriously quick in leaving the nest, and I have often happened upon a moorhen's home just at the critical time when the hatching was in progress, only to see those barely out of the shell slip over the side of the nest and find safety in the water.

The gulls which nest in inland marshes, such as the common and black-headed kinds, are also not at all loath to take to the water at a very tender age, should a probable enemy appear in sight. With these last-named, which nest in colonies, the old birds seem to have a difficulty in distinguishing their own young once they have got to the water and amongst the reeds, and mixed with those from other nests, as I have frequently noticed a particular bird to feed different young,



Young  
Turtle Doves.

Photo:  
B. Hanley.



Young  
Wood Pigeons.

Photo:  
B. Hanley.

## THE QUIVER



Nest and Young  
of Whitethroat.

Photo 1  
G. Hanley.

so varying in size that left no doubt they were not all its own offspring.

The true water-fowl, however, can call their brood to them, and I know of no prettier sight than to see a teal duck gathering her young after they have been dispersed by the sight of a human intent on photographing them if possible.

The game birds, of course, call their family just in the same way as the domestic fowl collects her chicks, and the young of the plovers hearken to their parents' voices and are wonderfully obedient to the instruction given in the various notes and calls which the old ones give vent to.

These nestlings more fully developed are thus able to escape danger easier, and again can be led about to where food is plentiful or more to their liking and requirements. The redshank, a wading bird, loving to nest on wild tarns or lonely commons, is noted for leading its young for miles overland in late summer until they reach the mud-flats by the coasts and estuaries, which

are happy hunting-grounds for the whole wading family. But strangest of all is the habit of the woodcock. These birds are not particularly confined to a certain situation in which to nest, and their young are bonny downy things, but instead of leading them as a pheasant or partridge would, they carry them from place to place or from one suitable feeding ground to another, maybe miles apart. Thus it is useless to look for young woodcock near the nest

or in the vicinity the day following the hatch. The exact position in which the young are held when so carried is a debatable point, but carry them they do and for long distances.

A point largely to be taken into consideration when discussing young bird life is the plumage. It is a great puzzle to many people that the immature bird should have a different dress from that of its



Young Lapwing Hiding  
(Three Days Old).

Photo 2  
G. Hanley.

## NESTLINGS AT HOME

parent, but there is a reason for this as for every rule in Nature. The adult plumage may be entirely charming and fitting for a mature bird, but for a nestling it is probably quite unsuitable if not absolutely useless.

A familiar example is the robin. Everyone knows the ruddy-breasted adult, and most people who know anything at all about Nature are aware that, instead of wearing a russet waistcoat, the young robins are garbed in a speckled dress, something after the style of, but not exactly

seen pointing at a worm on the lawn, that it would be a hard thing for him to hide his spotted breast. But wait a moment before deciding so readily. Have you ever found a nest of thrushes almost ready to fly and seen them flutter out of the nest in great fright as you parted the branches to get a closer view? Once out of the nest they hop along in all directions, and in a very few moments it is difficult to say accurately where they all are. Perhaps you find one perched on a branch in the hedge and think it quite easy to see; but pass on a little,



Young Black-headed Gulls.

Photo:  
B. Hanley.

similar to, that of the thrush. Why should such a difference exist? The whole secret may be explained in one word—safety. The nestling wears the plumage best suited to a young and maybe somewhat unwary bird: its speckled plumage blends admirably with its surroundings, as it spends most of its time hopping about the hedges or under bushes, and thus although young robins are far more numerous than the adult birds, they are often passed by without being seen.

The speckle-breasted thrush is a handsome bird, and one might think as he is

and on your return, although the bird has not moved its position in the least, you will probably have considerable difficulty in locating it. The speckled plumage blends well with the light and shade of the hedge-row, and would prove a quite safe colouring, although at first we might think it the reverse.

It must be borne in mind, in all cases, that the birds' natural enemies are not gifted with reasoning powers, and it is only man's superiority in this direction which enables him to find many things that instinct alone misses.



## THE QUIVER

The young blackbirds are clad in a speckled brownish garb, well adapted for secreting them from inquisitive eyes, whilst the greenfinch as a young bird has a mottled plumage highly suitable on account of its protective coloration.

These birds just mentioned meet with danger mostly after they leave the nest, but those which are able to run about from the first have, of course, constantly to be on the alert, and so their nursery covering is even more protective in its coloration. Take the gulls, for example. The snowy white and pearly grey of the adult would be entirely out of place in the young bird and disclose its presence at once to all and sundry, but, as it is, the mottled brown down at first, and still mottled feathers later, prove a most suitable dress, and anyone who has watched young gulls successfully hide amongst stones, or in reed beds, will corroborate this statement.

One of the most noteworthy examples of protective coloration is the lapwing. Here the young bird appears in a mottled down which in itself would seem highly protective, and yet, as if to defeat Nature's own device, it has a distinctive white ring or collar. This, however, serves a useful purpose, as it simply breaks up the outline of the bird and the white ring does not show up as such when the bird is hiding, but actually appears as a space between two inanimate objects.

Mention was made a little way back of the rapidity with which the young moorhens forsake their home. Here is the explanation. The sooty black down with which they are clad is in itself nothing if not conspicuous when the birds are in the reedy nest, but when they dive and come up some short distance away with just the

tip of the bill above the water and all the body submerged, this dark colouring proves their salvation, as no hint of the bird's presence is disclosed, whereas a lighter coloured diver could easily be detected even when beneath the surface.

Many more instances could be quoted showing the suitability of the bird's initial covering for its natural surroundings. Then, on the other hand, there are what may seem at first sight to be glaring cases of Nature's mistakes. For instance, why should young owls appear in a whitish down? There is an explanation for this also, for long ages ago all these birds nested in holes or cavities where the young were rarely seen and the matter of colouring was not of importance so far as the safety of the bird was concerned. Even to-day the wood-owl nests in holes in trees, and this principle applies. The long-eared kind has forsaken hidden nesting sites and uses one fashioned in the open, although not always one prepared by itself; but in these cases the young have adapted them-



Young  
Greenfinches.

Photo  
B. Hanley.

selves somewhat to altered circumstances, as they are really fierce little things when even very young, and as they grow older have no hesitation in using both beak and claw if handled, whereas the young of the tawny or wood species, nesting in the hollow trees, I have found as a rule to be most quiet and gentle things.

Much more might be said respecting the question of plumage, but space forbids; however, sufficient has been mentioned to show that the young birds wear the covering best suited to their varied needs, and that although the nursery garb may at first sight appear strange and grotesque, yet it is after all invariably part of Nature's plan for the preservation of the species.

# THE GIRL IN WHITE

By

Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

"GIRL in white sitting under the beech tree?"

"That's the one. No end of a catch. Father made a pile in soap or starch—some utility of the sort; a record pile at that. Only child, too, and quite attractive. Fine chance for some of these impecunious aristocrats!"

The speakers passed on, turned a course of the path, and were lost to sight. Gervaise Tremaine stepped out of the summer house which had hidden him from sight, glanced after them as if to make sure that he was unobserved, and turned sharply in the direction of the beech tree. He had that afternoon journeyed from town to pay a week's visit to a friend in the country, and had arrived at the old timbered house just as the guests were assembling for a garden-party. He had been introduced by a much engaged hostess to half a dozen airily-clad damsels, and then left to find his own amusement. He was in no mood for tennis or flirtation, for his financial difficulties had reached so acute a stage that it was difficult even to affect an appearance of cheerfulness. For months past, the conviction had been pressing more and more upon him that the time had arrived when he must needs take a dreaded step—he must marry! Dearly as he loved his freedom, deeply as he shrank from the idea of tying himself for life, in a wealthy marriage lay his only hope of escape from a condition which had become unendurable. Heir to an encumbered estate, owner of a fine old mansion crying aloud for repair, harassed landlord, bankrupt squire, there were moments when Tremaine felt that no sacrifice of personal inclination could be too great, if it ensured rest from incessant dunning and discomfort.

"A great catch." "A record pile." "In white, beneath the beech tree." The disjointed phrases repeated themselves in his brain as he strode leisurely down the path. The silvery trunk of the great tree rose majestically above the tops of the nearer bushes; round its base, as he knew well, stood a circular wooden bench, and as a few

more steps brought him into the open he descried a slim, white-robed figure seated in solitary state on the side nearest himself—a figure every line of which spoke of a youth and vitality which even at a cursory glance was singularly attractive. The beholder realised that this was a damsel of a gay and sociable disposition, who would not only enjoy the society of her fellows, but who would in return be equally appreciated by them. It seemed, even in that first moment, an extraordinary thing that this girl should be alone, but Tremaine was thankful for the opportunity of stepping into the vacant place. The first glimpse at the wide-set eyes, pointed chin, and shell-pink complexion had brought with it a thrill of satisfaction. He remembered her! She was one of his fellow-guests to whom his hostess had introduced him in the house an hour before. For some days, probably for a week to come, they would be living beneath the same roof. Surely at the eleventh hour Fortune had repented herself of her harshness, and had gone out of her way to place a trump card in his hand!

The girl looked at Tremaine and smiled in the friendliest manner in reply to his salutation. She seemed to *expect* him to take the seat by her side, and he did so without delay, and plunged into the usual banalities of garden-party conversation.

"I think Mrs. Bevan introduced us to each other in the house. Very fortunate, is it not, to have such a fine afternoon?"

"It would have been *awful* if it had been wet!" the girl replied with such intensity of emphasis that he stared at her in surprise. Was it possible that she *enjoyed* garden-parties, found it amusing to walk about gravel paths listening to the strains of a third-rate band, and exchanging inanities with a host of dull, country worthies? It appeared that she did, for she heaved a little sigh of contentment, and continued eagerly: "I was up at five o'clock peeping out of the window! Something tapped on the window during the night, and I thought it was rain!" She sighed again—a soft,

## THE QUIVER

fluttering little sigh, which expressed a happiness so intense that it seemed almost too great to endure—then, turning her grey eyes upon him, stared into his face with undisguised interest.

"You are staying in the house? So am I. Isn't it fun? How long are you going to stay?"

"A week, I believe."

"So am I. We shall get to know each other quite well. It's so interesting meeting new people. Are you fond of talking? I am. I *love* to talk! I do hope you love it, too. It's so nice to have the same tastes as the people one has to meet!"

"Wouldn't it be more convenient, under the circumstances, if I were fond of—listening?" Tremaine asked slyly, and they both laughed, he perfunctorily, she with an enjoyment as intense as though he had delivered himself of the most finished witticism. Looking at the girl, he echoed the verdict overheard a few minutes before, and told himself that she was in truth quite attractive, although she could lay claim to no real beauty of feature. Those grey eyes were so clear, the complexion so delicately pink, the slim figure so graceful in its dainty white draperies, that even the fastidious Tremaine was blinded to any shortcomings which might exist. He felt a rising of interest which prompted a personal question:

"I was introduced to so many people that I am rather confused. Would you mind telling me your name?"

The girl's face fell.

"Wil—kin—son!" she replied with tragic emphasis. "Isn't it awful? I think I dislike Wilkinson more than any name in the universe. I'd rather be Jones! It's really a Cross. What would *you* do if you'd been born a baby Wilkinson? Wouldn't you hate it, too?"

"It would be worse for me, for I'd have to stay there. But you! In your place I would simply—change it at once!"

"Oh, I shall," said Miss Daisy calmly. "Of course. But it's made me painfully, awfully particular. Nothing could satisfy me now short of a title, or two hyphens at least. Ponsonby"—she marked off each high-sounding surname on the tip of a white-gloved finger. "Ponsonby-Plantagenet-Charteris-de Vere. That's the sort of thing! And then, of course, I'd be Marguerite!" Her merry trill rang out on the air. "That's

what I say to my old father when he talks of my marriage. He is rather proud of the 'Wilkinson' himself, but he quite agrees that I ought to have a title. He is a dear!"

Tremaine forced his features into a smile of assent. Naturally the soap-boiler would desire a title for his child. These *nouveaux riches* were invariably ambitious. Well, if he had no handle to his own name, his family was noble, and his wife would have the *entrée* to the best society in England. It was inconceivable to Tremaine's mind that a soap-boiler's ambition could soar higher than himself. As for the girl herself, she would be the easiest of prey.

He looked into the young, animated face, and smiled his stiff, artificial smile.

"The fortunate man when he comes must be a Prince at least. Only a Prince Charming is fit to mate with a Queen!"

"What nice things you do say! I adore compliments!" cried Miss Wilkinson. Then she leaned forward in her seat with intent to see to the end of the path which curved across the lawn.

"You are looking for someone?"

"Yes. For Mr. Belshaw. The man with the nose. Do you know him? I sent him for an ice."

"Isn't it a pity to wait for him any longer? Do you know the walk round the dell? This is just the time of day when it looks its best. Wouldn't it be a good idea to start at once?"

Miss Wilkinson stared in dismay.

"But about my ice. What about my ice? I sent him for it! I adore ices!"

"Seems to me you adore most things!" Tremaine's voice held a distinct edge, but Miss Wilkinson's face straightened into an unexpected and very winsome gravity. The sparkle left her eyes, they grew soft and luminous; she nodded gently, once and again.

"Yes," she said; "I do. I ought to, you know. I'm so fortunate. I've got so much!"



Tremaine managed to get rid of the well-meaning Mr. Belshaw, and constituted himself Miss Wilkinson's escort for the rest of the afternoon. On the whole, he found himself less bored than was usual on such occasions. Miss Wilkinson was not the type of girl he had been accustomed to single out for his attentions; she was a typical



"Looking at the girl, he echoed the verdict overheard a few minutes before . . . she was in truth quite attractive."

Drawn by  
Stanley Davis.

## THE QUIVER

country Daisy, for mind and body alike seemed impregnated with a crystalline sweetness and simplicity. It looked out of her grey eyes, it sounded in every word that dropped from her rosy lips. The world appeared to her the best of all possible places, wherein she loved everyone, and everyone loved her in return. She prattled constantly of her father, who appeared to hold the first place in her much-engaged affections, and it was easy to gather that the good man was as wax in her hands. "I wanted—so of course." "Father objected, but, of course, in the end——" "I soon talked him out of that!" These and similar phrases seemed to imply that a man who won Miss Daisy's favour need not fear any lasting opposition from her father.

"She's not in the least my style, but she's a good little soul, and when a man settles down, that counts!" Tremaine told himself that evening, as he registered a vow to take Miss Wilkinson in to dinner and show the other men at once that she was to be considered his especial property. His hostess, however, had other views, and he found himself paired off with a handsome brunette with a fine pair of eyes and an elaborate Parisian gown, who made herself so agreeable that he was speedily embarked upon a promising flirtation. Miss Wilkinson sat at the other side of the table looking very pretty and youthful in a blue dress, with a chiffon snood looped among her fair locks. Her grey eyes seemed to find much amusement in watching Tremaine and his partner, but even his self-complacency could not flatter himself that there was any sign of envy in her gaze. The fact pricked his vanity, and though his inclinations prompted him to continue his flirtation in the drawing-room, he told himself sternly that this was no time for frivolous, and deliberately passed the charmer to seat himself by Miss Wilkinson's side.

"Are you coming to listen to me?" she said, dimpling. "How nice of you! There are about fifty thousand things I am dying to say."



During the next few days Tremaine was unremitting in his attentions to Miss Daisy Wilkinson. His host and hostess, absorbed in many duties, left their guests largely to their own devices, and took little notice of such ephemeral things as flirtations, but

the other members of the house-party had many remarks to make among themselves, though they were too well-bred to refer to the subject to the two people concerned. They agreed that Tremaine was in earnest at last, but as to Miss Daisy's feelings there was no certainty. "She's the sort of little thing who's nice to everybody," said one man. "If she cared for him she *wouldn't* be so nice!" opined a girl shrewdly. Miss Knox, the handsome brunette, said nothing, but thought much. She was jealous of Daisy Wilkinson, but, strangely enough, she found it impossible to dislike her, and she was honest enough to recognise that all the "running" was done by Tremaine himself.

On the fifth day after Tremaine's arrival a water picnic was planned, and the house-party was swelled by the addition of friends from the neighbourhood. It was suggested that the various boatloads should row up the river to a certain island where lunch was to be had, to be followed afterwards by a gipsy tea, in the preparation of which no hireling should be allowed to take part.

The day of the picnic dawned bright and warm, but it found one of the house-party in the lowest possible spirits. Tremaine had received by the first post a batch of notices from his agent of so urgent and depressing a nature that it appeared to him that the only way out of the difficulty would be to propose to Miss Wilkinson before night, and plead for an immediate marriage. Once the affair was arranged and duly advertised, his duns would cease from troubling, and there would be a blissful period of calm. He did not look forward with any pleasure to proposing to Miss Wilkinson; Miss Knox, the handsome brunette, interested him fifty times more, and it had been only by an exercise of the strongest self-will that he had overcome the temptation to desert Daisy in her favour. More than once, moreover, the girl herself had given a graceful implication that she would appreciate his company, which made his position all the more difficult. It was "hard lines" to be compelled to propose to a girl you didn't want, and to slight another whom you would greatly desire to please!

Tremaine was waiting on the lawn when Daisy Wilkinson and the handsome Miss Knox came out of the house side by side. Both wore white dresses and broad-brimmed hats, but it would have been difficult to



## THE GIRL IN WHITE

find a greater contrast than they made to each other, despite the similarity of their attire. They walked towards him, and Daisy laughed mischievously as she met his appraising glance.

"He's comparing us!" she cried mischievously. "The fair and the dark of it. That's why we like to walk about together—isn't it, Miss Knox? We show each other off so well. I've brought my camera. Wouldn't you like to take a snap of us, Mr. Tremaine?"

She held out a tiny kodak as she spoke, and Tremaine could not well refuse the invitation. He steadied the box, put his finger on the button, and lifted his eyes to where the two girls stood looking at him in their turn, the dark eyes troubled and haughty, the grey radiantly happy and content. It struck him at that moment that, considering the prospect ahead, they were just a thought too friendly and open!

"There! That's done. I'll develop it, and you shall each have a copy," said Daisy, taking the kodak back. "Have you got an album, Mr. Tremaine, for snaps? I've a volume. It's such fun looking over them; they remind you of all sorts of things, and people that you have quite forgotten."

"Miss Wilkinson evidently expects to forget all about us, Mr. Tremaine," said Miss Knox with a somewhat two-edged

smile. She wished that Daisy Wilkinson would take herself and her camera off to another part of the garden; she wanted to walk to the riverside with Tremaine, she wanted Tremaine to row her to the island, to be alone with him in a single skiff. He was the only man in the party who interested her in the least, and this was the last day of her visit. If he showed himself polite and attentive to-day, she would ask him to



"Without a moment's hesitation he walked beside Miss Knox . . . but turned his head over his shoulder . . ."—p. 706

Drawn  
by  
Stanley Davis.

## THE QUIVER

call when they both returned to town; she *wanted* to ask him, but one had too much pride to invite a man who showed no appreciation for the opportunities which were within his grasp.

"Are you going to take snaps of the whole party as they come out of the house? You ought to, since you forget so easily," she said to Daisy, who was rolling up the film of the returned camera; then she took a step forward and looked at Tremaine with her big, dark eyes: "Shall we walk on slowly towards the boats?"

It was a difficult moment for Tremaine. Inclination pulled one way, prudence the other; his heart drove him onward, his head held him back. To refuse the suggestion would be impossible; on the other hand, an hour's *tête-à-tête* with Daisy Wilkinson was too important to be missed. He set his lips and faced the situation. Without a moment's hesitation he walked forward by Miss Knox's side, but as he did so he turned his head over his shoulder, and called, in a clear, high voice:

"Miss Wilkinson, I've got a ripping little skiff. Steer for me, won't you? We'll give the others a lead!"

"Right-o!" sang Daisy cheerily. Miss Knox looked away rather hastily. When she turned again her cheeks showed a rosy flush, but she chatted composedly all the way to the boat-house, and was everything that was polite and agreeable. She was a proud girl, and a well-bred one into the bargain, who had no intention of wearing her heart upon her sleeve, but Tremaine was sensitive to atmosphere, and he knew as plainly as any words could have expressed it that his companion had figuratively washed her hands of him, and that the invitation of a few minutes before was the last which he would ever receive from her lips.

The single skiff was a gem of her kind, and Tremaine was a powerful oar, so that he soon drew ahead of the larger boats, and kept an unceasing lead all the way to the island. Miss Wilkinson steered and talked, and abundantly proved the truth of the adage that it is impossible to do two things satisfactorily at the same time. When at last they landed on the sloping shore of the island, and she congratulated Tremaine upon his prowess, it was not in human nature to repress a retort.

"Pretty good going considering. It isn't as if we had taken a straight course. We've scalloped the whole way here!"

"I adore scallops," said Miss Wilkinson complacently. "And you know quite well that you've enjoyed scolding me for it! You were in a bad temper when we started, and if I'd steered well, there would have been no chance of letting off steam. You ought to be grateful!"

Tremaine flushed. More than once he had been startled by the girl's sharpness in reading his moods, but to-day of all days he had been anxious to convince her that her society was the one thing needful to his happiness. He was hesitating what words to use, when suddenly she came close to him, speaking in a tone of confidential appeal:

"It was so nice of you to bring me. I've enjoyed it awfully. But I—I can't steer. For the return to-night it would be better—I mean you'd better—I'd rather—" She shook her head with a charming impatience. "*Take someone else to-night!*" she said, and turned red all over her pretty face.

Tremaine stopped short, and his heart pounded against his ribs. He had not meant to speak yet; he had meant to leave the declaration until the romantic hour of twilight, but this was an opening which he could not allow to pass. She was blushing; she was confused; some mistake on his part had given her the impression that he was tired of her company. At all hazards he must deny the accusation.

"Take someone else when you are here? How can you be so cruel! I—I should like to row in the same boat with you all my life. If you—if you would accept me for your pilot!" he cried ardently. A faint recollection came to him of having read in a book of a fellow who proposed in much the same words, but to Daisy Wilkinson herself they appeared startlingly new. There was something almost approaching terror in the distension of the grey eyes, as she eluded his outstretched hand.

"Oh, don't!" she breathed. "Please—please—stop! It's only fun; I know it's only fun, but don't do it! Let us walk about, and see if we can't find—"

"It is *not* fun," Tremaine insisted. He was in for it now, and the girl's pretty shyness raised a flickering spark of ardour in his cold heart. "I *do* mean it. I have been meaning it all this week. I hoped when we

## THE GIRL IN WHITE



"She touched his arm with a gentle hand. 'I am sorry. Don't be too unhappy'"—p. 703.

Drawn by  
Stanley Durr.

started this morning that before we returned I should have a chance of speaking. If you could care for me, I'd—I'd be the happiest of men. I'd do everything in my power to make *you* happy. I've never asked a woman to marry me before. I—I'm not a good hand at expressing my feelings, but since meeting you—I've thought of nothing else—I—I never wanted anything so badly in my life——"

Somehow, with those clear, innocent eyes gazing into his, he could not utter those false protestations of love which he had previously rehearsed. He faltered, and collapsed into miserable silence, and Daisy Wilkinson laid a little white hand on his arm and said:

"*Me?* You care for—*me!* You really mean it! Oh, I *do* owe you such a big apology! I've been thinking such horrid things—I thought you were so proud, and supercilious, and patronising. I thought

you didn't like me a bit, and that you liked Miss Knox, and only talked to me because you hoped to make her jealous. I *never* dreamt you meant me! You talked so much of your family, and I am only the daughter of a——" She reared her little head with a pretty pride. "I'm *proud* of my father. It's not *his* fault that they gave him a country branch. He gets depressed sometimes because men who entered the bank at the same time have got much bigger appointments, but we're so happy! We have such big, lovely rooms above the bank, and it's at a corner, so that we can see all the way along the High Street. It's so amusing! But, poor darling, he is so ambitious for me. *Won't* he be pleased when I tell him I've had a proposal from a man who is cousin to an Earl!"

Tremaine put out a hand and steadied himself against the trunk of a tree. What

## THE QUIVER

nightmare was this? Country branch—rooms above the bank—view along the High Street—the daughter of an insignificant manager of an insignificant country "branch"!

*What of the soap, or the starch?* What of the pile, the record pile? What of the chance for impecunious aristocrats! Fool that he had been to stake his all on a chance word, a chance coincidence! Now that it was too late the explanation was ludicrously plain. During the time occupied by a leisurely promenade down the shrubbery path one girl in white had vacated her seat and another similarly attired had taken her place! The heiress *did* exist, was in truth a member of the house-party, but the heiress was not Daisy Wilkinson, the heiress was—Miss Knox!

Thought flies apace; during the minute of silence which followed Daisy's words Tremaine had time to remember a dozen incidents unnoticed at the time which might have opened his eyes to the truth had he been less blinded, less sensitively afraid of attracting attention. He had been duped, deceived; and now—his brain reeled at the thought of the punishment before him.

"Oh, don't! Don't look like that!" cried Daisy softly. "I only said it in fun. It could make no difference *who* you were. I'll tell you the whole truth—I *did* like to hear about the Earl! Mother and Mrs. Bevan were at school together—that's why I am asked here; and it's such a wonderful change from home. It's like living in a book with all the people one reads about, and you were the bookiest of them all. I've not been Daisy Wilkinson any more. I've been Marguerite de Vere—*quite* an appropriate companion for Gervaise Tremaine!"

Tremaine forced a ghastly smile.

"Evidently you have succeeded—I—I have given you good proof—"

"Oh—h!" she cried. "You have indeed. And I, who thought you so worldly and proud! *Will* you forgive me? I shall never forgive myself. I'm *ashamed* to remember what I've been thinking all this week."

"The question is—what are you going to think for the future?" Tremaine's sense of honour would not permit him to begin a proposal of marriage and stop short half way. He set his teeth and faced the worst—the dismay of his people, the enforced visits to the rooms above the bank, the country

wedding, the delighted scrutiny of the High Street, the subsequent existence of pinch and screw. For that one moment they loomed before him in giant shape. He had wrecked his own life, but sufficient manliness was still left to make him determined to play his part before the girl. "Aren't you going to—answer my question?" he repeated with a sharpness which might well have been mistaken for emotion.

Daisy Wilkinson did so mistake it. Her face softened, and she laid her hand on his arm with a very winsome gesture.

"Ah!" she sighed softly. "I'm so sorry. It's sweet of you to care so much, and I'm desperately sorry to make you unhappy, but—I couldn't! It's quite, quite impossible. It's no use waiting, for I don't love you. I could never do it. *Please*—forget all about it, and let us be friends!"

"You—you care for someone else?" It seemed the only possible explanation of her attitude, but Daisy shook her head in denial.

"No—nobody. But I *shall* do, some day. I've got a big idea of love, and I couldn't throw it away—or the chance of it—for anything in the world. I'll wait—for *him*!" Again she touched his arm with a gentle hand. "But I *am* sorry! Please don't be *too* unhappy."

He looked down into her clear eyes, and over his soul there rushed a wave of shame. For one lightning moment the veil was lifted from his eyes, and he saw himself as he was, and his spirit abased itself before hers. Only for a moment, then the chains of a lifetime gripped him afresh, and his shame turned to wrath.

She had refused him; this insignificant, penniless girl had refused Gervaise Tremaine! Had offered him pity, instead of love! For the first time in his life he had humbled himself to ask—and *this* was his reply!

"Don't—don't look so miserable!" pleaded the girl's soft voice. "They are coming. They mustn't see you like this. Let us walk towards the tent."

Tremaine turned his head. The first boat had turned the near bend of the river. Facing the island sat Miss Knox, her graceful figure clearly outlined against the green of the trees. She bent forward and surveyed the couple upon the bank. Her eyes were very cold. Tremaine turned and walked forward into the darkness of the wood.



In the Wake of the Ægir:

"Whelps" and broken water following the first wave.

Photo:  
G. Brocklehurst.

# THE TRENT TIDAL WAVE

One of Nature's Freaks

By GEORGE BROCKLEHURST

This article, with the accompanying photographs, is the outcome of years of patient study on the part of the author, and the result may well be regarded as unique.

AMONGST the many marvels of Nature the "bore," which occurs on many tidal rivers, is one of the most interesting.

The great bore on the Tsien-Tang River in China is said to be the largest in the world. Travellers bring home vivid stories of this remarkable occurrence: how great junks and small craft, with the native crews hanging on for dear life, are tossed like cockleshells before its impetuous rush.

A similar tidal wave occurs on the Seine in France, where it is known as the "Mascaret." The mighty Amazon and the Mississippi may also be quoted as exhibiting this same phenomenon.

## "Bores" in England

It may surprise many people to know that a bore occurs on several of our English

rivers. The Severn, the Trent, and the Dee are the most notable. Of these three the Trent "Ægir," as it is called, far surpasses the others both in size and beauty of formation. One has to see it to realise the wonder of it.

To stand on a lonely spot by the riverside, in the twilight, and hear the dull roar of the Ægir's approach, is weirdly impressive, and then to see it sweep majestically by, dashing against wharf and jetty, is a spectacle never to be forgotten.

## "Mighty Rushing Waters"

The name "Ægir" is a relic of the dim past. Over nine hundred years ago, when the fierce Vikings sailed up the Trent under the leadership of Sweyn of Denmark, they were terrified by this huge mass of waves



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following them, as they thought, from the sea. Strongly superstitious, and deeply impressed by the occurrence, they thought it was none other than their dreaded god "Ægir" the god of mighty rushing waters, pursuing them in anger; and so the name has clung and been handed down by the Trentside folk all these hundreds of years.

### What causes the Ægir?

The cause of the Ægir remains a mystery to the majority of people, but can be very

level of the bar, it forces back the river by sheer weight and flows inland with a swift rush, producing the wonderful sight which ever fascinates the beholder, and strikes terror to the heart of the boatmen.

Meeting the Ægir in a small boat is a precarious undertaking to anyone unacquainted with the Trent.

Many years ago, two Gainsborough men, both skilful rowers, were drowned when meeting this tidal wave in an ordinary rowing boat. They were making for Stock-



A Big Equinoctial:  
The terror of the boatmen.

Photo:  
G. Brocklehurst.

simply explained. The necessary conditions to produce this phenomenon are: A tidal river with an estuary ending in a wide mouth, a strongly flowing river, and lastly, but perhaps the most important, an extensive bar of sand and silt at the mouth, dry at low water and covered at high water. These conditions are all found in the Trent. The bar is situated just where the Trent enters the Humber. Imagine the incoming tide setting swiftly up the Humber, receiving no check until it reaches the mouth of the Trent. Here it is held back by the strong flow of fresh water, until, rising above the

with, where they knew they could haul the boat out before the Ægir came. They were rowing fast, knowing they were behind time.

A mile from their destination an old ferryman warned them to stop and get out at his landing. They ignored the warning, relying on the fact that they were strong swimmers. Within less than five minutes the Ægir swept past the ferry with a reverberating roar. A little later their overturned boat came in sight, telling its own tragic story. The strong undertow and swirl of broken water had sucked them under. A party

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### The Trent Tidal Wave.

(This unique photograph depicts an unusually smooth formation, due to perfect conditions of weather and river. Only on very rare occasions is the Egir smooth and regular like this.)

Photo: J. Q. Beck's work.

## THE QUIVER

who were in a larger boat only a few hundred yards away had a thrilling experience, but came through safely.

The rules of the rowing club now forbid members to meet the Ægir at all.

In a strong "beamy" boat, however, the risk is very much smaller, but even in one of these "cob" boats, as they are called, it is very exciting work. Spectators watching the Ægir are often thrilled to see one of these boats, caught by a huge whelp, rise up at an acute angle, showing its dripping keel.

is thrown into one huge wave which sweeps round the outside of the bend. It is interesting to see how the wave manages to straighten up into shape again, and takes its original form of a series of big "rollers."

This unusual formation is best seen at Morton Corner, near Gainsborough. Should the river be shallow here, the Ægir is a churning mass of brown mud; but when there is a good depth of water, the Ægir rolls over in a gleaming cascade of white foam.

When rounding an ordinary bend, the



A Bit of Old Gainsborough.

The original of "St. Oggs" in "The Mill on the Floss."

Photo:  
G. Broadhurst.

The next moment, as it dips into the hollow, they see right inside it, and so on perhaps another six or seven times. The writer was once in a boat under such conditions, when the sculling oar was flung out of its rowlock three times by the great waves, and it was with difficulty that the boat was kept straight.

The formation of the Ægir is altered considerably by the bends and shallows of the river at different points. This variety, however, only adds to its fascination, and makes it the more interesting.

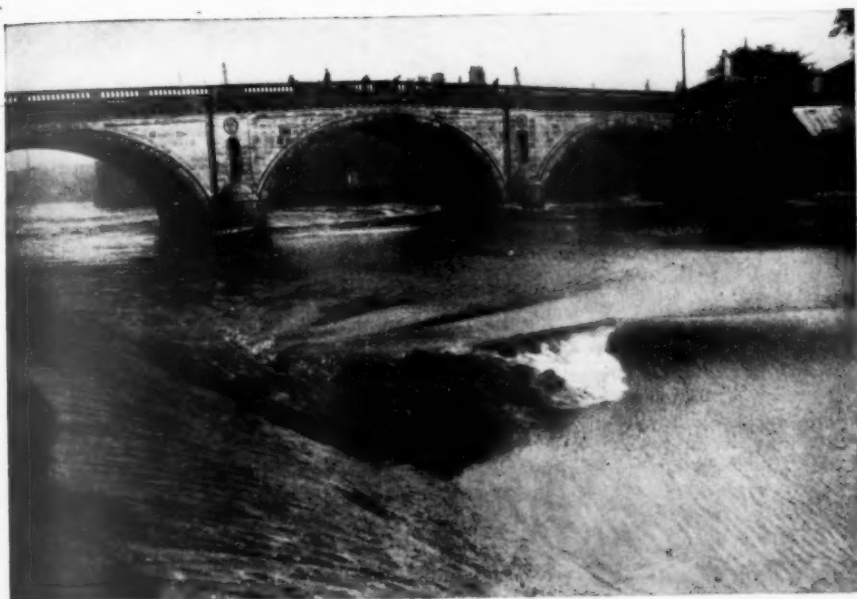
At a sharp bend, for instance, the Ægir

waves are thrown crosswise and assume a V shape. These waves are very difficult to negotiate in a small boat. For this reason boats always keep clear of a bend when meeting the Ægir.

The finest formations are seen on straight reaches which are slightly shallow. It will be quite evident to anyone that the waves will roll over more in shallow water than in deep places.

Only on very rare occasions is the formation of the Ægir smooth and regular. When this happens the effect is striking and beautiful, as will be seen from the illustration

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The Ægir passing through  
Trent Bridge at Gainsborough.

Photo:  
G. Brocklehurst.



The Ægir just below Gainsborough.  
One of the big autumn tides, 1914.

Photo:  
G. Brocklehurst.

Brookhurst.

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on page 711. This was secured one very calm morning, when the conditions were about as perfect as they could be.

The formation being so adversely affected by the weather, it will be understood that attempts to photograph this phenomenon are often disappointing.

The photographs illustrating this article are the outcome of twelve years' patient study of the Ægir. For every good result obtained there have been about ten failures.

As the largest tides occur in the spring

can be heard at a distance of one or two miles. It resembles the sound of a train so closely that a distant train is often mistaken for it and a false alarm is given.

The warning cry used by the boatmen is "Ware Ægir!" ("Beware of the Ægir!"), and very thrilling it sounds on a dark night when the tides are large.

Between the periods of spring and autumn the tides are small, and after heavy or continuous floods the Ægir often disappears for a twelvemonth, until the channel be-



Trent Keels  
Riding the Ægir.

Photo :  
G. Brockhurst.

and autumn, when the mornings are often foggy, wet, or windy, and the evenings close in early, it will be readily seen that the chances of obtaining a good photograph are very small.

The largest tides are seen between 7 and 8 o'clock, morning and evening; after that time they fall off considerably. A 10 o'clock tide only shows a slight swirl of water. At midday the water just flows up a little, and then slowly returns.

The Ægir is forty minutes later each day, just as the tides are on the coast.

On a calm evening the roar of the Ægir

comes silted up again. Thus it will be seen that the condition which favours it is a long, dry summer, which creates a shallow river-bed.

And so comes the mighty Ægir, reaping its toll of tragedy and accident along the Trent Valley, and on wild, dark nights people shudder as they remember the old legend of the Ægir which tells how that a human life is claimed every year. Only too often, alas, it proves to be true, and the cry of "Ware Ægir!" is changed to one of terror as the victim is caught in the cruel embrace.



# THE DUST OF LIFE

Serial Story

By JOSEPH HOCKING

## CHAPTER XIX

"TRELYON"

OCTOBER had barely come to an end when Cedric found himself living in an old house called "Trelyon," near the quaint old village of Porthloe, on the Cornish coast. In an almost incredibly short space of time he had made arrangements for taking a lease of it, and then, with youthful impetuosity, had rushed to London in order to buy suitable furniture.

"I'll not say a word to Aunt Rotha until everything is ready for her," he reflected. "I want to make this the gladdest surprise of her life."

He was much irritated in London at the slowness of his progress in buying the things he needed and in getting a firm of decorators whose ideas accorded with his own, but at length he obtained what he desired, and by the last week in October everything was ready for habitation.

Miss Betty Britten, although given to exaggeration, had not said too much about "Trelyon." It was such a place as Cedric had often dreamed of, but never hoped to possess. Formerly the home of an old Cornish family, it was a model of Elizabethan architecture, and full of old oak. Panelling, centuries old, covered the walls, while the quaintly carved stairway was a gem of its kind. The situation of the house, too, was glorious. Immediately behind it wooded hills sloped away to wild moorland, while in front a carriage drive wound its way through giant trees towards the sea. From its front windows a magnificent view of the coast line could be seen, a coast line that was rugged and grand, even for Cornwall.

"It's home, home, every inch of it," cried the young fellow, as he went from room to room, "and it will be the joy of Aunt Rotha's life. Won't she be surprised, though?"

Cedric had practised one of those innocent deceits on his aunt, by which he meant her joy to be all the greater. He had not told her of his arrangements, and he had

allowed her to think that he had taken an ordinary farmhouse for her.

"She'll be surprised at my not being at the station," he went on, as he looked at his watch, "but really, I couldn't resist the pleasure of seeing her for the first time as she steps out of the carriage. Ah, there it is, just coming in at the gate."

A few minutes later he stood at the front door holding her in his arms.

"No smoky chimneys, no draughty rooms, no bad cooking-range, Aunt Rotha," he cried, as he watched her look of wonder.

"But, Cedric, my dear, what does this mean? It's a mansion—it's not a farmhouse at all!"

"A farmer named Truscott lived here until three months ago, aunt. Do you like it?"

"Like it!" cried the old lady as she looked on the old oaks which were dotted around, the old-world gardens, and the glimpse of the sea through the trees. "Why, why, it's wonderful!"

"But you've not been inside yet, aunt. Wait till you've seen the cooking-range."

"But, Cedric, my dear boy," she cried, when half an hour later she sat down to dinner in a cosy old dining-hall, "can you afford it? It's lovely, lovely beyond words, and I just love every bit of it already; but—but—"

"Of course I can afford it, aunt."

"But you've spent a lot of money?"

"Heaps of it, but there's a lot left; enough to keep everything going in comfort. Now, tell me you like it."

For answer, Aunt Rotha threw her arms around his neck and burst out crying.

"It's too good for me," she sobbed. "Oh, Cedric, my dear, if only your father had lived to see it! I couldn't wish for anything more lovely. As for the village of Porthloe, it's a dream."

"And unspoilt too, as yet," was Cedric's reply. "Of course, being so far from a station there are no trippers, and there are several old families living in the vicinity, so we shan't be lonely. Do you see that house on the hill yonder? That belongs to

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old Colonel Carvossa, and in a lovely cottage near his lodge gate live two old maiden ladies who are immaculate in their respectability, and date their descent from William the Conqueror."

"Do you know any of these people yet?"

"No. You see, we are only in residence from to-day. Even up to three days ago the place was pretty much a pandemonium. But from all I can hear, you will have plenty of friends."

"I can't believe it; I simply can't believe it," she cried, as, after dinner, she again went from room to room. "How much land did you say there was?"

"About a hundred acres. Years ago, I suppose, several hundred more went with the house, but now the great bulk of it has been taken by neighbouring farmers."

"And what are you going to do with it?"

"Farm it, of course. I have all sorts of plans for a model farm which will keep me busy. Then I hope to become a busybody generally. Porthloe is quite a little town, and is the head-quarters of hosts of things. In a year or two you'll see me mayor, magistrate, and all the rest of it. Who knows, I may stand for Parliament."

"I should just love it," was his aunt's reply. "And I could not bear the idea of you becoming—just a useless drone."

For the next few weeks the old lady busied herself in perfecting the arrangements of the house, and seemed as happy as the days were long. When Christmas drew near, however, a look of sadness crept into her eyes. When Cedric was present she took care to be bright and cheerful, but that she was worried was plainly to be seen. Day followed day, and no one called. The neighbours of whom Cedric had spoken so confidently gave no sign of their existence. Each Sunday morning she had accompanied Cedric to the parish church, and occupied the pew which from time immemorial had been associated with Trelyon Manor House, but no one had heeded them. Even the vicar had failed to call. Not that she had troubled so much about this, as the old gentleman was nearly eighty years of age, and past taking an active interest in the parish, but she had expected the vicar's wife, who was much the old gentleman's junior, to undertake the ordinary civilities. As a matter of fact, however, no single important person in the district had crossed the threshold of Trelyon Manor.

Whether Cedric had noticed this or not

she did not know. Certainly he had spoken no word about it, and he had apparently been too busy attending to repairs on the farm buildings, and improvements on the farm, to give any attention to social amenities.

"He must know," reflected the old lady as day after day passed and no one called. "It isn't as though we're not the social equals of anyone here. The Essexes were great people before the Carvossas or the Penliggers were ever heard of. Cedric told me they were sure to visit me, too. I don't care a fig for myself, for I'm perfectly happy as long as I know he is, but I'm sure he must feel it."

Yet she said no word to him about it, even when Christmas approached and she still found herself ostracised. She always met Cedric with a smile, too, and never ceased expressing her pleasure at her delightful surroundings.

One evening, it only wanted two days to Christmas, Cedric had returned from a long ride, and was on the point of going to his room to dress for dinner, when the door bell rang, and a servant entered bringing a note.

He took the note from the tray with great eagerness, while his aunt watched him. When he had read it he sat staring into vacancy.

"Any answer, sir?"

He took no notice whatever. Evidently he had not heard the man speak. Simmonds stood perfectly still, waiting his master's orders, too well trained to show any surprise, yet evidently conscious of the master's strange conduct.

"Cedric, Simmonds is waiting to know if there is any answer," ventured the old lady after a long and awkward silence.

"What is that? Oh, no, there is no answer," and again he seemed to be staring into vacancy.

"What's the matter? Any bad news?" And Aunt Rotha's voice was anxious.

"Bad news!" And Cedric started to his feet. "There, aunt, you can read it if you like."

Aunt Rotha read the note, while an angry flush mounted her cheeks.

"But what does it mean?" she cried. "It seems like an insult."

"It is an insult. It was intended as such."

"Who is this Guy Tresidder? And where is Pentewan?"

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"Oh, never mind, aunt, it is nothing, after all. I wish I hadn't let you see it now; it's nothing, just nothing."

"But it is something," cried the old lady indignantly. "You can't deceive me that way. You are keeping something back from me."

"Don't bother about it, aunt. There, that's the first gong, and I must rush away and dress for dinner."

During the meal he was cheerful, indeed almost jubilant. He told funny stories about one of the men he had engaged on the farm, and enlarged upon the schemes on which he was engaged. But Aunt Rotha was not deceived. She saw that his merri-ment was forced, and that he was ill at ease. Still, she said nothing while the servants were in the room, but directly dinner was over she accompanied him to the library.

"Now, my dear, what is it?" she urged. "I am an old woman, and as curious as a mongoose. Something is wrong; tell me about it, or I shall be utterly miserable."

"Aunt," he said, "has anyone called to-day?"

"No, no one; but don't let that worry you, my dear."

"Worry me! The fact of no one calling doesn't trouble me an atom, that is for myself, but, aunt, it means something. We've been here two months and we've been shunned. We might be rank outsiders. As for the letter, it's a part of the whole business."

"What business?"

Cedric started to his feet. "Aunt, I can't understand it at all. When I took the house, General Poldhu, to whom it belongs, was as friendly as a man could be. He promised me all sorts of civilities, too, and yet when I met him to-day he would scarcely speak to me. He seemed to be angry that I was his tenant. I thought that both he and his wife would have called on you. Indeed, he told me when I signed the lease that he intended doing so. To-day when I met him he practically cut me, while now there is this letter."

"You have not told me anything about this Mr. Guy Tresidder." And Aunt Rotha looked at the note with angry eyes.

"He is Master of Hounds. From what I can understand, the hunting people in the district have formed a kind of club, and those who are not admitted into this club, even although they cannot be kept from

hunting, are regarded as outsiders. I suppose it is a very select circle, and they are very particular about admitting new-comers. General Poldhu told me he would take steps to get me admitted, which he said would be a very easy matter, but as I heard nothing further about it, I dropped Tresidder a line of inquiry. This is his reply. As you see, there is an insult in every line of it."

"But what can he mean?" cried the old lady indignantly. "Why, it's just infamous."

"I'm going to find out. Evidently there's something at the back of it which I don't understand. After what General Poldhu told me, he coolly says that no member has consented to nominate me, and as a consequence, he informs me, very patronisingly, that it will save all concerned a great deal of annoyance if no further steps are taken in the matter."

"Then he means——"

"He means that I am not a fit person to join them. His letter means that I am to be ostracised, and that nobody of our own class will speak to me, and that, because you are my aunt, you are to be left severely alone."

"Don't trouble about me, my dear; I want none of these people. We are well enough off here together."

"No one likes to be regarded as a pariah," cried Cedric. "For the social functions of these people I don't care tuppence, but it means that there is something behind. Tresidder, who is a good sportsman, would not write a letter like that without serious reasons."

Aunt Rotha was silent, but it was evident from the look on her face that she drew her own conclusions.

"It must be that fellow Offenheim," cried Cedric presently. "I was told after I had won that law case in Canada that he vowed I should never hold up my head in England or anywhere else. I took no notice of it then, but—but——"

He went to the window as he spoke, and looked out into the night. A silvery moon sailed in an almost cloudless sky, and the ice crystals shone brightly.

"Yes, I'll walk," he continued, as he rang the bell.

"You'll walk where?"

"To Colonel Carvossa's. I'll tell you all about it when I come back."

A few minutes later Cedric was striding down the drive, his footsteps ringing clearly

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on the hard frozen ground. He had not gone very far, however, when he stopped. Some little distance away, embowered by trees, stood a comfortable-looking country house, which could be plainly seen in the light of the moon.

"I wonder whether she's at home or not?" he said aloud. "Of course, her mother is there, but she has never called on Aunt Rotha," and then he trudged on again, his eyes hard and his lips compressed.

"Is Colonel Carvossa at home?"

"Yes, sir, the Colonel's in. He's just finished dinner, sir."

"Will you ask him whether he can see Mr. Cedric Essex?"

"Yes, sir." The man hesitated a second, as if in doubt what he ought to do. "If you'll just wait here, sir, I'll tell the Colonel you're here," he added, and then left Cedric standing in the hall.

"Will you come this way, sir?" said the servant when he returned, after what seemed to Cedric an interminable time. The man showed him into a cold, ill-lighted room and then left him. After about five minutes Colonel Carvossa appeared. He was a tall, hale old gentleman, with a ruddy, clean-shaven face, except for a somewhat fierce-looking moustache. He departed himself in a severe military fashion, as though he could not forget that he was not on parade. He bowed stiffly to Cedric, but offered him no word of welcome.

"Please excuse me for calling, Colonel," said Cedric, "but I would like a few minutes' chat with you."

Colonel Carvossa hesitated, then he said: "I am afraid I can spare you only a few minutes, Mr.—Essex. I happen to have visitors in the house."

It was evident that he was ill at ease. It might seem as though he had an unpleasant duty to perform which he wished to get through as quickly as possible.

"I will say what I have to say as quickly and as plainly as I can," was Cedric's reply. "You, of course, know that I have taken Trelyon Manor, and have lately come here to live."

Again the Colonel bowed stiffly, looking at Cedric keenly all the time. A close observer would have noticed a kindlier look in his eyes as he did so.

"Is your business important?" he asked.

"To me it is."

"And will it take long?"

"I hope you will give me a few minutes, certainly, although I must apologise very sincerely for taking you away from your friends. And, believe me, I would not have troubled you to-night, but for what seems to me serious reasons."

"It is very cold here." And he almost shivered as he spoke. "Won't you come into another room where there's a fire? I—I spent a good many years of my life in India, and—and I feel the cold. There, this is better. Won't you—that is—take off your overcoat?"

By this time they had entered a warm, cosy room, and the Colonel drew a chair near the fire.

Cedric threw off his heavy ulster, and as he did so the Colonel again looked at his visitor keenly.

"Won't you have a cigar?" he said, unbending a little more. Evidently there was something in the young fellow's appearance which attracted him in spite of himself. He was a soldier of the old school, who, while very punctilious in many matters, was a just and a most generous man. As a soldier, too, he was a great admirer of men who had a soldierly bearing, and he was evidently impressed by Cedric's stalwart proportions and clean-cut, handsome face.

"The fellow looks like a gentleman, anyhow," he reflected. "A handsome, well set-up chap, too, and would look well in my old regiment's uniform. He must be six feet two, if he's an inch."

"I won't smoke now, thank you, sir, and I'll go straight to the matter about which I've come."

The Colonel nodded, and again fixed his eyes on Cedric's face.

## CHAPTER XX

### A BOYCOTT

"YOU know Mr. Guy Tresidder, of Pentewan, of course?"

"Yes, I know Mr. Tresidder."

"He is Master of Hounds, I am given to understand."

"That is so."

"When I took Trelyon Manor, my landlord, General Poldhu, asked me whether I would like to hunt, and when I told him I would, he said he would nominate me for membership—"

"General Poldhu told you that, did he?" interrupted the Colonel.

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"Yes, he did. He also told me that Mr. Tresidder would write me in a few days. As several weeks passed and I heard nothing from him I dropped him a line. I received this letter to-night." And Cedric passed him the note.

The Colonel read it gravely, but made no remark.

"You used to be Master of Hounds, I have been told, and still act on the committee."

"Yes, that is so."

"But for the language in which the letter is couched, I would not have troubled you; I know of no reason for this ostracism, and knowing the position you still hold, I thought you might perhaps be kind enough to give me an explanation."

A curt reply rose to Colonel Carvossa's lips, but as he again looked at Cedric's face the words died on his lips.

"The matter of hunting does not trouble me much," went on Cedric, "but the tone of this letter does. General Poldhu told me he was sure I should receive a hearty welcome, and that he himself would nominate me; therefore, when Mr. Tresidder tells me that no one will nominate me, and that I shall save myself as well as others a great deal of annoyance if I take no further steps in the matter, I am naturally led to the conclusion that, for some unknown reason, I am regarded as an undesirable person."

"May I ask if you have seen General Poldhu lately?"

"I saw him to-day."

"Would it not have been the natural thing to have spoken to him about it?"



"The Colonel read it gravely,  
but made no remark."

*Drawn by  
Harold Copping.*

"For one thing I had not received this letter when I saw him, and for another, he did not seem to be desirous of speaking with me."

Colonel Carvossa looked exceedingly uncomfortable.

"As I am no longer Master of Hounds, and as Mr. Tresidder has written you, I am afraid I can offer no explanation."

"Then you know the reasons why this letter was sent?"

Colonel Carvossa did not speak, but he nodded slightly as if in assent.

"I should take it as a great kindness if you would tell me what they are."

"Surely that is unnecessary."

Cedric looked at him in astonishment. "Believe me, sir," he cried, "I have no desire to push myself where I am not wanted, but if I was regarded as an eligible person two months ago, I am at a loss to know what I have done to make myself ineligible."



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The Colonel was silent.

"You do not wish to tell me?"

"Surely you are the best judge of the reasons. Forgive me," he added after a pause, "but, as you will see, I cannot go behind Mr. Tresidder's letter."

Cedric kept his temper, although with difficulty, especially as Colonel Carvossa rose from his chair as if the interview was at an end.

"Do you advise me to go to Mr. Tresidder direct?" asked Cedric.

"I do not presume to advise you at all, Mr. Essex. After reading his letter, you must form your own judgment as to the advisability of taking such a step. Personally, I should not imagine you would get much satisfaction by going. As you will see, I have nothing whatever to do with the matter."

"Then there is another question I would like to ask," persisted Cedric.

The Colonel remained standing, evidently impatient to get away.

"There is a social club at Porthloe, of which you are secretary," went on the young man. "Some time ago I took steps to gain admission, but although I am informed a committee meeting has lately been held, I have as yet received no intimation as to whether I am accepted as a member."

The Colonel appeared more uncomfortable than ever. "I must apologise for not writing you. I—I had—that is, the matter has been delayed."

"You mean that you have not yet decided the matter?"

"No, no; I do not mean that. It was voted on, and I ought to have written. It was very remiss of me. I am sorry to tell you that—that your application was not favourably received."

"I was blackballed, then?"

The Colonel was silent, but took a step towards the bell-push.

"Excuse me, sir, but I think I have a right to ask for an explanation."

"You are an old Rugchester boy, I am told." And the Colonel's voice showed that he had at last decided to speak.

"That is so."

"May I ask whether you are a member of the Rugchester Union?"

"No, sir."

"For sufficient reasons, no doubt. It is hardly to be expected that such a club as ours will admit you into membership when the Old Boys' Union of your own school

will not include your name. Believe me, I am very sorry to be obliged to say this, but you have compelled me."

"Then you would damn me for life because an unfounded charge was made when I was a schoolboy?" Cedric spoke quietly, although his voice was vibrant with suppressed passion.

"You know best whether it is unfounded," replied the Colonel. "This I know—it is not regarded as such at Rugchester. Still, if that were all—" And the Colonel suddenly stopped, as if he suddenly found himself in the act of saying too much.

"Yes—what is there besides?"

"You compel me to speak when I would rather be silent," and again the old man looked at Cedric's flushed face. "I—I have nothing against you personally, and—I sincerely wish that things were otherwise. Would it not be best to let sleeping dogs lie?"

"It seems to me that the dogs are not asleep," retorted Cedric. "You need not fear, sir, that I shall make any further attempts to obtain admission into your clubs, but evidently my name has been vilified, and it is not my purpose to take it lying down. Come, sir, you are too much a sportsman to deal in innuendoes. Play the game fairly and tell me what I've done wrong. Because I want to tell you this first: there was not a shadow of a shade of truth in that Rugchester scandal. Believe me or not, just as you like, but it was a beastly lie from first to last. Why, if I did such a thing I'd bury myself somewhere out of the world! It would be a cad's trick to do what—what they said."

The Colonel looked at him with a new interest. Evidently the young fellow's ingenuous words and the honest tones of his voice were not without effect.

"When I first heard about it I wrote to Rugchester," said the Colonel. "You had taken Trelyon Manor, and—and I thought it my duty to know before I judged. It was admitted by the headmaster that but for this one thing you had a clean record, and that you were a good sportsman. You were in the school fifteen, too, and did well. If that were all, I—I believe I'd—that is, you don't seem that sort of fellow. You don't look like a chap who *could* do it. But these other things—"

"Other things. What are they? I don't understand."

"You don't know?"

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"I'm as ignorant of anything as that golf club," pointing to a creak in the corner of the room.

"Look here," cried the old man excitedly. "I've watched your face in church, and I pride myself on knowing a straight chap when I see him. I tell you I've been miserable about it. It seemed mean to ostracise such a fellow as you seemed to be; but there it was. These stories came one on top of the other, and all details were given."

"What stories?"

"You don't know?"

"I've told you, sir."

"What, not about showing the white feather in Africa—pretending sickness when the dangerous part of the business commenced, and all that sort of thing?"

"Showing the white feather!" And Cedric's eyes blazed with anger.

"That isn't all either. There is this Canadian business. It is freely said that you made your money there by robbing a poor, ignorant old man and by a system of bribery. Every gossip in the district has been talking about it."

"But who started these lies?"

"Almost the day after you'd signed the lease for Trelyon Manor, Poldhu's lawyer got a letter advising him not to let it to you, because you were not a desirable tenant. This letter gave details about the Rugchester business, and said you were expelled from the school. It referred the lawyer to the headmaster and to Sir Colman Tresize. I know this to be a fact, because Poldhu came to me and showed me the letter."

"There was no signature. Yes, yes, I know," cried the Colonel, as he saw Cedric's look of contempt, "one usually throws anonymous letters in the wastepaper basket. But Poldhu was worried. As you may know, Trelyon Manor had been standing empty for some time, and as he is a poor man he wanted to let it badly. He liked the look of you, and thought he had found a good tenant. Naturally, too, he wanted to do all he could for you, but when he got this letter he was sorry he had let it. Poor as he is, he would rather the place should be a dead weight on his hands than have an undesirable person in it. He therefore made inquiries, but it was too late; the lease was signed, and he could do nothing."

"He did not try to discover who wrote the letter?"

"No, but he went to see old Sir Colman

Tresize, and he wrote to Rugchester College. I also wrote to the headmaster there."

Cedric stood like one thunderstruck. He was trying to understand the situation. He felt sure he saw the handiwork of Offenheim; he was just the fellow who would stab another in the back.

"The headmaster's letter was very kind," went on the Colonel. "He told me that you had always been a popular boy, and one of the best sportsmen in the school, but he had to admit that the examination-paper business had never been cleared up, and that you had been practically expelled from the school."

"And Sir Colman Tresize?"

"Poldhu never told me what Sir Colman said, but I judged that he had in some way confirmed the Rugchester story. Anyhow, I know he told his sister, Mrs. Granville—but there, that's none of my business."

"And, of course, General Poldhu believed that I was a contemptible sneak?"

"I don't know that he did. He told me he didn't believe you were the kind of fellow who could do such a thing; besides, he didn't see why you should be for ever damned because when a schoolboy you yielded to one terribly strong temptation. He thought that no one knew anything about it besides his lawyer and one or two others. He soon found out, however, that the story was generally known. Then he received a letter about your showing the white feather in Africa. This letter declared that you feigned sickness in order to get out of standing by your friends in time of danger, that, as a consequence, they had to go on without you, and, as a matter of fact, came home without you. Poldhu was advised to write to Mr. Wingrave in support of this."

"And did he?" asked Cedric eagerly.

"Yes, but he got no reply. Both Wingrave and his cousin, George Graves, had left the country, and there seemed to be no likelihood that they would be back for a year or two."

"There was another person to whom he could have written, one who could have told him everything." And Cedric's voice almost trembled with excitement.

"Who?"

"My old friend Roger Hereford. He will tell you whether I was such a white-livered hound as you suggest."

Colonel Carvossa looked at Cedric steadily.

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"And you would be willing to accept his version of the affair?" he asked.

"Absolutely. It was at his request I went to Africa, and he was with me all the time."

"But is it a fact that you refused to go on with Wingrave and the others, when it was found that Wingrave's brother had been taken prisoner by a lot of savages, and that he had determined to face probable death in trying to rescue him?"

"I was ill, and given up for dying."

"By whom?"

"By all of them. Ask Roger Hereford; he will tell you the truth."

The Colonel was silent a few seconds, then he went on. "The facts given out are these. You pretended that you had the sleeping sickness, a disease for which there is no cure, and then, as soon as your companions had left you, you got well almost immediately, and wrote home a cock-and-bull sort of story that an African had given you some remarkable medicine which cured you in a miraculous sort of way. It seems, too, that this nigger converted you to Christianity." And there was a sneer in his voice.

"But—but—"

"Excuse me," interrupted the Colonel. "I did not wish to discuss these questions at all. To say the least, they are not pleasant to straightforward Englishmen, but, as you have come here and practically demanded an explanation, I was obliged to tell you. I need scarcely say that no English gentleman would have any use for anyone guilty of such things."

"Of course not," cried Cedric. "I can quite understand everything now. But the matter can quickly be set straight. Write to Roger Hereford, of Hereford's Bank, London, and he will tell you if these stories are true."

Conflicting emotions were expressed in the Colonel's face—scorn, wonder, amusement, doubt; all seemed to be suggested.

"I think I've said enough to explain Tresidder's letter," he said presently. "You can see for yourself that—"

"Yes, yes, I see; but that can be explained. I will ask my friend Roger Hereford to come down here. He will tell you the truth. Coward! Roger will tell you if I am a coward!"

"And you say you will accept his version?"

"Accept Roger's word? Of course I will. I dare say he knows where Wingrave is

too. He will tell me and I will write him. Both Wingrave and Graves will tell you if ever I showed the white feather."

Astonishment shone from the Colonel's eyes; for the moment he seemed unable to speak.

"That can be easily set right," went on Cedric. "I will send Roger a line directly I get home. But you mentioned something about Canada. From the reports you mention, I was a sneak at school, a coward, and worse in Africa, and a blackguard in Canada. May I ask for particulars about this last-named affair?"

"You deny that too?"

"Deny what? Deny that I was a rogue? Of course I deny it. Not that it will do much good, as there seems a kind of conspiracy to rob me even of the last rag of decency. Still, there can be no doubt about the Canadian business; whatever was done was done in the open."

"Look here," said the Colonel impatiently. "This is none of my business. I have asked you for no explanations. Had we not better let the matter drop? Frankly, I would rather not discuss it."

"Pardon me. I'm not going to let it drop. If you refuse to tell me why I am to be treated like a leper, I must find out in some other way." And it was evident that Cedric had nearly lost control of himself.

"I think I have told you enough to show why our doors have not been thrown open to you, although these two matters may be open to explanation. As far as I can see, the Canadian business leaves no room for doubt."

"Doubt of what?"

Anger mounted to the Colonel's face. Cedric's voice was hoarse and almost strident.

"I have tried to be patient with you, Mr. Essex," said the old man, "and I am not credited with having too much of that commodity. I have been a young man myself, however, and I do not forget a young man's temptations, although, thank God, I never had the slightest inclination to play the sneak or the coward. However, now that we've begun, it may be as well to go to the end of the business. As it happens too, there is more than hearsay to prove what is believed about this unpleasant business. Please excuse me a moment."

He went to the corner of the room where a safe stood. "I don't know why I saved

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it," he went on, "but I'm glad I did. Here, read it for yourself."

He handed Cedric a cutting from a newspaper as he spoke, and the young man read eagerly.

"*British Columbia Times*, August 23, 19—"

This was written on the blank space at the head of the sheet, while underneath was printed in large type, "Chicanery! Fraud! How an unprincipled Englishman robbed a poor ignorant man of his heritage!"

This was followed by a garbled account of the trial in which Cedric had been engaged. It purported to give an unbiased statement of the real issues of the case, and by a piece of clever writing it argued that, while Cedric had, by means of a clever lawyer and other means at his disposal, become legally possessed of a large fortune, he had deliberately robbed the real owner of that fortune. The article painted him as a man for whom nothing was too mean and vile, who had stopped at no means, however contemptible, to obtain the thing he desired.

"This man is now rich," concluded the article. "He has gone back to England, where we presume he will pose as a cultured English gentleman. Probably he will gain a seat in the English legislature. It is impossible for us to punish him. By means which we will not sully our pen by discussing he has got the law on his side; therefore we are powerless. His riches will probably increase year by year, and he will perhaps seek to play the part of a philanthropist among people who do not know his real character; but if he has a conscience he will live in hell. Let us hope, too, that what we have written may be brought before the notice of the people among whom he elects to live, and that they will mete out to him the punishment he so richly deserves."

Cedric felt as though the ground were slipping from under his feet while he read. For the moment he was so bewildered that he did not know how to refute the charge made against him. Whoever might be his enemy, he had done his work completely. The case against him was cumulative; the chain of evidence seemed unbroken.

"When did you receive this?" he asked presently.

"Some time last month. A few weeks after you signed the lease."

"I see that, according to this, the article appeared last August."

"Some time after the trial, it would appear," remarked the Colonel dryly.

"Of course it is a tissue of lies from end to end."

"I believe the law of libel holds good in Canada," was the Colonel's answer. "Canada is a British possession, therefore you can get justice—if you want it."

"But can't you see the meaning of it?" cried the young fellow. "The thing was kept back until I came here to live, and then sent to you, to damn me in the eyes of my neighbours."

"I know nothing about that. Of course, if you had not come here there would have been no reason for sending it. Personally I have been wondering whether you would take any steps in the matter."

"I never knew of its existence till this moment," cried Cedric. "Look here, sir, you have only to write to the lawyer I employed there to learn the truth. He is the most respected practitioner in Winnipeg. McMordie is his—"

"Excuse me, but speaking from the standpoint of a looker-on, the man who fought your case would be likely to whitewash his client. Besides, one hears funny stories of law court proceedings not only in the United States but in Canada. If you feel you have been libelled, the straightforward course will be to sue the editor. As you will see, I personally have no interest in the matter."

Cedric stood for a few seconds thinking deeply.

"That is what you would advise me to do?" he said at length.

"You must judge for yourself. If it were I—"

"Yes, sir?" Cedric's voice was eager as the Colonel hesitated.

"I think I should ask General Poldhu to cancel my lease." And the old man looked at him keenly.

"What, run away! Be driven out of a district by—by—"

"I don't think you are very likely to be happy here," insisted the Colonel. "We are old-fashioned people, and the things of which you are accused—well—" He shrugged his shoulders significantly. "They will take a great deal of answering too," he added.

"Thank you, sir." And Cedric hastily put on his ulster. "I am sorry I have

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kept you so long from your visitors. Good night."

He did not offer his hand, and the Colonel noted the hard, defiant ring in his voice. A few seconds later he was striding down the drive.

"The fellow means to fight," thought the old man. "I wonder now—I wonder—Yes, if he's what he seems to be, there may be some curious revelations."

### CHAPTER XXI

MISS BETTY BRITTEN

"GOOD morning, Mr. Essex."

Cedric turned with a start, and saw Miss Betty Britten close by him.

The girl held out her hand as she spoke, and there was a smile on her face. She was looking almost handsome in the winter sunlight, and, enveloped in furs from head to foot, she seemed a part of the cold, clear winter morning.

They stood on the road leading from Porthloe to the beach, and the swish of the waves could be plainly heard.

"I am glad you took the house," she went on. "I felt sure by the look on your face when I spoke about it that you meant to. It's a marvel to me that it stood empty so long. Besides, this is a heavenly spot, just heavenly."

"Yes, isn't it glorious!" And his eyes swept over the quaint old town and the wooded hills which sloped away from it. "You are staying here?" he added.

"Just for Christmas, that's all. I had arranged to go to London with some friends, but Issy just made me come here. You see, Issy is a hard one to refuse anything; when she's made up her mind to anything, you've just got to do what she tells you. To tell you the truth too, I heard you'd fixed yourself up here, and I was just curious to know how you liked it. We came three days ago."

She looked at him steadily as she spoke, and seemed to be trying to read his face.

"It's more than two months since you settled down here, I guess."

"Just two months."

"And have you got to know any of the people yet?"

"No." And the girl noted the tone of his voice.

Miss Betty Britten hesitated a second, then she took a step nearer to him.

"Say, Mr. Essex," she said, "I guess you want to say some very straight things, don't you?"

"You know, then?" The words escaped him almost unconsciously.

"I reckon I've put two and two together. It's a long time ago since Issy told me about your saving her life down at Peranzeth, and I got kind of interested in you, especially after she told me several other things about you. Issy was a good deal excited when she got a letter from her mother saying you'd taken Trelyon Manor, but after a few days she got very reserved whenever your name was mentioned. I asked her if anything was the matter, but I could get nothing out of her. That was partly why I didn't oppose her much when she said I must come and spend Christmas with her. I was just dying to know what was the matter. I've been here three days, and I guess I know everything now."

"What do you mean by everything?"

"I guess I know the truth, and a great deal more than the truth. Porthloe is the loveliest spot on earth, and all the people want to be uncles and aunts and cousins to you. But when it comes to gossip, they just take the biscuit."

"And the outcome of it all?"

"You know, I guess?"

"I learnt only last night."

"Only last night, eh? You must be slow in the uptake, as the Scots say. Well, you've just been stripped of every rag of respectability and decency."

Cedric's eyes grew hard. Her words helped him to imagine what had been said about him.

"Put in a few plain words, I'm said to be a cad, a sneak, a coward, and a rogue," he said.

"You've just summed it up to a nicety."

"As a consequence, no decent person will speak to me. The clubs I wanted to enter blackball me, while my poor aunt is boycotted, treated like a leper."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"That's just it. I had no idea what was being said until last night, although I must say I wondered that no one called. In one way I don't care a tinker's anathema about that, but in another I do. You see—my aunt—"

"Will she let me call on her, I wonder?" cried Betty Britten impulsively. "I'd just love to, you know."

"Not if you believe these things," was





"It's awfully good of you, Miss Britten; but is it wise to tread upon other people's social corns?"—p. 726.

Drawn by  
Harold Copping.

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Cedric's reply; "not if your kindness is because of a sense of pity."

"Now stop, right there. I guess I'm not a fool, and I fancy I know a man when I meet him. I told Issy it was just bad froth, just bad froth."

"Does she believe, then?"

"Issy is a fine girl, a good girl. Just the finest, straightest girl I ever met, and I've met a good many. But I just don't understand her in this. Whenever I try to get her to talk about you she closes up like an oyster."

Cedric felt his heart become hard and bitter, but he did not speak. Since his conversation with Colonel Carvossa on the previous evening the thought that troubled him most was whether Issy Granville believed in the stories which had been circulated.

"Say, what are you going to do?" asked Betty Britten.

"Of course I can settle one question in a short time." And Cedric told her about the African business, and that he had asked Roger to come down and tell the truth.

"And you reckon he'll come?"

"Yes, he'll come. Trust old Roger for that. Of course there is a semblance of truth in the story, enough, in fact, to allow it to be twisted into this ghastly lie. But Roger'll soon knock the bottom out of it."

Betty Britten was silent.

"The other matters are not so easy to clear up," went on Cedric. "I did have to leave Rugchester under a cloud, and although I know no more about it than Bill Adams, things looked dead black against me, and the business has never been cleared up."

"And the Canadian business?"

"I can scotch that too, but, of course, it'll take time. You see, the attack has taken the form of a newspaper article, and it takes a lot to convince some people that whatever appears in a newspaper is not true."

"I guess those people have not lived in the United States," replied Betty Britten.

"By the way, hadn't you better leave me?" said Cedric.

"Why, if I may ask?"

"I see the Misses Penligger are coming, and they are great friends of Mrs. Granville."

"Look here, Mr. Cedric Essex, I'm an American girl, and not troubled about your social conventions, but please don't you

insult me again. I'm walking down to the sea. Will you come with me?"

The two walked together toward the sandy beach, and in so doing passed two elderly spinsters. Each nodded distantly to Betty Britten, but neither took notice of Cedric.

"It's awfully good of you, Miss Britten, but is it wise to tread upon these people's social corns?"

"It's just as sweet as chocolate to me to do it," replied the girl. "But to return to our muttons, you think you can scotch that Canadian lie."

"I mean to, anyhow."

"And while you are doing it?"

"I don't understand."

"What I mean is, what will happen here while you are disproving the lies?"

"I suppose I must just grin and bear it, but by the time Roger has knocked the bottom out of the African lie I shall be ready to deal with the Canadian business."

"You look upon Mr. Hereford as your friend, I guess?"

"He's more than a friend. We've been like brothers all our lives."

Again Betty Britten lapsed into silence.

"You see," went on Cedric impulsively, "it's just like this. Our paters were friends before us, and just before my dad died he called us to him, and made us promise always to be faithful to each other, and never doubt each other. There was no need of it, because, you see, we were kids together; but I think this cemented everything, and since then—oh, I don't fear, Roger'll put everything right."

"I expect he's a very busy man."

"What do you mean?"

"It's said he's very keen on making money, and when the money-making spirit gets hold of a man he hasn't much time for other things. I guess I'd not depend on him."

"Roger'll never be too busy to put me right!" cried Cedric confidently. "But, I say, Miss Britten, I'm awfully obliged to you for speaking to me in this way. You've cheered me up wonderfully. I've pretended not to care anything about it, but I've been jolly lonely."

"Of course you've not seen Issy since she came back?"

Cedric shook his head.

"And you don't know Mrs. Granville?"

"No."

"A fine old lady, Mr. Essex. We have some like her among the old slave-owning

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class in America. An aristocrat to the finger-tips, and as proud as Lucifer. I guess I've seen a bit of the world, but I don't think I ever knew anyone with stronger prejudices."

"Of course she believes in all these—lies?"

"A prouder woman never lived—that is, in her own way; but 'Once sot, always sot,' as the niggers say. And she rules her household with a rod of iron. She can't forget that Issy no longer wears short frocks. Well, I must be going now, Mr. Essex. I'm just glad to have seen you again, and I shall be mighty curious to see how you fight your way out of this muddle."

"I'll do it all right."

"Yes," said the girl, looking straight in his eyes; "but you'll have to do it by yourself, Mr. Essex—just by yourself. If you trust to anybody else—*anybody*, mind you—you'll have a lonely time in this district."

Cedric walked away thoughtfully. Even while the girl had given him confidence and lightened his heart she had somehow added to his uncertainty.

"Why does she, too, seem to try to throw a doubt upon Roger?" he said to himself. "Last night, when I told Aunt Rotha of my experiences with Colonel Carvossa, and said I was going to write to Roger, she shook her head as though it would be useless, and now Miss Britten seems to be of the same way of thinking. But she's a nice girl, all the same. My word, it was jolly sporting of her to ask me to walk with her to the beach when she saw the Misses Penligger coming."

As he found his way back to Trelyon Manor he was again struck by the beauty of the place; it was just such a home as he had always coveted, but it brought him no pleasure now. It seemed like a grave of buried hopes.

Cedric spent Christmas Day and Boxing Day alone with his aunt. Neither went to church on Christmas morning; it seemed as though they were forbidden to enter. No Christmas greetings would be given to him, no cheery words uttered. He was a pariah: he was thought of as a boy who cheated at school, and a coward and a rogue in later years.

On the morning of Boxing Day he eagerly scanned the letters. He expected to see one from Roger. He reflected that he had

written immediately on his return from Colonel Carvossa, and that Roger would have received the letter early on Christmas Eve. As a consequence it would be quite possible for him to get a reply by Boxing Day. On examining the post-bag, however, his heart became heavy. Roger had not written.

"He can't be away," he reflected. "Probably I shall get a wire through the day telling me he is coming down. I'll ask Aunt Rotha to give orders about his room."

But the order was not given. When he spoke to his aunt about it, she told him she'd better wait until he had heard definitely.

"You think he won't come?"

"I think if he were coming he would have told you."

"There must be something important keeping him, or else he's never got my letter."

"Yes; I'm sure something important has kept him from writing," was the reply.

"All the same, I can't understand it. He is always home at Christmas," said Cedric. He had failed altogether to notice the tone of her voice.

Two more days passed and still he got no reply, and then, in spite of his utmost endeavour to be cheerful, his heart became as heavy as lead. Not a soul had called at the house, and no one in Porthloe had seemingly noticed his existence save those who came asking for Christmas boxes. Everything was so different from what he had expected. He had looked forward to a gay, festive season. The hospitality and friendliness of the Cornish people were proverbial. The accounts of the way in which these West Country people celebrated the gladdest festival of the year had fired his imagination. He had looked forward to a round of pleasures; he had thought that possibly some of the people would drop in and give him cheery greetings, while the choirs from church and chapel would come and sing the old carols. He had planned to have a real old-fashioned Christmas party to celebrate his coming into the neighbourhood, and nothing had taken place according to his expectations. Neither the church nor chapel choir had appeared, not a single invitation had arrived, not a soul had called, not a single greeting from the outside world had come. He might have been a criminal of the blackest die, judging

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from the utter boycott which had taken place.

No; that was not altogether true. One message came on Christmas morning, in the shape of a Christmas card from Betty Britten. Only a few words were written on it, but they suggested friendship and confidence for the future.

Of course a number of greetings came from the village where he was reared, and Aunt Rotha spoke cheerfully about inviting her old friends to visit her; but from Porthloe and the district nothing came but a single card from the American girl.

From Issy Granville he heard nothing. Evidently she no longer regarded him in a friendly way. She, who had declared her belief that the school story was a lie, had evidently joined the others in regarding him as an undesirable person to know. Her mother had not called on his aunt, and although Issy had been in the district nearly a week she gave no sign of her existence.

On the third of January Cedric sent Roger Hereford three telegrams: one to Hereford's Bank in London, another to his London club, another to Rugchester. A few hours later he received a reply from Rugchester:

"Roger, after spending Christmas here, went to London yesterday.—  
HEREFORD."

Then Roger must have received his letter. He had addressed it to Rugchester, knowing that he invariably spent Christmas at home. Of course, there would be an adequate explanation, but it did seem strange. He had no doubt whatever but that Roger would show that the African story was a tissue of falsehoods from end to end, but meanwhile he felt, every time he went through Porthloe Village, that his name was being blackened with all sorts of foul epithets. He knew that the stories of which Colonel Carvossa spoke were bandied around amongst the villagers, and believed in by the people who had refused to know him.

"Well, it will be all right in a day or two, anyhow, for I am sure Roger will do what I asked him," he reflected. "The truth is bound to come out. In a few months the Wingraves will be home again, and then— Yes, of course, I can settle the Canadian business too. Mr. Hereford, before he sold my land, went into the whole question with Mr. McMordie, and would have learned the rights and wrongs

of the whole business. I remember him saying, when I signed the papers for the sale of the land to the railway company, that Mr. McMordie was evidently an honest man, who was more than a match for a set of rogues. And Roger would see all the papers."

Another day passed, and still Cedric heard nothing.

"I'll run up to London!" he cried. "Anyhow, it will be a relief to get out of this hole, and I will go into the whole business. I'll send Roger a wire asking him to meet me to-morrow."

But Cedric did not go to London. In less than two hours after he had sent his telegram a boy from the post office came up to the manor house. Cedric eagerly tore open the brown envelope:

"Sorry impossible to see you to-morrow. Engagements all day.  
Writing.—ROGER."

"That's all right," he cried. "Of course I've never realised the thousand things Roger has to bother him. I've been so taken up by these gossiping stories that I've been utterly selfish."

Still, an uneasy feeling gripped him throughout the day. Why, he could not understand, but the sky of his life was laden with dark clouds; he started at every sound, and looked so pale and ill that his aunt advised him to go away for a change.

"I shall be all right soon, aunt," was his reply. "Besides, I can't go away just now. I must kill this gossip first."

"Let the gossip kill itself. After all, why need you mind? I know it's all made up to do you harm. I know you are worrying about me; but don't. The time will come when these people will all think it an honour to come here."

"Yes; but who made it up? Who has been dogging me all these years? Ever since that Rugchester business it might seem as though there were a plot to ruin me."

The old lady was silent for a time.

"Have you seen or heard anything more of that fellow Offenheim?" she asked presently.

"I've heard that he's doing well in his father's firm. Of course, he's a mean skunk, and I know he always disliked me, although he was for ever trying to make friends with me. All the same, I can't see why—why he should be eternally trying to ruin me."

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On the following morning Cedric hurried to the letter-bag directly the postman appeared.

"Thank God!" he cried. "Here it is at last. Good old Roger!"

He tore open the envelope eagerly and began to read. A few minutes later a look of wonder came into his eyes, which was followed by an expression of dismay.

### CHAPTER XXII

#### WHAT ROGER HAS TO SAY

"DEAR OLD CED (he read),—

"I am awfully ashamed of myself for not writing you before, but really I've been a good deal upset. The pater has been very unwell throughout the whole Christmas, and both mother and I have been so anxious about him that we've practically given everything the go-by. I am glad he improved greatly on Boxing Day, otherwise I should not have felt justified in coming here, even though business is very urgent and critical just now. Be thankful you didn't become a banker; it involves no end of anxiety, especially in times of commercial crises.

"About your trouble, old chap. I am, as you know, downright cut up about it. Who the hound who circulated these stories is I can't imagine, unless it's the fellow who tried to make things ugly for you in Canada. As you know, I always mistrusted him, but of course I never see him. He and I never cross each other's paths.

"The worst of it is, I am unable to help you, and I could do no good if I came to Porthloe. You say Carvossa wrote to the Header at Rugchester, so I can't help you there. As for the African business, I've already told the whole story. The truth is, I was asked to deny the yarn that had been circulated, a yarn which I found had made a very nasty impression. Of course I did my best—you know I would; but I could make no headway. You see, the series of events had been made to look very black, and although I told them you were utterly incapable of showing the white feather, or of deserting your comrades, I found the idea was generally believed. The worst of it was, I could not deny that we had to push on without you, neither could I deny that you got well in an incredibly short time directly after we left. Of course, too, the story

of the nigger's wonderful medicine is your own, and I am afraid I made matters worse, although quite unintentionally, by mentioning the result of Pollard's experiments.

"You see, the people are convinced that you played the coward, not to use a stronger term, and although I did my best for you, I could not deny certain outstanding facts.

"I am sorry I cannot help you to find Wingrave. It seems that his brother has the curse of Cain upon him, and after being in England a few weeks the two Wingraves, as well as Graves, started off for another expedition. I believe they went from Rome to Cairo, and from there have gone heaven knows where. I expect it'll be years before they turn up again. Even although they were to return, however, I don't see how they could do much for you.

"With regard to the Canadian business, I, as you are aware, know nothing about it. You transacted all the English part of the business through my father, and he dealt direct with your American friends. Unfortunately the dad is too ill to touch business just now. Between ourselves, old man, I don't think we shall have him long.

"I was sorry to tell you I should be unable to see you if you came to London. My affairs are so numerous and so exacting that I hardly know from hour to hour where I shall be.

"All good luck to you, old chap.

"Ever your friend,

"ROGER."

When Cedric had finished this letter he sat for several minutes staring into the fire. His face was set, his eyes were hard, his hands were clenched. His friend had written, and the letter lay before him. He had built a great deal on it, but now he had read it he knew that it did not help him at all.

Rather it injured him. He knew that if he took it to Colonel Carvossa or Mr. Guy Tresidder, each of them would lift his eyebrows and reflect that his best friend had confirmed the stories rather than disproved them.

He understood now the peculiar tone in Colonel Carvossa's voice when he asked him if he would be willing to accept Roger Hereford's version of the affair.



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Evidently Roger had been to Porthloe, or if he had not been there, he had written in answer to certain questions asked. In all probability he had told Issy Granville and her mother what was suggested in the letter, and this would explain the boycott.

Presently he started to his feet with a cry of anguish. A ghastly thought had come into his mind—a thought full of bitterness, of poison.

"No, no," he cried aloud; "not that! I tell you it is not so! Of course it is not so!"

He seemed to be talking to some imaginary person who had suggested some plausible but, as it seemed to him, impossible thing. He was evidently angry, too, with this imaginary person. His voice was hoarse with pain, with anger and indignation.

He read the letter again. Yes; it was couched in friendly terms. Roger had called him by his old name, "Ced." There had always been something tender in the way he spoke it, something caressing, something which suggested a friendship beyond words. As he looked at it now it reminded him of the old schoolboy days when they had been so much together. This friendship had always seemed a strange thing even to him. They were utterly unlike, not only in personal appearance, but in disposition, in tastes. People had talked about the "attraction of contrasts" as they saw them together. But they loved each other.

That was the thought which had cheered Cedric hundreds of times since the Rugchester days. Roger's friendship, Roger's love had been a sort of beacon light to him on many a dark day. It had often destroyed the thought of loneliness; he had remembered that always, no matter what might happen, Roger stood in the background of his life—his friend.

And he loved him. His affection for Roger was one of those fixed, immovable things in his life which nothing could destroy, something which enveloped his being, filled his life. It was unlike anything else, this love for his friend; it was one of those eternal things which time and the changing events of life cannot touch.

Even when he realised that his friend had won the girl whom he had saved from death, and for whom he would have given the world to have called his own, his loyalty had never faltered. He felt sure

that he had won her fairly, and was more worthy of her than he, even although he had told him in boyish fashion the dream of his life. His heart was bleeding when, on the eve of their journey to Africa, Roger had told him that he was engaged to Issy; but his love for his friend had destroyed bitterness. Nothing could destroy his love for his friend.

Of course, there had been a struggle, for his love for Issy had become interwoven into every fibre of his being, while the thought of losing her was like death; but his pain had never touched the citadel of his friendship. He remembered the time of temptation up in the volcanic district. He called to mind the fact that when Roger fell into the awful crater, whose mouth seemed like the very mouth of hell, he had for a moment rejoiced with a wild, fierce, mad joy. He had realised that, without any action on his part, the only man who could be his rival for Issy Granville's heart had gone to destruction. He called to mind, too, that a thousand devils seemed to support Wingrave in his command not to go a step nearer to what seemed Roger's grave, and that he for a moment had hesitated. But only for a moment. Even his love for Issy Granville could not make him disloyal to his friend. And so, forgetful of danger, scorning his own life even, he had gone to the rescue.

No, not even his love for Issy was more intense and overwhelming than his friendship. That was why, even when that ghastly sleeping sickness held him in its horrible grip, and when he was indifferent to everything else, the thought that Roger should leave him was like hell to him. Of course he understood afterwards. Roger loved him so that he could not bear to see him die; the thought of it had made him almost a coward. But Roger had never ceased to be his friend. Whose welcome was as warm as his? And was not his hand outstretched to help him when he learnt that what he had called the "Dust of Life" was made up of worthless crystals? Roger had offered to buy his land when it had seemed worthless, in order to give him another chance.

But this letter!

Of course it was all right; Roger had done his best for him; and yet—

"No," he cried again and again, as if defying some invisible accuser. "I tell you, no, of course he could not do it!"

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His thoughts ran riot, his mind was confused, his brain refused to fasten upon the true issues. The thought had entered his mind so suddenly, it had gripped him with such tremendous power, that he was not master of himself.

Suppose—and the proposition formed itself in his brain before he was aware—suppose that the case were reversed? Suppose he and Roger had changed places? Suppose Roger had been a victim of the same set of circumstances, and suppose Roger had written to him as he had written to Roger—was that the letter he would have sent? Would he have tamely said he could do nothing, and referred in the way Roger did to certain outstanding facts?

"I'm a mean, cowardly hound," he cried. "I'm a contemptible sneak! What! doubt old Roger simply because, when worried by a thousand things I don't understand, he has written a letter which seems—that is—But of course it's all right. Never did a fellow have a truer pal. No, no; whatever is true, that's not true. I'll not think of it. I'll drive it out of my mind. It's an insult to my friend."

But he could not drive the suspicion away, even when he thought he had. He knew that something had come into his life which did not exist before the reading of the letter. All his thoughts had a sinister colouring unknown to him before.

"Of course it's all right, and, of course, too, as he says, he can do nothing. No, no, I tell you, I'll not believe it!"



"Presently the old lady came to his side and placed her hand upon his arm"—p. 732.

Drawn by  
Harold Copple.

"What is it, Cedric, my dear boy?"

His aunt entered the room, and was at once struck by her nephew's appearance. His face was grey and haggard, his eyes were bloodshot; he might have been a man who had heard his death sentence.

He tried to control his emotions, tried to appear calm; but the eyes of the woman who had loved him as a mother throughout his life were not to be deceived.

"What is it, my boy? Something has happened. You have had bad news."

"No, no, aunt; I've had no bad news. Nothing has happened."

"You are trying to deceive me. Tell me, my dear; tell your old aunt."

"I am a sneak, a cur!" he cried, scarcely realising what he was saying.

## THE QUIVER

"Nonsense!"

"But I am, I tell you."

"But why? What is that you've been reading? It's Roger Hereford's writing. What has he been telling you? May I read?"

Cedric nodded and then went to the window. He wanted to hide from his aunt the doubts which were poisoning his life. He feared lest she should see disloyalty to his friend shining from his eyes.

For some time there was a silence, save for the ticking of the clock, and an occasional rustling of paper as Aunt Rotha read Roger Hereford's letter. Presently the old lady came to his side and placed her hand upon his arm.

"Cedric, my dear boy."

"Yes, aunt."

"You understand now, don't you?"

"Understand! What is there to understand?"

"This letter. It—it can only mean one thing."

"No, no, aunt. Don't *you* say that. I can't believe it. Anything but that, anything! Of course he's right; things do look black against me, and he can do nothing."

"Who made them look black?"

"It must be Offenheim. Yes, it must be him. He threatened that he would when that law affair in Canada went against him. It was he who stole the examination papers too."

"Why should he?"

"He always hated me, always. You see, it began years and years ago. He did a dirty trick at Rugchester, and I thrashed him. I called him a dirty little German Jew too. That was why he did it."

"You don't believe it, Cedric; you know you don't."

"But I do. I am sure."

"He has never been seen here."

"No; but he would know that I took this house. He sent the letter telling old General Poldhu to write to the Header. He sent that newspaper cutting too."

"And who told the African story? Who invented the lie that you pretended to have the sleeping sickness so that you might not go on with the rest of the party? Who said you were a coward, a sneak? For that is the thing which has done you most harm. General Poldhu and Colonel Carvossa would have forgiven the Rugchester business; and as for the so-called roguery

in Canada, it is not the kind of thing they trouble about. But to play the coward, to pretend sickness in order to escape danger, that is the thing which they cannot forgive. I know the kind of men they are. It's not the money making in Canada, no matter how you made it, as long as you kept within the law, that has made you an outsider. They would wink at that. But to be a coward, to forsake your friends because you were afraid, to pretend sickness in order to get out of fighting savages, that was the thing that disgusted them, that was why they have boycotted you. But who told them?"

"It was Offenheim, of course."

"Yes; but who told Offenheim?"

"Oh, he—he is just the fellow to put a foul construction upon everything."

"*Yes; but how did he come to know anything about it?* Roger Hereford says he hasn't seen him for years. Offenheim doesn't belong to your set. Someone must have started the story. You know that neither Mr. Wingrave nor Mr. Graves would do it. Who else was there?"

"Don't, aunt, don't! I know what you have in your mind and what you are driving at. You are trying to poison my mind against Roger; but it's a lie, aunt, a mean lie! Why, he couldn't do it! What! Roger do a thing like that!"

"Who did it, then?"

"I—I don't now. Only it wasn't Roger! Why, aunt, you—you know we've been pals all our lives. You know, too, what dad said to us. And it *would* be disloyalty to doubt him—Roger, who has always been my friend."

"Is this the letter of a friend? Would you, if Roger were in your place, write to him like that?"

"He couldn't do it, aunt, simply couldn't! What you are suggesting is villainous, caddish, devilish! And you ask me to believe that of Roger! Don't you remember when that 'Dust of Life' turned out to be a frost, Roger offered to buy my Canadian land?"

"And if he had? If you had let him?"

"If he had? Why, Aunt Rotha, you don't believe that he—he knew?"

There was agony in his voice. The sky of his life seemed as black as ink; his mind was unable to grasp the facts; his heart was lead. One wild thought after another seemed to besiege his mind, thoughts that bewildered, maddened him.

## THE DUST OF LIFE

"You don't believe this, aunt? Rather than doubt Roger, I'd—I'd——"

"I don't ask you to doubt."

"But you do. You are trying to poison my mind against the truest friend a chap ever had."

"No; I am asking you to face facts. Someone has circulated lies about you, lies which make your neighbours regard you as a leper. It is your duty to yourself to probe the truth to the bottom."

"Not if by so doing I incriminate my friend. After all, why should I trouble? I don't care about these people. They are nothing to me. Why should I trouble about these heavy-headed country bumpkins who are willing to believe all the lying stories which are circulated?"

Aunt Rotha looked at him steadily. Evidently she had only said a small part of what was in her mind, and she seemed to be wondering how far she ought to go.

"I tell you they don't matter!" he went on. "You've told me again and again that you don't mind, and who else matters?"

"Doesn't Miss Issy Granville matter?"

"She is nothing to me"—Cedric's voice was hard—"never can be."

"Oh, Cedric, my dear, dear boy, don't think I don't know. Don't imagine I haven't seen."

Cedric felt himself trembling. He had not thought his aunt had guessed his secret.

A servant entered the room and told them that breakfast was waiting, and then Cedric followed his aunt into the breakfast-room like one in a dream.

Five minutes later, without having partaken of a morsel of food or spoken another word, he rose from the table. "I'm going out, aunt, or I shall go mad," he said.

"Where are you going, my dear?"

"I don't know. Anywhere. I'll have a long, hard gallop. I must fight this out. I must drive these mad thoughts from my mind. I'm just a mean cad, or I shouldn't think them."

"I wouldn't go for a ride, if I were you."

"What would you do, then?"

"I'd stay here quietly. Oh, my dear boy, be sensible. I'm as sorry as you can be. Never before have I hinted that you

should make inquiries, although I've been sadly tempted. I remembered how you always loved Roger Hereford; remembered, too, what your father said. But, my dear, you are only a lad; you've got your life to live, and——"

"But, aunt, to doubt Roger! To go back upon the friendship of a lifetime!"

"But suppose I'm right?"

"You are not right. You can't be right."

"But suppose for the moment that I am. Would it not be right to let her know?"

"What, Issy—that is, Miss Granville? To blacken the name of my friend, to whom she's engaged, because of—of unfounded and unworthy suspicions?"

"Who said she was engaged to him? Has she ever said so? Has it ever been announced?"

"No; but he—he told me."

"Yes; but who besides?"

"You—you think, then, that——"

"I know nothing—nothing. As you know, I have spoken to none of the people around here. But, Cedric, my dear, I've been thinking, thinking. I needn't tell you that you are all the world to me. Ever since—since—well, never mind that now," and Aunt Rotha dashed away the tears which had come unbidden to her eyes. "Your happiness and your future have been the only things I've cared for. I've known for years what has been in your heart. I've sat by your bed while you've been dreaming about her. I've heard you tell what was in your heart. Forgive me, my dear; it seems as though I've been intruding upon the sacred places of your life; but, oh, my dear, dear boy!" And she threw her arms around his neck.

"But, aunt, if—if all I've thought is true, I should hate him. If—if——"

"I'd see Issy Granville," cried Aunt Rotha. "I'd find out the truth. If—if I were a man I'd fight for my love, for my life's happiness. What's the matter? Where are you going?" For a look had come into Cedric's eyes which frightened her.

"I'm glad I spoke, though," she said to herself as, a minute later, she watched Cedric stride down the drive.

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO]



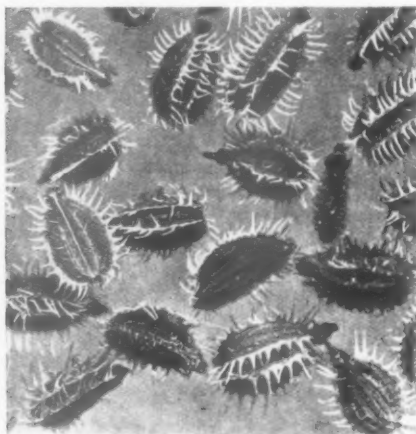
# SEEDS OF THE WAYSIDE

By  
HAROLD BASTIN

(With Photographs by the Author)

THANKS to their fragrance and beauty, our country's flowers always evoke remark and admiration. With seeds—the tangible outcome of the flowers' brief spell of prettiness—the case is different. Thus, among the budding naturalists of my acquaintance, while many gather wild flowers and name them with glib certainty, not one pays any attention to seeds. This would seem matter for regret, because while most seeds are small and inconspicuous, they are far from being uninteresting. If the reader questions this assertion, let him gather a few seeds from wayside plants during his autumn and winter rambles, and examine these samples at leisure with the aid of a lens magnifying some eight or ten diameters. He will find himself amply rewarded for the small amount of trouble that his investigations entail.

In view of possible criticism, it may be well to state at once that the word "seeds" in the title of this article is employed in its broad, popular sense. Strictly speaking, many so-called seeds are really fruits. From the standpoint of the botanist a seed consists simply of an embryo plant, together with its store of nourishment (the free gift of the parent) and its outer skin, or "testa." But in numerous instances the seed, when it becomes detached from the parent plant, is wrapped up in a kind of jacket called the "pericarp." The whole package, pericarp plus seed or seeds, as the case may be, constitutes a "fruit" in the scientific sense of the word.



Fruits of Wild Carrots.



Fruit of the Dandelion, with its parachute-like attachment, or "Pappus."

It follows, therefore, that the casual observer and the botanist are often at variance in the use of their terms. For example, when the former speaks of a "fruit" he has in mind something succulent, sweet and eminently edible—such as a peach or a plum—although he is far from sure whether the tomato should be included in the category; whereas the latter calls any kind of seed-containing pericarp a "fruit"—no matter how dry, hard and uninviting it may be. With fleshy and succulent fruits we are not concerned here. But it is just as well to bear in mind that some of the specimens pictured on these pages are not "seeds," but "fruits" in botanical parlance—that is to say, the seed is still wrapped up in its pericarp.

What most surprises the novice who examines for the first time a collection of wild fruits and seeds is their great diversity.



## SEEDS OF THE WAYSIDE



Sample of Uncleaned Clover.

Every kind of plant produces a seed which is no less characteristic in appearance than its flower. Of course, in the case of certain nearly related species the seeds are sometimes almost identical; yet even in these instances the expert can usually point to some slight but persistent peculiarity of form or colour which serves for distinction. Such a detailed knowledge of wild seeds is rarely possessed by the ordinary botanist, who leaves these matters to the specialist. But the ability to recognise a seed at sight is by no means a trivial accomplishment. On the contrary, it serves as an important safeguard to the farmer against much wastage and disappointment. For a

seed crop, when first harvested, is never pure. In other words, it invariably contains a considerable percentage of the seeds of wild plants—"weed seeds," as the farmer calls them, since any plant growing out of its proper place is technically a "weed." Take, for example, the case of the clovers. "Good" market samples generally contain at least eight kinds of weed seeds, while many more kinds are found in samples that are designated "bad." Again, experts tell us that certain weed seeds are peculiar to certain clovers, while in not a few instances the weed seed and the clover seed resemble one another so closely that the casual observer fails to notice any difference.

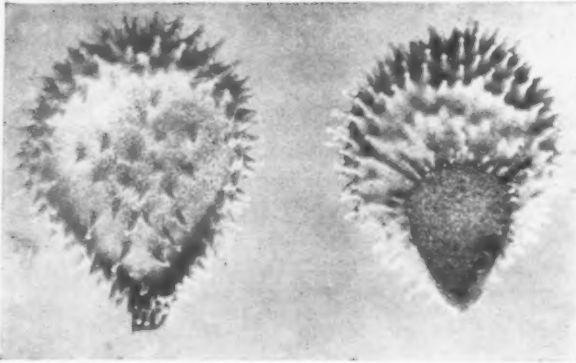
Now, if the farmer deliberately sows impure seed in his fields, the resulting crop will be weed-infested from the outset, and in the end the weeds may oust all else. Furthermore, there are actual parasitic plants to guard against—plants that live, so to speak, by sucking the life-blood from the stems of their neighbours. One of

these is the dodder, whose tiny seeds are often numerous among those of red clover, especially in the case of supplies brought from abroad. Although the dodder is a



Seeds of "Wild Campion" commonly found among Clover.

## THE QUIVER

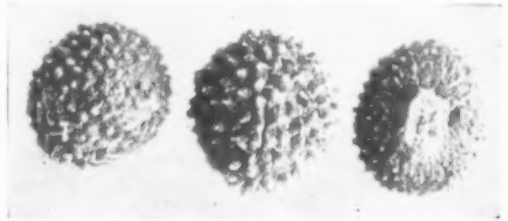


Fruit of Hound's-tongue.

flowering plant, it has no true roots and no leaves. It is simply a mass of red, hair-like fibres which twist tightly about the clover plants and tap the stems of the unfortunate victims by means of "haustoria," or "sucker roots," which are put forth at every point of contact. Experiment and observation have shown that one dodder plant is capable of destroying many clover plants, and that crops of many acres in extent may be rendered almost worthless by the ravages of this vegetable Thug.

In view of considerations such as these, the wise farmer's constant aim is to secure and sow only pure seed. He cannot, by his own effort, winnow the good seed from the bad,

greatest benefactor of mankind is he who causes two blades of grass to grow in place of one? Apart from its relation to agri-

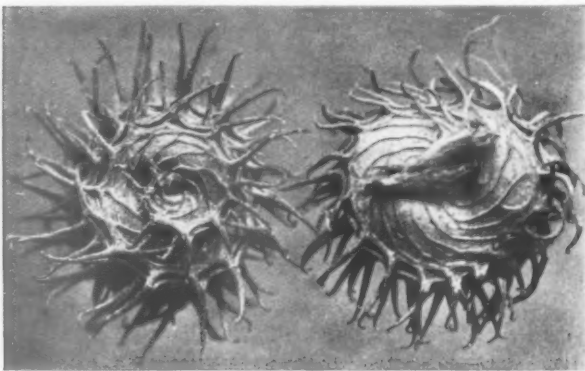


Fruits of Goose Grass or "Clivers."

cultural science, the study of fruits and seeds presents many alluring phases to the spare-

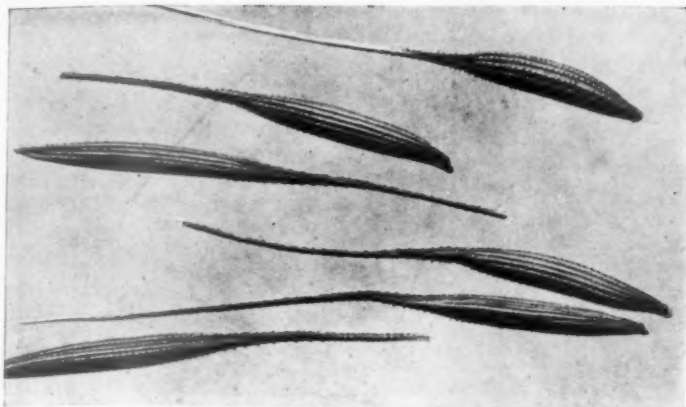
time naturalist. Not the least fascinating of these is introduced by the question: What purpose can be served by the strange shapes and beautiful adornments for which so many seeds are remarkable? The great Darwinian theory of "natural selection" demands what may be called a "utility explanation" to account for each and every peculiarity of form and structure in living things. It may be that in all cases these explanations exist—

"only we could light upon



Fruits of Toothed-medick.

## SEEDS OF THE WAYSIDE



Fruits of "Cat's Ear" from which the Feathery Pappus has become detached.

(Notice the minute barbs.)

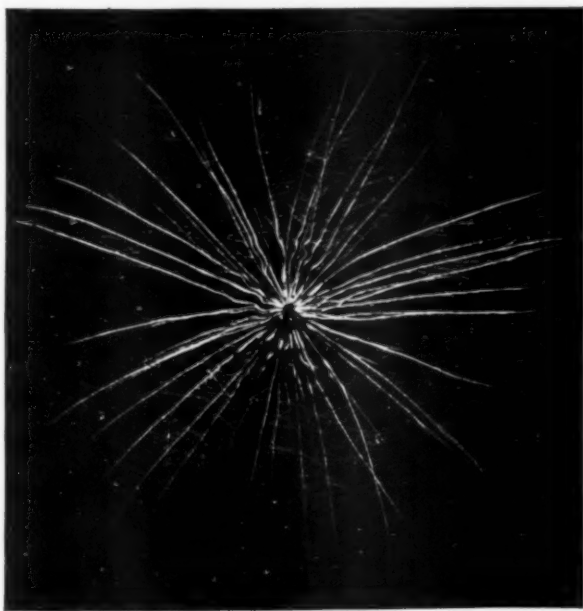
upon the chance assistance of animals for the dispersal of their seeds. For example, the seeds of the rowan, or mountain-ash, are contained in an attractive red pericarp—the "berry"—which is eagerly eaten by black-birds and thrushes. Like most, if not all, seeds that lie hidden within brightly coloured fruits,

them! But no man has yet attempted to tell us why, for example, the seeds of the penny-cress or the wild-geranium are exquisitely chased, instead of being smooth-skinned like those of the clover.

Perhaps we are pressing the question too closely by selecting an instance of this kind, especially when we remember that some very ingenious suggestions have already been made to account for the apparently whimsical likeness of certain fruits and seeds to insects and other small creatures. The late Lord Avebury mentions, among other similar instances, two fruits which resemble a centipede and a caterpillar respectively. "May it not be possible" (he asks) "that in these cases birds carry the seeds some distance before they find out that they are not really insects?"

To appreciate the full significance of this question we must bear in mind that plants, tethered as they are by their roots to one spot, often depend

their tough outer skin enables them to resist the action of digestive ferments; so the fact that they are eaten by birds does not entail their destruction, but merely ensures that they shall be carried to a considerable



Beautiful Feathery Pappus of Cat's Ear Fruit, seen from above.

## THE QUIVER



Seeds of "Robin" or Wild Geranium.

distance from the parent plant before they reach the soil.

With these considerations in mind, we realise that a plant—or, rather, the particular race to which the plant belongs—might easily benefit if its fruit or seed chanced to look like an insect.

I do not know of any British fruit that resembles an insect, but there are many kinds that gain the advantage of wide dispersal in a manner scarcely less interesting. In these cases the pericarp is provided with hooks or spines, which become entangled in the fur or wool of any animal that may chance to brush against them. The fruit is then dragged from the plant, and may be carried about for weeks or months. Sooner or later, however, it will be rubbed or scratched from its hold, and thus fall to the soil, where the seeds get a chance to germinate. Examples of hooked fruits are those of the hound's-tongue and the toothed-medick—the latter (a member of the pea and bean tribe) a great rarity in this country. The fruits of the goose-grass, or clivers, and of the wild carrot, are also very tenacious, and may often be found attached to the coats of hares, rabbits, weasels and other wild creatures that habitually run and leap among the herbage. It is an interesting fact (first noted, I believe, by Lord Avebury) that the British plants which bear hooked

fruits are all low-growing. Of some thirty species, not one is more than four feet high.

The seed dispersal of another set of plants is effected by the wind. Among them are many whose fruits have plumed or feathery attachments which act as parachutes, either completely supporting their burden during a long aerial voyage, or else serving to break its fall, so that it may at least be carried by a puff of wind to a short distance from the parent plant. As an instance of the latter kind, the fruit of the cornflower—like a pygmy shaving-brush!—may be mentioned; while the fruit of the dandelion or the cat's-ear show the parachute attachment in its most perfect form. The two last-cited fruits are also interesting on account of the minute upward-pointing barbs with which they are furnished. When once the fruit has fallen into a crevice of the soil, these barbs serve as anchors and prevent it from being dragged out again by the force of the breeze. What we have referred to as the "parachute" is termed the "pappus" by botanists. It is really the modified calyx of the floret by which the fruit was produced.

In conclusion, I should like to acknowledge the assistance of Messrs. Sutton and Sons, who were good enough to supply me with much of the material from which the accompanying photographs were taken.



Fruits of Cornflower.

# SUNSPOTS

And their Significance

By E. WALTER MAUNDER, F.R.A.S.,

Late Superintendent of the Solar Department, Royal Observatory, Greenwich

"THERE are spots on the sun" has passed into a proverb, meaning that there is nothing so bright that it has no speck of darkness on it, no character so pure that it has no blemish. Even the sun, the source of light to us, has its "spots."

What do we know about them? What are they? And do they affect us in any fashion?

In Europe we have known that there are spots on the sun for about three hundred years; in fact ever since the telescope was invented. But there were spots on the sun long before that, for the most easterly nations, the Chinese and Japanese, have records of them that go back to A.D. 300. This does not mean that they had telescopes, but that spots on the sun are sometimes large enough to be seen by the unaided sight; indeed, I myself well remember when a boy at school watching the sun set one misty evening with an unmistakable black dot on his red disc.

The sunspots are not often seen in this manner, though spots large enough to be thus detected are much more common than most people suppose. It is not very easy to look at the sun directly, except just at rising or setting, or when his brightness is dimmed by fog. When the sun is viewed through a telescope, the trouble arising from his great brightness is increased, and several methods of lessening this have been devised. With a small telescope a dark glass is sufficient, but the more powerful the telescope, the greater the difficulty and danger of observing the sun directly.

## Solar Portraits

But since photography has been invented, there is a simple and easy way of getting a picture of the sun's surface. The telescope is used to form an image of the sun upon a photographic plate, so that the King of Day is made to sit to himself for his own portrait; he paints his own picture on the sensitive plate.

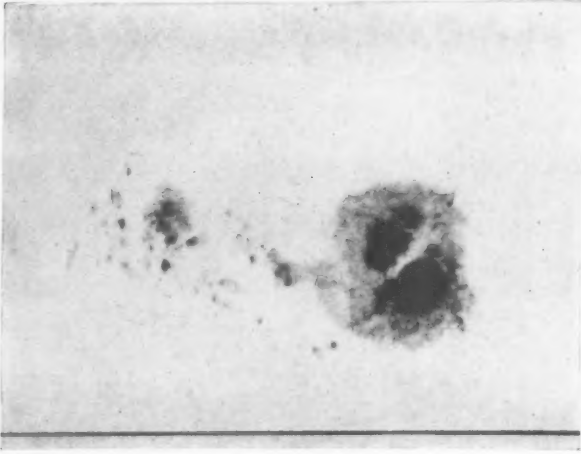
This is the way in which, for the past forty years, the state of the sun's surface has been recorded at Greenwich. Two photographs have been taken on every fine day, and, except when the work was first started, a record has been supplied for those days that were cloudy at Greenwich from observatories in other parts of the world—most of them from India. At the present time, however, the two Royal Observatories at Greenwich and at the Cape of Good Hope make up between them a daily record that is all but complete.

## A Case for Rapid Exposure

A very large and powerful telescope is not required for this particular work of taking the sun's portrait. In the early days of photography, the great difficulty with most subjects was to obtain sufficient light; indeed, there was a time when the brave man who wished to be photographed had to sit in a rigid attitude for something like three-quarters of an hour, and needed in addition to have his face powdered. But the difficulty with the sun, even in the first attempts to photograph him, arose from an opposite cause: there was too much light, and care had to be taken to prevent the picture of the sun being over-exposed. In these days, when plates of extreme sensitiveness are common, it is still more important to guard against over-exposure. The illustration shows a part of one of the chief telescope rooms at Greenwich Observatory. It will be seen that three telescopes are on the same mounting. The middle and largest of these is a great camera for photographing faint stars or the very faint satellites of planets. The uppermost of the three telescopes is a "guide," and an observer watches through this to see that a selected star does not wander from the centre of the field during the whole time that the exposure is being made, for when faint stars or satellites are being taken the exposure may last for many minutes—for



## THE QUIVER



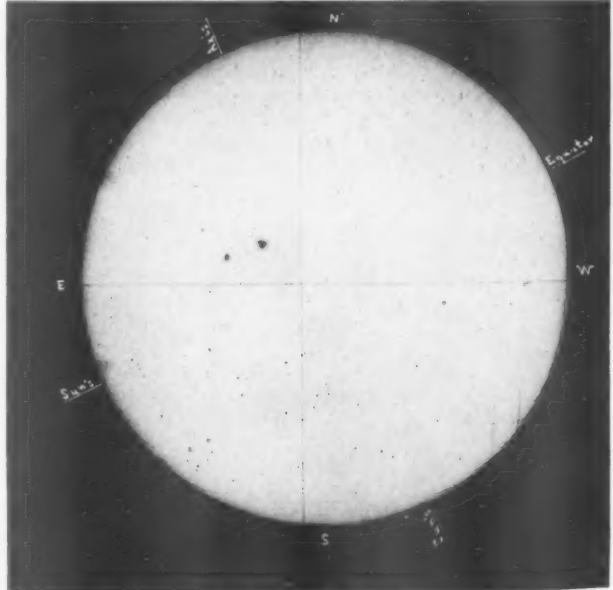
The Great Sunspot Group of 1905.

certain objects it may even be protracted to hours.

The smallest and lowest telescope was used at one time for photographing the sun. A yet smaller telescope is now used, the object-glass of which is only four inches in diameter, and this is usually "stopped down" to a bare three inches. Nevertheless, the sunlight is still too intense, even though very slow plates are used. The image of the sun formed by the object-glass is therefore magnified some 14 or 15 diameters, and this reduces the intensity of the light on every part of the image 200 times. Even then the time of the exposure has to be limited to a small fraction of a second, a brass shutter, in which is a narrow slit, being drawn swiftly by a powerful spring across the field, so that the equivalent exposure may sometimes be no more than the thousandth part of a second of time.

The photograph thus obtained is eight inches in diameter. The specimen shown below, which was taken on November 4, 1903, shows a very spotted condition of the sun. It will at once strike the reader that the sun appears, nevertheless, almost unblemished, except for the two straight lines that cross it at right angles—the spider's threads which are placed in the focus of the telescope and are used to make measurements from. But on this day there were no fewer than six distinct groups visible on the sun, including within them some forty or

fifty distinct spots of different sizes. Most of these have, of necessity, been lost in the reduced reproduction, and only the largest can be recognised. In the *average* condition of the sun all the spots taken together would only cover about one-third of the



Photograph of the Sun, showing Spots.

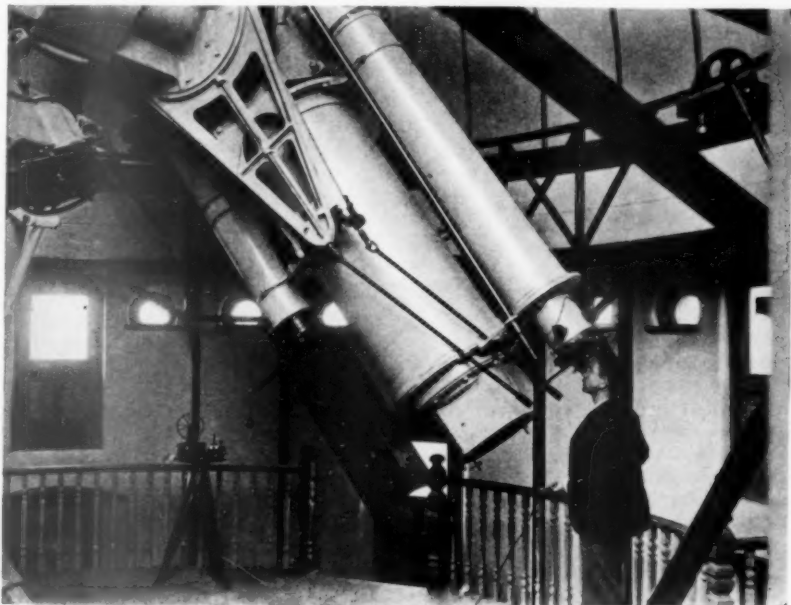
## SUNSPOTS

area occupied by those on this particular date. It will be seen, therefore, that, compared with the sun himself, sunspots are very small—we might almost say negligible.

We regard the spots as being dark; indeed, the centre portion of a large spot looks very dark, almost black. But this is only an effect of comparison; it is dark simply as compared with the intense lustre of the general surface of the sun, yet the very darkest part of the darkest sunspot is more

No fewer than thirty worlds as big as our own could have lain side by side in the great spot which is at the head of the stream shown in this illustration.

But there is one fundamental difference between spots on the sun and any formation on the crust of the earth. Our continents and islands, our hills and valleys, are permanent and stationary; the spots on the sun form, grow, break up and disappear. They are not quite so transitory as clouds,



Interior of Thompson's Dome  
at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

brilliant than any artificial light whatsoever, except only the positive carbon in the electric arc.

It is well to understand clearly how insignificant in size compared with the sun even the greatest spots really are; it is important also to remember how much light and heat they send to us; because when we put the two facts together, it becomes clear that even the most unusual outbreak means a very slight diminution in the amount of the solar radiation.

But the spots on the sun, though small as compared with the sun itself, are actually large, as the first illustration will show.

though nearly so, and they move about even more quickly than the clouds of our atmosphere. It is a common thing for a great spot, perhaps ten thousand miles in diameter, to travel on the sun's surface at the rate of three hundred miles an hour—five times as fast as an express train—and that without showing any signs of breaking up. This is a real movement. The spots have also an apparent movement, for the sun turns upon his axis carrying the spots with it, so that many of them come into view first at the eastern edge of the disc, and move right across to the western edge, the transit occupying fourteen days. Sometimes they

## THE QUIVER

will come into view a second, a third, or a fourth time; indeed, a group has been known to last as long as six months, but such long-lived spots are very rare. The great majority only live long enough to be seen during one transit, and many last only three or four days, or perhaps no more than a few hours.

From the shortness of their lives, from the rapid changes of form that they undergo, and from the way in which, they drift hither and thither, the clouds of our atmosphere seem to supply us with the closest analogy to sunspots that the earth can show; but the differences between them are very great, as we ought to expect when we are trying to compare the condition of a small cold planet like the earth with that of a vast, intensely hot body like the sun.

### Solar Storms

There is this further in common between our clouds and the spots on the sun, that our clouds are frequently connected with storms, with lowered temperature, lowered pressure, violent winds, and electric disturbances. And we have good reason to believe that sunspots are in essence solar storms, due allowance being made for the immense difference in the conditions of the atmospheres of the earth and of the sun. It must never be forgotten, however, that we look at the earth's clouds from below, from within her atmosphere; but we look at the sun's spots from above, from outside his atmosphere.

The paramount interest attaching to sunspots in the minds of most people is the question, "Have they any influence on the earth, and if so, what?" We never have unusually hot weather or unusually cold, we never have dry weather, we never have wet, but someone writes to the newspapers to say that it is because there are many spots upon the sun, or else because there are none. So with famines, earthquakes, commercial booms and slumps, outbreaks of nervous disorders and the like—everything is promptly ascribed to sunspot influence.

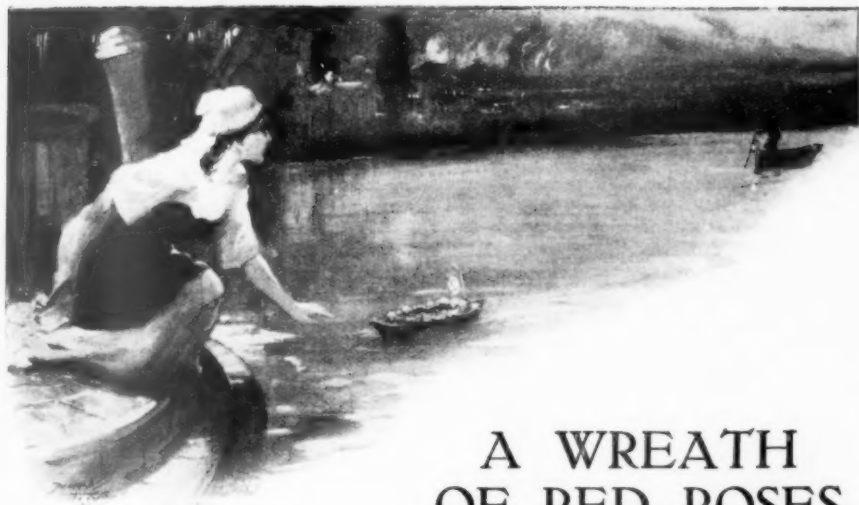
### Sunspots—and a Hot Summer

In the year 1878, the late Prof. Piazz Smyth, who was then Astronomer Royal for Scotland, observing that the sun's surface was in a very quiet condition, predicted that

that condition would be even more pronounced in the following year; and, assuming that a sun free from spots meant a specially hot sun, he further anticipated that the coming summer, that of 1879, would be unusually warm. Those whose memory takes them back to that year will have a vivid recollection of how completely that anticipation was falsified for the British Isles. We may say indeed that there was no summer in 1879; month after month showed a temperature below the normal and a rainfall above it, and the season spelt disaster to the farmers. But when his prediction was criticised, Prof. Piazz Smyth pointed out that Canada and Siberia had been scorched during the months that were so dreary for Britain, and that the explanation of the miserable collapse of our summer was that the north polar ice had been broken up by the extreme heat to an unusual extent, so that the Atlantic was filled with icebergs, drifting southward, and producing cold, mist and rain in these islands.

This is but a simple illustration of the immense difficulty that exists in tracing the exact effect in different regions of the earth of any change external to the earth. For the movements that are continually going on in the sea and in the air above us work toward the equalisation of extreme temperatures and the distribution of temperature effects; so that if a great outbreak of sunspots be an index of a reduction in the solar radiation, it may well be attended with an increased temperature and drought in one part of the earth, and with lowered temperature and rain in another.

But in one respect there is clear and unmistakable evidence of a connection between the spotted condition of the sun and changes going on upon the earth. This connection, however, is not of a kind to affect the daily life of most; it is of the nature of a slight change in the earth's magnetism. This shows a small daily pulsation, which is stronger during the summer months and weaker during the winter; stronger again in years when there are many sunspots, feeble when there are few. And from time to time, especially in years when the sun shows many spots, agitations of the magnetic needle take place, sometimes of such intensity as to interfere with the working of our electric telegraphs, and especially of the submarine cables.



## A WREATH OF RED ROSES

The Story of a Girl's Share in the Great War

By HELEN WALLACE

"THE town seems *en fête* to-day, or else they've turned the Plantz into a flower-market. One would hardly have thought it a time for rejoicing," said a tall, slim young fellow to the girl beside whom he was strolling down the Plantz—the favourite promenade of Cracow.

Down both sides of the broad avenue of chestnuts, the stalls and baskets of the flower-sellers, heaped with the glowing deep-hued flowers of autumn, made two lines of gorgeous colour as far as the eye could see. Round every stall were groups of young men and girls, laughing, jesting, chaffering and buying armloads of flowers and evergreens, as if the future were as serene as the intense flawless blue of the sky. And yet on that September day of the last fateful year the war-cloud was looming nearer and darker with every day, and it was even whispered that the booming of the Russian guns had already been heard within measurable distance of the city.

His companion glanced at the gay, light-hearted groups.

"They are wiser, perhaps, to make the most of the present," she said, with a short sigh. "Who knows what may have happened before the day of 'The Wianki' comes round again? Why, haven't you

heard about it? I thought no one could have been in Cracow for even the shortest time, and not have heard of the festival of the Wreaths."

"The Wreaths?" questioned Ignatz Varinsky.

"Yes, you know, of course, that this is the Eve of the Nativity of the blessed Panna Maria" (the Virgin Mary), and Valma Arensky crossed herself. "All the girls make up wreaths and fix them on little rafts with a tiny lamp in the centre, and set them afloat on the river, and down by the old palace, where the barracks are now, the students and all the young men deck up the boats—they are all buying flowers for it now—and go out and try to capture the wreaths with the lights still burning. Sometimes there's a wild struggle between the boats to catch some special wreath, and, of course, there's great excitement, and then there's singing and all sorts of illuminations—oh, it's a very pretty sight!"

"And has *gnädiges Fräulein* always been only an onlooker?" struck in a voice at Valma's side, as a tall young man in the light blue Austrian uniform paused, clicked his heels together and bowed profoundly.

In his blond, Teutonic fairness, he was a

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contrast to the two dark-eyed Poles. Valma, like many of her countrywomen, had something of the languid, seductive charm of the Spanish women, and the same lithe, easy grace of movement, but her mobile face and the changeful flash of the dark eyes spoke of the quick, emotional Slav temperament. Ignatz, in his stronger masculine mould, had something of the same racial characteristics, but the hidden fires which in her showed themselves only in passing gleams giving piquancy to her charming face, burned in the depths of his dark eyes with a smouldering but steady glow.

"I know all about your pretty custom of 'The Wianki,'" went on the new-comer, whose perfect courtesy veiled a slight, unconscious condescension, which was almost insolence. "If the wreath is rescued with the light burning, it means all sorts of happiness to the lady who launched it, and to the lucky man who captures it, and if it isn't—bah!" with a gesture of careless dismissal. "Is it not so, *mein Fräulein*?"

"There used to be some superstition of that sort, but I think it's more of a game and a fête now," said Valma lightly, though a faint flush rose in the smooth olive curve of her cheek.

"There is no need for *gnädiges Fräulein* to put *her* future to the test. There can be nothing in store for *her* but happiness," went on Captain von Dernburg, with a bow. "She could never be among the unlucky ones whose wreaths are drowned, or whose lights go out, but if she would have compassion on her many—friends" (the slight pause before the word gave it full significance), "and if she would only launch a wreath, ah, what a fight for it there would be, and what a blissful fate for the happy man who might secure it!"—with a quick, defiant glance at Ignatz. The two young men had exchanged greetings with something of the grim, punctilious politeness which duellists once accorded to each other.

"Even if my poor wreath survived such a fray as you predict, we don't believe in omens nowadays," laughed Valma. "We are all too rational to put faith in such fairy-tale oracles, though the flowers are so lovely that they almost tempt one to try one's luck."

"Allow me—I beg of you," burst from both young men at once, but Valma only

laughed again and shook her head as, under the flickering golden leaves and the lengthening afternoon shadows, they passed down the broad avenue, humming with talk and laughter and bright with the brief splendour of the flowers.

That three is no company, Valma had abundant proof, had she needed it, before they reached her home in one of the fashionable streets opening from the Rynek, the great square of Cracow. It required all her tact to keep the talk to light surface topics, and to maintain outward peace between an Austrian and a Pole, the conqueror and the conquered, especially when to the bitterness of national feeling was added the keen personal rivalry of young passion.

Valma Arensky came of a family which for generation after generation had sacrificed life and property to the national cause, which had revolted again and again against the Austrian yoke and which, though ever defeated, had never despaired. She and a brother, considerably older than herself, were now the last of the valiant race.

Jan Arensky had at last admitted that the chance of his country becoming once more an independent kingdom was gone for ever, but when, in the preceding August, Germany had provoked the great European war, he had seen with many of his fellow-patriots that his people's one hope lay with Russia. Under the enlightened rule of Nicholas II., which had succeeded the old oppression, his country would secure self-government, and if the dismembered portions which had been seized by Prussia and Austria could be liberated and reunited to Russian Poland they would gain what would be freedom indeed compared with the stifling Teutonic rule.

For this end he had worked heart and soul for the Russian cause. He had not fully confided his dangerous plans to his young sister, but she had divined something of them, and had guessed also why her brother's friend, Ignatz Varinsky, a Russian Pole, had not at once crossed the frontier when war had been declared. He was risking discovery and imprisonment, if not the fate of a spy, to help Jan, she told herself, though deep in her heart she knew that a more intimate bond than even his passionate patriotism kept him in Cracow in daily peril, just as she knew that the



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advert of the young Pole from Warsaw had brought a new element into her own life: an element profoundly disturbing and bewildering, and which threatened to turn its hitherto gay, sparkling course into a strange, unknown channel.

Until she had met Ignatz Varinsky's eyes and had seen the slow fire in their depths leap into sudden flame, she had not been averse to Count von Dernburg's attentions. True, he was an Austrian, but, till last August, people were willing to forget that; then he was an old friend, and all her relations were keen for the match. And, indeed, von Dernburg had everything to recommend him. He had rank, riches, good looks, good breeding, good temper, and while he might probably be a good hater, he was undoubtedly a charming wooer.

A little longer and Valma, like many another girl, might easily have drifted into marriage with her heart wholly unawakened, but now—well, now it was different.

In her own little sitting-room once more the unanswered question faced Valma clamorously, insistently, for after their walk together she could no longer blind herself to the knowledge that both men loved her, and that one or other would soon force her to a decision, but what should it be—what?

A tap at the door and Marinshka, one of the maids, entered. In her arms was a mass of superb crimson roses, the rarest of flowers at that season. With a broad and significant smile, she laid down her fragrant burden.

"For Panna Valma," she said, handing her young mistress a note.

"VALMA,"—it ran, in Ignatz's writing. "Let these roses speak for me the words I have not dared to breathe. If a crimson rose wreath is floating on the river to-night, I shall know that I am not wholly without hope. It is a mad request, but I put my heart and my life in your hands."

Valma stood gazing from the few hasty words to the roses. Each deep, glowing, half-unfolded heart seemed indeed to breathe out passion and longing with the incense of its fragrance, and their glorious hue was reflected on her face as for an instant she buried it among the smooth petals. Another tap made her swiftly raise her head. Again Marinshka appeared, and again her

arms held a great sheaf of red roses. This time her smile was unrestrained.

"For Panna Valma from the Pan Count von Dernburg, and a note too"—then, her smile breaking into a laugh, she said, with the easy friendliness of Polish households: "Surely Panna Valma will try her luck like the other maidens at The Wianki to-night. It seems the only way to decide." And with another laugh she whisked away.

"Will not the gracious lady condescend to honour The Wianki to-night?" the second note ran. "Her humble servant will watch by the old palace to-night, and if he captures a wreath of crimson roses he will be the most blessed of men. If it be there, none other will secure it than—KARL VON DERNBURG."

With a sudden surge of half-hysterical laughter in which the rising excitement of the day found vent, Valma gazed from the one note to the other and then to the scented heap of roses, burning red through the early falling dusk. She had tried to frown at Marinshka's suggestion, but after all, why should she not put her fate to the touch? That vein of superstition, latent in even the most prosaic and common-sense natures, and never far beneath the surface in the emotional Slav temperament, suddenly sprang to throbbing life. It was foolish; of course she didn't believe in it—so much concession was made to reason—but after all, nearly every girl she knew had done it, and why not she? At least, it would do no harm to make the wreath ready, and then she could decide.

The little galley-shaped raft to carry the wreath was easily got, and then with quick, deft fingers, Valma twined the heavy crimson blooms into the conventional crown-shaped wreath. "Now for the lamp!" The words were in her mind, if not actually on her lips, when the door was hastily, but silently, opened and her brother Jan came in. His face was pale, but his eyes were bright and steady. He took no apparent notice of her occupation nor of the scattered flowers.

"Valma," he said very quietly, "I must leave Cracow at once. I believe I have entered the house unwatched, and hope to leave it so. For your own sake it must not be known that I have been here to-day. If I can reach a place of safety, I will let you know, and if it is needful I will arrange for you to join me. There is not

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an instant to spare," raising his hand to check the startled exclamation on her lips. "These papers," taking out a tiny packet, "are the result of all my work. They are plans of the fortifications, information about the massing of troops—in cipher of course. It is *vital* information for Russia. If by any means on earth you can convey them to Ignatz to-night, do it at any cost, and tell him, if you can, to quit Cracow within the hour, though like enough his rooms may be already watched. I must leave it to you. I am giving you an awful charge, I know, but I believe that your life, like mine, is vowed to Poland. If by no possibility you can get the papers to Ignatz, *burn them*. Don't carry them on you, don't attempt to hide them anywhere about the house—they'd tear it down to find them, if suspicion were aroused. You understand—get the papers into Ignatz's hands or burn them, though you'll burn our country's best chance and my life's best hope with them. That's all, till, pray God, we meet again."

He took her in his arms. For one moment the pale, preoccupied man was the kindly, almost fatherly, elder brother again.

"Where—where?" was all Valma could utter.

"Better you shouldn't be able to say," were his last words, and next instant she was alone.

It had all been so swift, so sudden, so strange, that it might well have been a dream, had it not been for that little white packet lying before her, so harmless apparently, and yet so deadly. Jan was gone—gone for ever it might be; and something more had gone with him—the girl, who a few minutes before had twined the crimson wreath and half in earnest, half in idleness, had thought to seek, by means of it, an omen as to her future. That Valma was gone, and gone with her were all the little girlish frivolities and fripperies with which she had half consciously disguised the stark truth from herself. The girl now standing by the table, her hands so tightly clutched upon the scattered roses that she was unaware of the thorns, knew now that there was but one man in the world for her, and yet his path in life lead where it might—to danger or to death even—it was the only path for her too.

But there was no time nor space for any

thought but one: how could she reach Ignatz—how warn him? To burn the papers—that would be to destroy Jan's hopes, to betray her people; it would be a coward's bid for safety. But if Jan's sinister hint were true, to go to Ignatz's rooms, or to send, if indeed there were anyone to whom she could commit such a trust, might only precipitate the danger. How then?

One—two—three! The great booming, mellow strokes filled all the air, as "Zygmunt"—the mighty bell of the cathedral—told out the hour. Eight o'clock! The Wianki would be beginning—the crowds gathering on the river's banks. Ignatz would already be among them. Instinct told her that be the risk what it might, he would not leave Cracow that night if there were a bare chance of a red rose wreath floating on the Vistula.

A sudden wild light sprang to her eyes, and snatching up the little deadly packet, she thrust it under the massive wreath and twined it in among the roses. It was a desperate device, a mad expedient perhaps, for there would be two men eagerly watching and waiting for a crimson wreath, two men who had each chosen the red flower of passion as his emblem; but with a woman's proud confidence in the man she loves, Valma could not believe that Ignatz could let himself be balked. True, the lamp might be extinguished, the wreath sunk—then the Vistula would keep the secret. There was risk—frightful risk every way, but she would dare it.

Under the soft, star-sown sky the vast bulk of the old palace loomed black and high. Along the great façade lights shone from many windows, sending down stray gleams on the crowds lining the river banks and on the broad, hurrying stream. From the shore boats were pushing out, manned by one or more rowers, and each with a glimmering light, a flowering branch, or at least a waving green bough at the prow. The beat and plash of oars, and snatches of students' songs, rose above the excited buzz of the crowd, which broke into a shout as a big flat barge was towed up, banked and bowered with flowers and greenery, and aglow with lights, and as the group of players on board struck up a favourite air.

The strange enchantment of the soft night; the mingling, glancing, broken rays

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of light from barge and boat and window striking shimmering *reflets* from the water or gleaming on some brilliant mass of flowers; the voices and the music, now sinking wistfully, now rising warlike—all combined to heighten the throb of a nameless excitement which quickened every pulse and strung every nerve and reached its climax when the music suddenly ceased and a dead hush fell upon the throng. All eyes were gazing up the river, lying, till now, in featureless darkness.

"They're coming! They're coming!" The shout rose at last and ran along the banks. Out of the gloom came streaming a myriad of tiny lights, white, topaz yellow, ruby red, vivid glowing green, or sapphire blue—a fairy fleet; dipping, undulating, twinkling, sparkling, and flecking the ebon-black, ebon-smooth surface of the water with rainbow hues. The dark current seemed a jewelled pathway, or as if a portion of the heavens "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold" had come down to earth.

Amid what jests and laughter that gay, fragile flotilla had been launched beneath the old bridge farther up the river; but underlying the mirth, what throbbing palpitations there had been of hopes and fears, of innocent, impalpable expectations and vague sweet dreams of waking maidenhood.

As one splendid crimson wreath with its tiny glowing heart of red fire floated safely away into the main current, a girl standing with empty hands upon the bank felt that she had committed her very heart and all that was more precious than life to that frail ark now launched upon its doubtful voyage. So might the Hebrew woman have felt long ages ago, when she had committed the fruit of her body, the desire of her eyes, in its bulrush basket to the brimming Nile.

With straining eyes Valma for a few moments watched that red spark bobbing and curtsying away upon the wavelets, then she turned and pushed a resolute way down the bank, through the throng. The crowd was friendly and good-humoured as a Polish crowd, save when frenzied with injustice, ever is. "Ai, Panna, good luck to you and your wreath." "No fear but *he'll* catch it with the light burning," called some of the bystanders as they made way for the tall, anxious figure. Valma neither heard nor heeded them. Her one devouring

anxiety left no space for any consciousness of herself.

On they came—the little illumined barks, each with its dainty lading, and as if the shout which had greeted their first appearance had broken a spell, the river and the peopled banks broke into wild, sudden tumult. Excitement was at fever heat, every voice shouted encouragement as the boats dashed out into the stream, pushing, jostling, colliding with each other, while the water was churned into foam by the plashing oars. Half a dozen mock fights, which might soon become earnest, were already being waged for the possession of some coveted trophy. Men sprang upright, leaned over the gunwales, overbalanced, toppled into the water, and emerged breathless and dripping amid the jeers of their fellows. Now and again a shrill cry of regret pierced the hubbub, as some tiny raft, too rudely tilted, turned over, and with a faint hiss its spark of coloured light was drowned in the black water.

On they came—till, in the wavering, dancing light, the river was a very flower bed. Blue and white, Panna Maria's colours, were the favourites; but now, drifting down alone, came a crimson wreath and ruby lamp, and two boats whose rowers had till now lain idle upon their oars flashed out upon it from the shadows. Two men's hearts leaped high with triumphant joy; but while one saw in those red, fragrant flowers floating towards him a gift from Heaven's own hand; the other, watching, eager and alert, regarded them with a complacent smile. He had not been mistaken after all: *Fräulein Valma* had more sense—he need not have been so uneasy about that Polish fellow.

The two boats clashed together.

"*You!*" exclaimed two voices hoarse with wrath, as the dark eyes and the light met in a shock of jealous fury.

"*Mine!*" each exclaimed, as two eager hands shot out towards the wreath, which, checked for a moment by the eddying ripple from the colliding boats, bobbed tantalisingly just beyond arm's reach. With a sweep of his oar, Ignatz diverted the course of the wreath towards the side of his boat and leaned over to grasp it as it drifted by. With an oath von Dernburg struck at him with his uplifted oar—all restraint was at an end. Ignatz swerved



"'Stop him! Stop him! He's a spy!' . . . Just then a girl's voice rose clear and high: 'Men of Poland, will you betray a fellow Pole?'"—p. 750



*Drawn by  
Dudley Tennant.*



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to avoid the blow, the boat tipped and with a splash he was in the river. Next instant his dark head rose again to the surface, close to the lighted wreath. He grasped it with a ringing shout of victory. Swimming easily with one hand, he was propelling his prize towards his boat, when, looking up, he found himself covered by a revolver, and above it von Dernburg's face, white and convulsed.

"Give it up," cried the Teuton hoarsely. "*Gott in Himmel!* If I could but swim, I'd strangle you in the water. Give it up, dog of a Pole, or you'll never leave the river alive."

With an exultant laugh, Ignatz ducked his head under the water and started swimming for the shore, pushing the little galley before him. He was perfectly at home in the water. The distance to the bank was not great, and the other rowers, thinking there had only been a friendly tussle, made way for him, laughing and cheering. Had he not through it all succeeded in keeping The Wianki light burning? But the light was beginning to flicker, its brief hour was nearly over. As Ignatz pushed out more strongly, the air caught the flame. It blazed up, and Ignatz's eye was caught by a gleam of white among the roses. A message from Valma!

She had trusted that he would win the wreath—Heaven bless her for it!

Across the water came a shout.

"Stop him—stop the swimmer with the red lamp! He's a spy—a Russian spy! Stop him, in the Emperor's name!"

The murderous impulse which had made von Dernburg draw his revolver had been brief. The mad moment of rage and frustrate passion over, he knew that it would have been worse than madness to yield to it, but he had a better revenge and one which held no risk for himself. He had suspected Ignatz Varinsky of Russian sympathies, though he had no definite proof, but what did that matter? The chief thing was to rouse the mob against him and bring the police on the scene.

As the cry echoed along the bank, the swimmer's feet touched ground. Hastily he disentangled the little packet from amid the roses. This was something more than a message—papers evidently—something of import surely. Then he sunk the wreath and the flickering lamp into the river. Its mission was accomplished.

Again the cry rang across the water, more urgent, more imperative. "Stop him! Stop him, all loyal men!"

A hoarse murmur rose from the swaying ranks lining the bank, now only a yard or two off. Ignatz's feet were already sinking in the clogging river mud. To be taken now would be ruin to himself and to countless hopes and plans. Should he plunge back into the river and trust to his swimming powers to carry him beyond pursuit? He cast a desperate glance round. The crowded craft lying with oars suspended was almost as great a danger as the waiting throng on the shore, who might not be actively unfriendly, but from sheer habit might obey the imperious summons—"In the Emperor's name!"

Just then a girl's voice rose clear and high. She spoke in Polish:

"Men of Poland, will you betray a fellow Pole? We are all brothers, though, God help us, we have different masters. He only seeks to save brother from being driven to fight against brother."

In that instant the musicians on the barge struck up the old Polish National Hymn, which on that festival night was allowed to be sung. It was the straw which turned the wavering balance. While every voice rose in the old familiar strain, dormant hopes and longings sprang to passionate life again. A wave of emotion swept the throng. A dozen hands were eagerly stretched to Ignatz.

"Hist, brother, quick! It's not hard for one man to be lost in a crowd." Ignatz was dragged ashore. His feet on firm ground again, he was jostled in friendly fashion from one to another, while men cried, "The spy—where's the spy? Stop him!"

Then a girl's figure was beside him. "You're safe—thank God, you're safe!" Valma whispered, and her tone told Ignatz all he could have hoped or wished to know. Then in a tone of strained anxiety, keyed up to anguish, she went on: "The papers—under the wreath—have you got them or are they in the river?"

"I have them safe," breathed Ignatz.

"And, oh, Valma, I have you!"

"Wholly," uttered Valma, her heart in the word. "But, Ignatz, Jan is gone. He bade me tell you, if I could, that you must escape at once—at once. Oh, if it should be too late!" the mounting terror in her

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voice restrained only by stern control and desperate need.

"It's all arranged," said Ignatz hastily. "A car is waiting for me in the little street behind the church of Panna Maria. I would have gone as soon as it was dark enough, but how could I go and leave the crimson wreath to *him*, and not the wreath only but all it carried?" exultation in his lowered voice.

"It was a mad venture, I know—a frightful risk," murmured Valma. "But I somehow felt that you would be there—that you would gain it."

They were beyond the crowd now, and hastening up the darkling Plantz, where the heavy shadows of the old trees were barred by brilliant flashes of light. Down at the barracks, at the old palace, a search-light was playing on the river and the excited crowds. The festival had been broken off in confusion and amid angry protests. They could hear the hoarse shouts,

the menacing growl of an incensed mob. The few passers-by were hurrying down to the river, unheeding the couple, who walked steadily, but unhasting, on.

"Valma," said Ignatz hoarsely, breaking a pregnant silence, "if only I could take you with me—take you to Jan, till the day comes when I can claim you as my own—my wife." He stopped abruptly. The sudden pause said more than words.

In the silence, resolve sprang up full grown in the girl's heart. Who would miss her here? Not her Germanised relatives; and who else was there? She would have followed Jan as soon as might be; then why not now, when Ignatz and her own heart entreated her? With the strange, solemn joy that a great resolve evokes, she said:

"Ignatz, take me. Thy people *are* my people; whither thou goest, I will go; why should aught but death part thee and me?"



Under the  
Larches.

Photo:  
Henry Irving.

# MISS QUIXOTE

Short Serial Story

By VIOLET M. METHLEY

## CHAPTER IX

### MISCHIEF BREWING

AT the startling unexpectedness of the word Ariel shrank back as from a blow. She caught at the cabin door, staring at the steward dumbly. Immediately his stern face changed and softened as he spoke quickly.

"I was a fool to blurt it out like that. Only, I had to warn you."

"Tell me what you mean." Ariel had recovered her self-control and spoke quietly.

"It's—difficult." Brown hesitated. "Probably you won't believe me. And I may be mistaken; it's quite likely that I am mistaken, only—well, it has to be said." He paused, and then went on speaking rapidly, like a man who rushes through a task abhorrent to him.

"You were talking to Miss Alsager a little while ago. I happened to pass along the other side of the deck behind you, and I saw Miss Casanova hiding in the alley-way near your chairs and—listening."

"Ah!" Ariel crimsoned, biting her lips.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, absolutely."

"Well"—the girl made a brave effort to hide her discomfiture—"I don't suppose that it matters much if she *did* overhear what we said."

"I'm not so sure. I caught sight of her face." He hesitated.

"Well?" Ariel spoke with a touch of impatience. "What of that?"

"Only this. Her eyes looked like—murder."

"Surely that's not all?"

"That is all, so far."

"But— Oh, I can't believe that you would make so much of nothing. Of course, everyone on the ship must know that Miss Casanova has a passionate temper; and, since you have noticed so much, I believe that she has taken a violent fancy to Dr. Evans. She hates him to speak to Miss Alsager, or anyone else. But to accuse her of murder, or attempted murder, or imagined murder, because she may have

lost her temper in a fit of jealousy—oh, it's abominable even to think of it, if that is everything!"

"It is not quite everything," Brown said quietly. "I'm afraid—deadly afraid—that something may happen, because already Miss Casanova has very nearly succeeded in murdering you."

"What do you mean?" A feeling of chill sickness crept over Ariel.

"When you fell into the water."

"What do you mean?" the girl repeated.

"She wasn't there."

"She was. You've only my word for it, and you'll naturally ask why I didn't give information before. Well, I've no excuse. Only she's such a child, and I saw that she was beside herself with rage. I thought that a fright like that would sober her, teach her a lesson. I was mistaken. I suppose you can't reckon with a temper like that. She passed me when you and Dr. Evans were in the swing, and her eyes, her whole expression—well, I saw it again today. Then the doctor came to fetch the ices from me. You thought you heard him coming back, and spoke. You remember? And she pushed— There couldn't be any doubt as to her intention, if you had seen her as I did. There was nothing I could do—"

"Except save my life," Ariel said quietly.

"Oh, that—that was afterwards. I meant at the time." Brown flushed with rather boyish embarrassment and went on quickly: "Dr. Evans saw something of the business, but thought it was a mere accident. He asked me afterwards not to say anything; he was sorry for the girl. And I did not tell him the truth; I did not think it was necessary then."

"But now you think she means mischief again?"

"I'm sure of it. She's simply mad with jealousy. First of you—"

"There was no reason for that." Ariel spoke on a sudden impulse.

"Perhaps not. Although I could understand she might have fancied— I beg your pardon; that was an impertinence."

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"Dr. Evans and I are very old friends."  
"He's lucky." Ariel fancied she caught those words, spoken very softly, before the steward hurried on. "Then Miss Alsager appeared, and—well, I suppose Miss Casanova thinks she has good cause for jealousy. I'm impertinent again, I know."

"But it's all so—so ridiculous. Dr. Evans treats her like any other schoolgirl."

"But she isn't any other schoolgirl; that's where the danger comes in."

"You really think there is danger?"

"Most certainly I do."

"Then I had better warn Miss Alsager and Dr. Evans too."

"It would be best. Of course, if necessary, I will repeat what I've told you."

"How would it be if I spoke to her maid?"

"A weak fool. She could do nothing."

"Or the manager, Signor Varasso?"

"A weaker fool. He could do less than nothing. Besides, they wouldn't believe my story—until afterwards."

"But I do."

"You, yes. I wonder why? How do you know the whole thing isn't a lie?"

"Why, just because it isn't, I suppose."

"That argument would hardly convince the Captain, for instance."

Suddenly the eyes of the two met, and they laughed. The strain was relaxed, and Ariel spoke almost lightly.

"Well, I'll go and search for that pair and tell them about this vendetta," she said.

"No, I'm not laughing, really; only the idea is too hateful to treat seriously." She paused, and then spoke on the impulse of the moment. "I wish *you* would come with me."

Unhesitatingly Brown answered:

"That is impossible, as you'll see for yourself. What would people say if they saw you with a steward?" Suddenly he raised those curiously direct eyes and looked straight into the girl's face as he added: "I believe that I've behaved unpardonably, anyhow."

"It depends what you mean." Ariel's voice was grave, but there was lurking laughter in her eyes. "You haven't once addressed me as 'miss' this afternoon, if that's anything."

The steward flushed and bit his lips with a sudden frown of annoyance.

"I—I forgot," he muttered. "I beg your pardon, miss."

"Please don't. I'm glad that you forgot

to play your part. Oh, don't bother to contradict! I'm not quite an idiot, and although it's a hateful, abominable, snobbish word to use, I can recognise a gentleman. There, I've been wanting to tell you that for ages—ever since you saved my life. Of course, I don't want any explanation; of course, I won't say anything to anybody, if you'd rather I didn't; and, of course, it shall be 'Brown' and 'miss' if you like; only please don't think that I'm deceived, because I'm not."

Ariel's cheeks were flushed, and Ariel's eyes very bright, as she came to the end of her long speech. The steward looked at her gravely, and then spoke in a very subdued voice.

"Deceit couldn't live near you, I believe, and so I'd better keep away."

"Why?"

"Chiefly because I must go on playing what you call my part—miss."

He turned away abruptly, and Ariel, her face grave and thoughtful, stood for a moment staring out of the porthole before setting out on her search for Daisy Alsager and Hugh Evans.

There was no sign of the pair on deck, although Ariel caused some little annoyance by her persevering intrusion even into the most sheltered and quiet corners. This was only the beginning of a long and painstaking game of hide-and-seek. The girl searched the saloons, the music-room, the library, the smoke-room; she visited the barber's shop and the butcher's, where dwelt, for the voyage, a Persian cat and an Irish terrier, fascinating both to herself and Daisy.

And all her questionings and searchings had no result. The couple seemed to have vanished.

Finally Ariel reached the nursery, a long slip of a room, shut in by cabins on all sides. Here Mrs. Green, the fat and cosy chief stewardess, reigned supreme, and here Ariel saw her, as she descended the stairway, seated on a swivel chair by the long table and crocheting diligently.

Opposite her, speaking with vehement gesticulations, stood the French maid, Sophie. Her shrill voice ascended to Ariel.

"But she—Ma'mselle Isolde—she is in a veritable rage. I see it when she rush into the cabin, and I say nothing for fear. Oh, but it is terrible to see her like that—white, and her eyes so great and black."

"She *have* got a paddy of her own, I've

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noticed that." Mrs. Green looked up at the little woman placidly over the tops of her spectacles.

"It is the queek Italian temper," the Frenchwoman announced with obvious pride. "She cannot help it; it is born in her."

Half-way down the stairs, Ariel stood hesitating. The two women had not noticed her, and although the idea of listening like this was hateful, yet something told her that it might be useful.

"She rush into the cabin and she look at me as though I was not. Just that. Then she raise her hand—so—and fling something into the sea through the window-hole—so. It shine like silver, and go splash. But what it was I know not. Then she fling herself on the bed, with her face hidden, and lie—so—without speaking or moving. I watch, I tidy the cabin, I cough, I think she may need me; at last I speak."

The little Frenchwoman let her two expressive hands fall at her sides and spoke with slow expressiveness.

"And then I wish that I had kept silent, for ma'mselle fly at me like the tiger of the jungle, and her face is terrible to see. 'If you do not go at once,' she say, 'I will kill you.' And so I go, queekly."

"Lor!" Mrs. Green commented, her plump face very solemn. "It's no joke to be maid to a young lady like that. I do pity you, that I do."

Sophie shrugged her thin shoulders.

"One excuses her," she said. "She was born so; it is but the queek Italian temper."

"I wonder what put 'er in such a rage as that just now?" Mrs. Green reflected, watching the flashing movements of her little steel hook. "'Ad some quarrel with the doctor or Miss Alsager, p'r'aps; she was with 'em a bit ago. Taking a look all over the ship, they were, the doctor told me, when they passed through 'ere. But your young lady, she came back by 'erself, and dashed along the passage there to 'er cabin. Looks very much as if she 'ad 'ad some sort of a row."

Mrs. Green broke off as Ariel descended the remainder of the stairs and walked quickly through the nursery. Both women glanced at the girl, and the stewardess spoke with kindly concern.

"Aren't you feeling well, miss? You look as pale as pale. If I didn't know better, I should fancy as you were sea-sick."

Ariel managed to smile faintly as she answered:

"No, I'm not sea-sick, Mrs. Green, only rather tired. Oh, no, there's nothing I want, thanks so much."

The girl felt furiously angry with herself as she hurried on out of sight of those curious eyes. Why should she behave like this? Why should she find it so absurdly difficult to speak? There was nothing to be frightened about, really—nothing. It was ridiculous, because she could not find the others for a few minutes, to make up her mind that something had happened. She had no right to let herself think these horrible thoughts; and yet they would come, try as she might to drive them away.

But with Ariel the need and the possibility for action always brought strength and courage. It was so much easier to do than to think. And now her course seemed very plain. Isolde Casanova probably knew where Hugh Evans and Daisy were. Well, however bad-tempered she might be, she should tell.

Ariel went straightway to the little Italian's cabin and knocked. An inarticulate, impatient exclamation answered her after a few moments of silence; she took it for consent and entered.

Isolde lay in the lower berth, as Sophie had described, with her face turned away from the door and her white dress crumpled up under her. Only her mass of dark hair was visible, spread across the pillow, and one clenched hand was flung up above her head.

The girl lay motionless, almost as though sleeping, but her attitude was too tense for slumber. For an instant Ariel waited, then spoke, quietly and coldly.

"Isolde!"

As though galvanised into life by an electric shock, the girl sprang upright, and sat, pressed back against the wall, literally glaring at the intruder. One side of her face was deadly pale, the other showed the hard pressure of the pillow in a deep crimson flush. Her black brows were drawn downwards and together in a heavy frown.

"What do you want?" she asked abruptly, and Ariel answered with as little pretence of ceremony:

"Where are Daisy Alsager and Doctor Evans?"

Even as the words passed her lips she was struck by the unreality, the sheer melodrama of the situation. And yet, in the next flash of time, that thought had faded from her mind. She realised that she had



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"She recovered her self-control and spoke with contemptuous carelessness.

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made no mistake. Whatever Isolde might say, she knew the answer to the question—and feared it.

Momentarily the girl flinched back as though from a blow. A look of amazed terror showed for a moment in her dark eyes. Then she recovered her self-control and spoke with contemptuous carelessness and a little backward toss of her hair.

"How should I know?"

"You were with them a little while ago."

"Was I? Oh, yes. Not for long."

"Where did you leave them?"

"Really, I can't say exactly. Somewhere in the ship."

"But I want to know exactly."

"Well"—Isolde tilted up her chin defiantly—"I can't help you."

"I think you can if you try." Suddenly Ariel played another card with quite unpremeditated abruptness. "What did you throw out of the porthole a little while ago?"

Again that look of incredulous fear; again the effort at self-control, this time less successful.

"What do you mean?" Isolde asked.

"I don't know, until you tell me."

"I shall not tell you anything. I don't know what you mean. How dare you speak to me like this?"

The girl was working herself up into a perfect fury; she crouched on the berth in something of the attitude of a cat about to spring. But somewhere behind her anger, at the back of her dark eyes, lurked

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fear, and, seeing it, Ariel played her final card.

"You will tell me everything, please; otherwise I shall explain exactly how I fell into the water."

"I—I—you couldn't see. Nobody saw."

"How do I know of it, then?"

"You—I didn't do anything. It wasn't me."

"Then, of course, it doesn't matter what I say, does it?"

"What will you say?"

"What I know, unless you tell me where to look for Doctor Evans and Daisy."

"A-ah!" The queer, low sound was almost like a snarl. "Don't speak about them. I hate them—hate them—hate them! They made me mad, I tell you, those two; they laughed at me, mocked me! And he—he treated me like a child—a fool. I—I, Isolde Casanova! But I have taught them both a lesson. They will not laugh at me again, I think. And the key is gone—"

"Where are they?"

For a moment Isolde stared fixedly at the elder girl, her dark eyes dilated, a smile of half-fearful triumph on her lips. Then her expression changed suddenly and she spoke with bewildering rapidity.

"If I say, you will swear not to repeat those—those lies?"

"Yes."

"Then I will tell you."

### CHAPTER X

#### IN THE REFRIGERATOR

DAISY'S ill-temper was not a very long-lived affair, partly because a real, if rather impish, sense of humour came to her aid.

She knew perfectly well that Ariel was right; she knew perfectly well that she was flirting outrageously with Hugh Evans; and she most thoroughly intended to continue the iniquitous proceeding.

In furtherance of which pious resolve she made her way to where the young man leant moodily on the rail, and spoke with that half-shy, half-laughing frankness which showed Miss Alsager at her best and most dangerous.

"Doctor Evans, I was a nasty, ungrateful little pig just now, and I'm awfully sorry. But it's not a bit of use my saying that I shan't do it again, because I shall—when I feel like it, you know."

The young man turned to her a face from which all the moodiness had magically departed.

"Of course. Why shouldn't you? I don't mind," he said heartily, adding rather shyly: "I—I like it."

"You didn't look as though you did then," laughed Daisy wickedly. "But, anyway, you've forgiven me, haven't you?"

"I should think I have!"

"That's all right. And now let's go and do something nice together, just to show that we're friends."

"Yes, let's— What would you call nice?"

"I must think." Daisy frowned pensively. "I feel frightfully energetic. I suppose my sleep rested me, thanks to you. Let's go and explore the whole ship—engine-room and everything."

"Would you really like that?" Evans asked doubtfully.

"I really would. It would be tremendously interesting."

"Come on, then." The young man smiled down into the girl's eager face. "We'll go and visit the men in the fore-castle first."

It was just as the two left the deck that they encountered Isolde. She was standing at the head of the companionway, pale and scowling, and Daisy, in her careless good-nature, took pity on the girl's evident solitude and depression.

"Hallo, Isolde!" she cried cheerfully. "Wouldn't you like to go over this magnificent vessel from stem to stern, because, if so, come with us."

The little Italian's face changed and she hesitated, glancing sideways at Evans.

"Do you want me to come?" she said at last, speaking directly to the young man with pronounced emphasis.

"Why, of course." If Evans was undoubtedly discomfited, he hid it with fair grace, and spoke without any very obvious hesitation. "We would both like you to come."

Without answering the girl followed them, still with the sulky scowl darkening her face.

Now, Hugh Evans would have been less than human if the presence of a third person had not annoyed him at this moment. And when that third person did not even trouble to make herself commonly civil—well, that made the annoyance even more pronounced.

Consequently, although he hid his ill-temper admirably, on the whole, it inwardly

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smouldered, and found a safety valve in a constant stream of chaff directed at Isolde. And that was distinctly unwise, considering the girl's unmistakable sullenness.

He mocked at her speechlessness until she flared out at him in fury; he angered her still further by laughing requests to keep calm and cool; he teased her, in fact, just as big boys have teased little girls from time immemorial—only, unfortunately, Isolde Casanova was not, and never had been, an ordinary little girl.

In the meantime they explored what Daisy described as the "insides" of the ship very thoroughly and exhaustively. They visited the forecabin, and "paid their footing" there in time-honoured sailor fashion; they peered down into the engine-room, where scantily clothed men, black as negroes, toiled in the stifling heat to speed the great ship on her way.

Finally, on their upward return towards the deck, they reached a massive-looking door, before which Daisy came to a standstill, reading the white-lettered inscription.

"Oh, here's a place I particularly want to see," she cried. "The 'ice-room' sounds so delicious in this weather."

"I don't suppose there's very much to see, you know," Evans answered. "But I expect I can get the key."

He hurried off, eager to please the imperious little lady, and returned triumphantly in a few moments.

"Here it is!" he cried. "And, as it happens, we chose our time well. The freezing apparatus is turned off just now, or reduced, or something, for a bit—I don't know exactly what. Anyway, it won't be unbearably cold in there. But we mustn't stay more than a few minutes, the chap told me."

He turned the key in the lock and swung the big door open.

"I say, doesn't it move extraordinarily easily?" he cried. "Considering the size and weight, I mean. There's a layer of asbestos, or something, inside it, you know, between these armour platings, like a sandwich; that's to keep out heat. And the same inside the walls, too. And these pipes running all round the place are the refrigerating plant; and that's where they keep the fruit and things. Clever arrangement, isn't it?"

"I suppose so; but it isn't nearly such a romantic place as I expected," Daisy re-

marked with frank disappointment. "When I saw the plates of tinned peaches and things come out at breakfast time covered with snow, I imagined the ice-room like a sort of polar cave, with frost and snow everywhere. I never thought that they were frozen by pipes."

"It's very interesting, though, don't you think?" Evans bent over the circulating tubes, then raised himself to call jestingly over his shoulder: "Here, Signorita Isolde, aren't you coming to look? This is just the place to cool that fiery temper of yours; we shall have to arrange to shut you up here occasionally, I think. What do you say, Miss Alsager?"

Daisy was standing with her back to the door, Evans was studying the apparatus with all the enthusiasm of an exceedingly amateur engineer. Neither of them saw the expression on the face of the little Italian, the sudden spasm of rage which contorted her features.

Neither of them noticed that she had moved until they heard the sharp click of the door behind them.

"Why, what on earth is she doing? Has she shut it?" Evans crossed quickly to the door and seized the handle. He tried to turn it, tried again, shook it ineffectually.

"I do believe she's locked it. What an idiotic game!" he said. "Here, signorita, you little wretch, open the door at once!"

There came no answer to his shout from the dead silence without, and Evans stamped his foot angrily.

"She's evidently laying low. I suppose she thinks it amusing, the spiteful little cat!" he said emphatically.

"I believe you've made her frightfully angry by teasing her," Daisy remarked. "You did overdo it a little, considering what a temper she has. This is her way of paying you out."

"Spiteful little cat!" Evans repeated viciously, and began a renewed onslaught on the door.

But he might have been battering upon the walls of the Great Pyramid for all the impression he made. His face was crimson with his exertions before he desisted suddenly, arrested by Daisy's voice, unusually grave and just a little shaky.

"Doctor Evans, I'm not sure, but don't you think it's getting colder?"

"Eh!" Evans swung round to face her, and read the meaning in her eyes. For a moment they stared at each other in silence;

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then the young man spoke in a changed tone.

"You're right. I didn't notice it while I was banging at the door; but you're right. It is colder."

"That means——?"

"Yes, it means that the cold air is turned on again, as they warned me it would be in a few minutes."

"Then will it get freezing in here?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but of course we shall be out of it in a minute or two; that little beast *must* open the door."

He turned to hammer upon it once more, shouting through the heavy panels.

"Isolde, do you hear me? You needn't pretend that you're not there. Open the door at once! The freezing apparatus is turned on. Do you hear?"

There came no answer, nor any sound from without.

"She must have run away," Evans said fiercely. "Come, Miss Alsager, we must get out somehow, and quickly. Shout at the top of your voice. Come on, both together! We'll *make* someone hear us."

They shouted, beating upon the door with their fists; shouted until their voices failed them, but no rescue came. Slowly the truth was borne in upon Evans that all the noise they made scarcely passed beyond that massive door; that the ice-room was as impervious to sound as it was to changes of temperature; that they could scarcely hope to be heard, except by someone passing along the alleyway without. And that might not happen for hours.

"My voice has simply gone; I can't shout any more; and all the skin off my knuckles has gone too," Daisy remarked ruefully; and Hugh Evans realised, with a little throb of thankfulness, that the girl did not yet fully grasp their danger.

Suddenly she shivered, drawing up her slim shoulders.

"Ugh! it's horribly cold!" she said. "I didn't notice it while we were shouting and banging, but now——"

Evans pulled off his coat and wrapped it round her, in spite of her protests.

"Yes, you must," he said cheerfully. "Your dress is only muslin, or whatever you call the stuff; besides, you're my patient, you know, and you've got to obey orders. Now, the best thing we can do is to walk up and down briskly to keep our circulation going until—until they come and find us. Then the cold won't do us any

harm. Take hold of my arm and keep in step. Quick—march!"

To and fro they walked briskly, and, at first, cheerfully enough. They even sang, swinging their arms to the music and laughing at the hoarseness of their voices. But both of them knew that each moment the air grew colder.

Suddenly Daisy laughed rather hysterically.

"Just look! How funny!" she cried.

"We look as though it had been snowing!"

It was true that a powdering of tiny frosty crystals covered the shoulders of the blue serge coat which Evans had wrapped about her. They paused for barely a moment to consider the phenomenon, but in that instant the young man felt an icy chill creep through his very bones. He shook himself briskly.

"Look here, we mustn't stand still," he said. "It's too cold for that."

"Isn't it ridiculous—in the tropics?" Daisy laughed. "It's a sort of judgment on us for complaining of the heat this morning. But I wish someone would come, Doctor Evans."

"Oh, they're sure to soon; or Isolde will come back. She can't have understood what I said about the cold air being turned on again."

"I don't think she understands or thinks of anything when she's in one of those rages," Daisy said shrewdly. "She's like a mad thing. Don't you think we might rest just a little? My legs do ache so."

"No, we mustn't," Evans said decisively. "It's—it's really very important to keep moving."

"Really important! Like those snow-storm stories of one's childhood, when to lie down and sleep meant—death." Suddenly, with the use of the grim word, some realisation of their true position came to Daisy. She met Evans's eyes with a new look in her own. "I believe it *is* serious," she said quietly.

"It is, Miss Alsager; I won't deny it," the young man answered. "But it is all right so long as we keep moving."

Once again they resumed their tramp, up and down, up and down, until Daisy came to a sudden standstill, clinging to the young man's arm.

"I simply can't walk any more," she said. "My—my legs are giving way."

Evans considered rapidly, whilst the icy coldness of the air seemed to press down

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upon them like a tangible thing, making them gasp as it reached their lungs.

"We must try something else," he said briskly. "I know. Let's do some Sandow exercises—see who can get down farthest without bending the knees, and that sort of thing, you know. And look here, swing your arms like a London cabby—so—as far round as you can reach; that's the most warming thing out."

His cheerful vigour infected the girl. The change of motion, the use of fresh muscles, gave her new strength for a time. Colour flushed back to her cheeks with returning circulation as she swung her arms above her head and emulated Evans in touching her toe tips, or almost overbalanced in an attempt to reach the ground backwards. But little by little her spirit and energy flagged; she went on with the exercises bravely but silently, too weary to speak, until suddenly she collapsed upon the ground in a little crumpled heap.

"You go on. I—I c-can't do any more," she sobbed. "I'm finished. It's really—really no use t-trying to m-m-make me."

In an instant Evans was on his knees beside her, drawing her close to him.

"Poor little girl! Don't give up," he said, and his voice was very tender, in spite of its hoarseness. "Try to keep on a bit, for—for—my sake, dear."

His words had an immediate effect, although scarcely that which he had expected. Daisy sat upright, her white face flushing a sudden painful crimson, and pushed him away, disengaging herself from his arms.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she cried sharply. "You—you mustn't! Please don't touch me!"

"Do you hate me as much as that, Daisy?" he asked, and there was keen pain and disappointment in his voice.

"I don't hate you at all. I—I like you extremely, but—not in that way."

"Perhaps not yet, dear, but—"

"Never, never! Not if we live to be a hundred. Oh, do try to understand."

"I am trying. Daisy, does it mean that you love someone else?"

The girl nodded, her eyes very grave and pitiful, and Hugh Evans rose suddenly and turned away, with a quick indrawn breath which was almost like a sob.

"Then there's nothing more to be said," he muttered.

"But there *is*." Daisy was on her feet

and at his side, her hand on his arm. "Doctor Evans, I've been behaving abominably, and I knew it all the time. I was a hateful, odious little flirt, playing with something too good for me to touch."

"You didn't know that I was serious," Hugh Evans said loyally.

"Yes, I did. I haven't even that excuse. I knew quite well, and it made it more exciting. I even thought that I would let you propose. There, I was as horrible as that! And I'm engaged!"

She paused, and, fumbling in her blouse, drew out a thin gold chain with a ring hanging upon it. Drawing it off, the girl slipped the turquoise and diamond circlet upon her finger.

"There, that's where it should have been all the time," she said. "Then I shouldn't have got the chance to behave so—so fiendishly. Oh, you can't think so badly of me as I do of myself!"

"I don't think badly of you at all," Evans said softly.

"Then you ought to! Oh, p-please d-don't be generous and—and f-forgiving"—Daisy's voice broke in an unmistakable sob—"because that will make me feel worse than ever. If you scolded me, it would be much, much kinder."

"I can't do that."

"You mean—because we may be going to die pretty soon?" A soft, rather awestruck look came into Daisy's red-brown eyes. "Well, if that's why you're being so—so frightfully kind to me, I don't mind so much. It doesn't make me so *ashamed*. And, after all, it will be nicer to be friends, if—if we're going to be frozen down here together."

"Don't! They must find us."

"It doesn't look like it, does it? And it's getting colder and colder. I haven't much feeling in my feet; they're like that man's in the 'Arabian Nights,' who had stone legs." Suddenly her lips quivered pitifully, and she held out both hands to the young man with a little pleading gesture. "Oh, if you *can* say you forgive me, please do."

"Forgive you, yes, if there's anything to forgive, which there isn't. Whatever happens, you know I'm your friend."

Very strong and tall Hugh Evans looked, and, considering that he was just an ordinary good-tempered, good-hearted young Englishman, something of a hero too. He took Daisy's small, cold hands in his big



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clasp, and, bending, kissed them very tenderly.

And at that moment there came a deadened crash upon the door, the faint sound of voices, muffled by its thickness.

"Are you there? We're coming."

Crash! Crash! And Daisy clung to the young man's arm, laughing and sobbing together. Crash! Crash! Crash! Crash! And suddenly the lock yielded and the door swung open. Half a dozen figures were crowded together in the entrance, and Daisy stumbled into Ariel's arms.

"Oh, take me somewhere to—to warm my feet," she gasped, and broke into a piteous little quivering laugh as the elder girl lifted her in her strong clasp. "Do you know what has happened, Ariel?" she whispered to her. "Doctor Evans k-kissed me—purely platonically."

### CHAPTER XI

#### EXIT ISOLDE

"THE breeze really does smell spicy. I believe that I should guess that those palm trees and things over there were Ceylon with my eyes shut." Daisy sniffed the air with her pretty nose uptilted, and lay back luxuriously in her deck chair, hands clasped behind her head.

"Oh, Ariel, it is so lovely to be really warmed again right through," she sighed rapturously. "After the day before yesterday, I thought we should never be really thawed again. It was—a-ah!"

"Don't think about it," Ariel advised, as she leant forward, her hands clasping her knees. "Just be thankful that neither of you has got pneumonia, or rheumatic fever, or anything, and forget everything else."

"Thankful to you—yes."

"I didn't mean that. If it hadn't been for Brown, I should not have known anything."

"The mysterious Brown! Ariel, do you think he's a detective in disguise, or a wandering earl? He looks like something interesting; and I'm sure he's no ordinary steward. I think he's got what novelists call a magnetic personality; anyhow, he attracts *me*. He isn't exactly handsome, but he looks as though he had a dark and fascinating past."

"Daisy, I won't have you starting a flirtation with Brown!" Ariel laughed.

"No; he's your particular private pet protégé, isn't he? Of course, I won't inter-

fere. Besides, I'm never going to flirt again. Didn't I tell you so?"

"What, *never*?"

"Well, hardly ever. No, I'm not laughing, Ariel, if you are. I've learnt a lesson; I've become serious. I'm going to wear my engagement ring all the time, so if men care to flirt with me, it'll be their own fault. That's all I can say."

"Bravo, Daisy!"

"Well, I quite see that I didn't play the game with Doctor Evans. I'm afraid I knew it all the time. That's what made me so frightfully rude to you. But, Ariel, it wasn't quite so horrid as you think, perhaps. I really did want to—to find out something."

"What was that?"

"Why, whether I really and truly love the man I'm engaged to." Daisy spoke gravely enough now, as she stared away across the sea.

And Ariel sat silent, because she was absolutely incapable of speech. She had braced herself for weeks to hear Andy mentioned by the girl he loved. Now that the moment had come, she could not be sure whether it were harder or easier than she had feared.

"You see," Daisy went on slowly, "I couldn't be certain. And unless you are, I don't think it's fair to marry a man. Do you? So I came away alone, so that he shouldn't disturb my—my judgment. He's a rather disturbing person, is Andy."

"Yes."

"You said that almost as if you knew him. But you understand why I didn't wear my ring, why I didn't talk about being engaged. It was part of my plan, not just horridness."

"I understand."

"But you wouldn't do it yourself for a thousand pounds? No, I don't believe you would; but then you're much better in every way than I am."

"What nonsense!" Ariel managed to laugh quite naturally. "Well, and how has the experiment succeeded?"

"I don't know," the other girl answered slowly; "but I'm rather afraid."

"Of what?"

"Why, of myself. Afraid that there's not much *in* me, that I'm not the sort of person really to love anyone better than anything else. You see, while I've been—well, flirting with Doctor Evans, I didn't bother much about Andy; and, surely, if I cared



"In advance walked Isolde Casanova,  
dressed in white from head to foot"—p. 762.

Drawn by  
Stanley Davis.

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for him properly— What do *you* think, Ariel?"

"I think that it will come right in the end, somehow, for all of us," said Ariel steadfastly, her eyes fixed on the far-away horizon.

"For all of us! That sounds as if you meant in some future century. But I want things to come right for me and Andy in—well, in about three months' time, when I get back to England. Ariel, you haven't helped me much."

"Haven't I? I'm so sorry. I *want* to." Impulsively Ariel turned towards the younger girl, laying one hand on her knee.

"You're a dear!" Daisy declared emphatically. "No one else would have spoken to me again after the perfectly beastly way I behaved."

"Daisy, your language is simply disgraceful!"

"It expresses what I mean, though. You and Doctor Evans have been just a pair of angels to me, and I didn't deserve it a bit. And, Ariel, there's something I do so want to know, only I'm afraid you'll think it rather horrid. But it does worry me so. About Doctor Evans——"

"Yes."

"Is he—is he really hurt? Do tell me the truth."

"I will." Ariel spoke deliberately, resting her chin on her hand. "I've known Hugh Evans for a long time, and I've seen him in love before. And I believe that this went rather deeper than usual, perhaps, but not too deep to be perfectly healed some day, when he finds the girl who is meant for him really. So I don't think you need worry any more, Daisy dear. After all, you can't help being so absurdly pretty."

"I can help being a *cat*, and I will." Daisy set her little white teeth viciously. "Thank you, Ariel. That's just what I hoped, really and truly it was. Oh, look at that ducky little brown boy coming along in a boat made out of a tree trunk!"

The excitement of arrival at Colombo, the bustle, the colour, the general strangeness of the Eastern port held their attention. The two girls were eager to go on shore, and Hugh Evans had offered to be their escort. He joined them on deck soon after the anchor had descended with its grinding rattle, wearing a worried frown on his face.

"I'm bothered," he began abruptly. "It's about Isolde Casanova, confound her! And I'm afraid I don't beg your pardon a bit."

"We quite sympathise," Ariel said gravely. "But what about her?"

"Why, she's shut herself into her cabin. Nobody but the wretched little maid is allowed to go in; and she gives out that the signorina is ill."

"Well?"

"*Ill*, I said. And it may be true, of course. And if so——"

"You feel it your duty to attend her."

"Yes, only she won't let me. Oh, it's nothing to laugh at. Suppose she died."

"I don't think you need be afraid of that," Daisy said dryly, and her eyes were fixed on something unseen by the others. "Talk of the—angel!"

They turned to see a small procession advancing in stately fashion along the deck towards them.

In advance walked Isolde Casanova herself, dressed in white from head to foot. Her lace frock was ridiculous in its unsuitable costliness, a huge ostrich-feathered hat almost hid her face, and she carried a white satin sunshade.

Behind her Sophie appeared, or, rather, disappeared, so hidden was she by her burden of cushions, fans, and books. Signor Varasso, more pasty-faced than ever in his white drill suit, followed with more of the little pianist's properties.

Straight past the small group who watched her Isolde sailed, paying no more heed to them than to the stewards and sailors who followed with her huge pile of boxes. Straight down the gangway she went, to a boat which lay alongside. The manager and the maid sprang forward obsequiously to arrange cushions and wraps. The little Italian sank down amongst them gracefully, the native rowers dipped their oars, and the boat shot away towards the shore.

"Exit Isolde!" Hugh Evans spoke with a sigh of unfeigned relief.

"And a most dramatic exit too," Daisy added. "But we shall miss her, you know. I'm afraid that the rest of the voyage will be dreadfully tame and uneventful without her to keep us alive."

"I shan't complain," Evans said with the utmost fervour.

Ariel was silent, gazing after the retreating boat. Somehow there was to her, in spite or because of her greater knowledge, a touch of pathos about that erect, proud little figure. She spoke at last slowly.

"Of course, I'm glad that she has gone, but I'm *frightfully* sorry for her."

## MISS QUIXOTE

It really seemed as though Daisy's prophecy was to come true. For more than ten days nothing happened which could conceivably be called an event, as the *Marina* steamed south towards an unknown country, an unknown fate.

It was at sunset one evening that Hugh Evans joined the two girls on deck with the news that within the next twelve hours they would sight Australia.

"Twelve hours!" Daisy exclaimed. "Why, I was just going to say that we are within sight of land now. Look over there!"

She pointed away to the south-eastern horizon, where the sky was a clear lemon yellow, fading into misty grey. And there, as she had said, the loom of low-lying land was plainly visible. They could even discern the tall shape of a lighthouse, and near by something which was unmistakably a large sailing ship.

"Funny!" Evans stared with puckered brows. "The captain said we couldn't possibly be within sight of the coast until tomorrow, and yet—"

"And yet there it is! Here comes the captain. He'll explain."

The captain stared, like Evans, for a moment, then laughed suddenly.

"Look again, Miss Alsager," he said. "If I'm not mistaken, you'll notice something rather curious."

"It's clearer now," Daisy said slowly. "I see the lighthouse quite plainly, and— But, why, it's upside down! It's all upside down! There's a ship standing on its head, and— Captain, what does it mean?"

The captain laughed again, with a shade of uneasiness.

"It's a mirage," he said, "and a fine one, too. I've seen them before on this coast, and they nearly always mean something particularly bad in the way of weather. No, I don't like 'em a bit; but we'll hope for the best."

"I'm a little sorry that we're so near Australia," Daisy said that night, as she sat upright in the lower berth and watched Ariel at her hair-brushing. "It's the end of the voyage, and I don't want the voyage to be over. There's no time for any adventures now."

Perhaps Daisy tempted Fate again when she spoke so confidently.

Somewhere in the darkest middle of that night Ariel had a strange, vivid nightmare, the sort of nightmare which all of us must have experienced at one time or another.

She felt herself falling, falling into unknown depths, conscious that something terrible awaited her when she reached the bottom.

There came a mighty crash and the girl awoke, with a wailing shriek like that of a lost soul ringing in her ears.

## CHAPTER XII

### SHIPWRECK

STILL more than half asleep, Ariel clung to the edge of her bunk, eagerly grappling with the knowledge that the *Marina* was rolling as, surely, she had never rolled before. It seemed to the girl that she was in the clutch of a horrible nightmare—a nightmare in which they would go down and down to the very depths of the sea, without hope of recovery. And then, with a start, Ariel realised that she was fully awake, that it was all true.

The familiar return movement did not come; the ship had not recovered herself. Lying there in the dark, Ariel shivered with a sudden chill of fear.

She could see absolutely nothing. No luminous circle defined the porthole; it was all thick blackness.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a long-drawn, wailing shriek—the same shriek which had sounded through Ariel's dreams a moment before. It quivered away into silence, and at the same moment a little stifled cry sounded from close at hand.

"O-oh, Ariel! What's happened? I—I must have fallen out of bed!"

At once the human voice, the sense of human companionship, brought back Ariel's scattered wits. She forced herself to speak quietly and coolly.

"Are you all right, Daisy? Not hurt, dear? Do turn the light on. If I jump down, I may come on the top of you. Yes, the ship gave a tremendous roll; that was what threw you out. I should have done the same if I hadn't just waked up in time."

From the darkness below disjointed sentences rose to Ariel, punctuated by Daisy's movements.

"Oh, bother, my legs are all tangled up in the bedclothes. Good thing I wasn't in the top berth. There! Oh, Ariel, *how* we're rolling! The floor's so slanty I can hardly stand. What a nuisance! I'm sure to be sea-sick again. Where's that switch? It's so dark I can't even feel. Oh, here it is."

A long pause followed.

## THE QUIVER

"Well, haven't you found it? Do turn up the light, Daisy."

"I *am* turning it on, Ariel, but it won't light."

"Something's gone wrong, I suppose. Ring the bell, Daisy." Ariel struggled to keep from her voice the sudden unreasoning panic which gripped her. A moment of confused fumbling movements followed; then came Daisy's voice, this time pronouncedly frightened.

"I *am* ringing, but it won't sound. And—and— Oh, Ariel, what is all that fearful noise?"

Then for the first time Ariel realised that from the deck overhead came a wild confusion of sounds, growing louder each moment. Sharp orders rang out, with much confused talk and shouting, there was the grinding of tackle through sheaves, the clatter of down-flung ropes. And, above all, punctuating all, came those wailing, unearthly shrieks.

With a sense of immediate danger pressing close upon her, Ariel spoke with cheerful readiness.

"I think there must be a fog; that's a siren, of course. All right, Daisy, I'm coming down. Then we'll go and search for a steward, or somebody; I expect that the electricity has gone wrong somehow."

It was a work of real difficulty to descend from the upper berth whilst the ship lay over at such an acute angle, but at last Ariel stood beside Daisy in the darkness, supporting herself against the wall.

"Daisy, you're shivering with cold. Where are our dressing-gowns? Oh, here. Put it on at once, you bad child."

She pulled the soft, quilted garment round the trembling little figure, and went on speaking with the same cheerful common sense.

"Slippers! Oh, we shall never find them without a light. We must just keep on the carpet. Now, where's the door handle?"

She groped in the darkness and found the knob, wrenched at it, once, twice, without result. For a moment Ariel's heart seemed to stand still; for a moment she literally dared not tell the other girl of her discovery. But Daisy herself spared her the necessity.

"What is it?" she asked anxiously.

"Won't the door open?"

"I think it's jammed." Ariel's voice sounded strange even to herself. "Let go

of my arm for a moment, dear. I must try again."

But all the girl's efforts were entirely fruitless. It was impossible to get any purchase for their feet on the sloping deck, and at last Daisy began to cry softly.

"Oh, why doesn't somebody come?" she sobbed. "What can have happened?"

"Why nobody comes because, since that stupid bell has gone wrong, they don't know we want anything."

"The ship has stopped, Ariel; the engines aren't working. What does that mean, do you suppose?"

"Perhaps it's because of the fog. Perhaps it isn't safe to go on. Perhaps—" But Ariel's voice failed her; the brave falsehoods refused to be spoken. For the silence of the engines, that terrible slant of the deck causing the door to jam, surely could only mean something too bad to think of.

And they were shut up here in the horrible, dense darkness, trapped like wretched little mice who waited to be drowned.

Ariel could have screamed in the sudden sense of helplessness which seized upon her. She bit her lips fiercely, thankful for the darkness, since it hid her face from the other girl. Daisy began to sob again.

"Oh, I'm sure something dreadful has happened," she cried. "Oh, Ariel, do you suppose we're wrecked?"

"Don't cry so, dear. Even if something has happened, they're certain to send for us. Ah, listen!"

Ariel's voice rose on a note of sudden joy and relief, for, as though to seal her confidence, there came the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps, a quick question from outside the door.

"Miss Falkiner, are you there?"

"Oh, yes, yes, we're both here. Is that you, Brown?"

"Thank God!" Ariel just caught the muttered words, interrupting her before she continued rapidly:

"We can't get out. The door's jammed, or something."

There followed a space of silent, strained effort. The two girls could hear the steward's heavy breathing, yet although the door groaned and creaked, it would not yield.

"I can't manage it alone," Brown's voice came low and hurried. "I must fetch an axe to break it down. I'll go at once."



## MISS QUIXOTE

"But, oh, Brown, tell us what has happened." In spite of herself, Ariel's voice had a pitiful tremor.

"There's a fog," came from outside, quietly and reassuringly. "And we've collided with a big steamer, that's all. They're getting out the boats, and it's quite calm. Everybody will be taken on board the other ship. You mustn't be frightened, you know. Just put on some warm clothes while I'm gone; the fog's very chilly. Well, I'm off."

They heard his footsteps stumbling away into the distance, but the echoes of his quiet, unmoved voice seemed to ring in their ears. They obeyed his orders, thankful to have something to do instead of waiting idly in the darkness. Ariel even managed to make Daisy laugh a little as they groped here and there for their clothes.

"Here are some stockings, all mixed up. Never mind, put them on, anyhow; but I can't wear these shoes of yours, they're sizes too small. Let's put on all the thickest clothes we can find, on the top of each other, and our big steamer coats to finish up with."

"My fingers are too frightened to do up buttons," Daisy complained. "Whatever shall we look like when we do come out into the light?"

They were still struggling with shoe laces when there came the sound of returning footsteps, followed by a warning shout.

"Stand away from the door! We're going to break it down."

A rending, splintering crash was succeeded by a dazzling flash of light. Blinking, half blinded, Ariel could make out the shattered door panels and the dark figures of two men, as seen by an electric torch held high by the taller.

The white glare showed the faces of Brown and Hugh Evans with crude distinctness; but it was the steward who spoke, taking the lead with an odd air of authority.

"Come on! You're dressed? That's right. We mustn't wait any longer." Somehow the young man's voice, quiet as it was, told them the imminent need for haste. "You've got some things together? Doctor Evans, would you take Miss Alsager's dressing-case; I'll carry this bag. Now, Miss Falkiner, you'd better hold my arm; you'll find it frightfully difficult to keep your footing."

They were out of the trap of a cabin, stumbling along the dark alleyways, where

Evans's torch cast irregular lights and shadows. Then suddenly the doctor, who led the little party, started back with an amazed exclamation.

"Why, what on earth—who's this? Oh, you, Mrs. Green!"

An extraordinary figure the stewardess presented as she leant against the wall, both arms clasped tightly round an immense bundle which might well have held the washing of a family. Over a scarlet flannel dressing-gown she wore a black beaded mantle, and her hair, in two skimpy plaits, was crowned by a high bonnet adorned with nodding plumes. And round her capacious waist was fastened a huge lifebelt.

"What are you doing here, Mrs. Green? You oughtn't to have come back!" There was despair and exasperation together in the steward's voice. "I saw you on deck myself just now."

"Yes; but I 'eard as Miss Falkiner and Miss Alsager weren't safe, so down I come," the stewardess said placidly. "I've always understood as it's my duty to stay until the last of my ladies is off of the ship; an' I just stopped to put together a few things as I was 'ere."

"Well, let me have your bundle, and come on, quick!" Pulling Mrs. Green along by the arm, at a pace most unwonted with that fat and comfortable personage, Brown stumbled and slid towards the companionway.

It was just as they began the perilous ascent of the stairs that Evans gave a sharp exclamation.

"Ah, she's settling!"

Even as he spoke, the ship gave a mighty lurch, and Ariel caught a glimpse of Brown's face, very white and stern.

"Come on, there may be time still," he muttered under his breath.

It seemed an eternity before they reached the deck and emerged to find the fog enveloping everything like a clammy blanket. Only a few feet of wet, slippery deck could be seen, whilst here and there flares made splotches of light in the darkness.

A figure slipped and stumbled towards them; not until he spoke did Ariel recognise the trim and dapper captain of the *Marina* in this haggard, stern-faced man.

"You there— Oh, you've got the two ladies." There was a note of unutterable relief in his voice. "Well, they're the last, thank God! We'll get everybody off safely, I believe, before— Come on!"

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"Don't try to hurry too much, Miss Falkiner," said Brown, close beside her. "Hold on to the deck-house rail, so."

With eyes growing accustomed to the darkness, Ariel made out that the whole of the slanting deck was awash with water, lapping and creeping towards them. The rail on this side was covered, but beyond them the opposite deck sloped up sheer as a wall.

At short intervals the wailing shriek of a siren came from the darkness overside, and Ariel realised that the steamer which had run them down was standing by, invisible, waiting to pick up the sinking vessel's boats.

The captain shouted into the darkness, and was answered by the splashing of oars very close at hand.

"Only two, as yet, in this boat, sir; she's the collapsible."

"All right; get as near as you can. Look here, doctor, will you take charge? I can't come in this boat."

"I'm afraid I know precious little——" began Evans; but pressing close on his hesitation came Brown's steady voice.

"It will be all right, sir; I've had plenty of practice at Shrewsbury, and afterwards."

"That's all right!" The captain accepted the situation with relief. "Get in, then, quickly, all of you."

But it was a business easier to order than to perform. Hampered by skirts as they were, it was hard enough for Ariel and Daisy to slip and stumble down to the rail of the ship, to cling there, more than waist-deep in water. To Mrs. Green it seemed an impossibility. She clung tenaciously to the railing of the deck-house and refused to move after all the others, with the exception of herself and Brown, had been safely bestowed in the little boat, together with her own precious bundle.

"Come on, Mrs. Green." The steward roared and entreated. "You're only making it more dangerous for all of us. No, of course we won't leave you. You were so awfully plucky about staying behind to wait for the ladies. Don't lose your head now."

A shout came from the captain's boat, dimly visible through the darkness.

"Come on, sir. The ship's sinking!"

"For goodness' sake, man, get her in somehow!" the captain cried. "If you're not clear of the ship you'll all be sucked down."

By the dim light Ariel could scarcely distinguish what followed. She saw Brown seize the frightened woman and raise her bodily in his arms, saw him stagger and stumble towards the side of the ship.

One of the two sailors in the small boat caught Mrs. Green and hauled her aboard. But the steward could not save himself; he fell headlong into the sea, and for one ghastly moment it seemed that he must inevitably be drowned.

But, even as he sank, Ariel acted. Leaning perilously far over the side of the boat, she caught his collar, holding him up with all her strength.

Next instant Evans came to her help. Between them they succeeded in dragging Brown inboard, a limp, unconscious figure.

The two sailors pushed off and rowed with all their might, casting anxious backward glances towards the ship. Once more came the captain's voice out of the clammy darkness.

"All off?"

"All off, sir!" shouted Evans.

"But it'll be as much as we can do to get clear," one of the rowers muttered.

Regardless of direction, they pulled away into the blackness, their one aim to win clear of the imminent peril which threatened. Nightmare moments followed; the little boat seemed literally to crawl through the water.

From behind them, through the viewless darkness, came a strange sucking sound, a sound as though some gigantic whale were sinking below the surface.

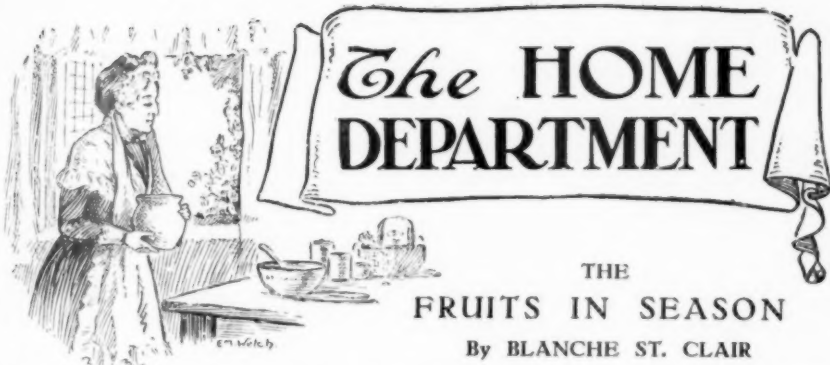
"She's going!" one of the sailors muttered hoarsely. "Pull, Bill, pull!"

Ariel could hear their hard, panting breaths as they threw themselves backward and forward, pulling for very life. Then all other sounds were lost in a gigantic explosion which seemed to fill the whole of the earth and sky with its reverberations.

"She's gone!" The man, Bill, flung himself forward over his oars. "And I—can't do—no more."

[END OF CHAPTER TWELVE]





# The HOME DEPARTMENT

## THE FRUITS IN SEASON

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

IN the little town of Pershore, in Worcestershire, there used to be (and probably is still, for country habits die hard) a quaint custom of adding a suffix to the name of the place, which varies according to whether the celebrated plum trees which crowd the surrounding district are bearing well or otherwise. Thus, when late frosts have played havoc with the young fruit, and plums are scarce and poor in quality, "Pershore-God-help-us" is the pathetic appellation by which the town is known to the farmers. But when the plum season is good and business, in consequence, flourishing, the name changes to "Pershore-what-do-you-think."

As I write, in April, the thermometer registers several degrees of frost almost every night in country districts, but the year is yet young, and it is to be hoped that long ere the blossom is over and the fruits of the different trees begin to "set," cold, frosty nights will be a thing of the past, and the farmers' wives will have good reason to ask for tickets to "Pershore-what-do-you-think" when taking their baskets of produce into the weekly market.

July is the busiest preserving month of the year, for during these short weeks gooseberries, currants, strawberries, raspberries, cherries, and loganberries have all attained that state of ripeness and full flavour which are necessary for making perfect jam and also for bottling for winter use.

Last year—which, as every housewife will remember, was a wonderfully prolific year for all kinds of fruit—I spent a week of this month with a cousin who is quite the most up-to-date and practical housewife I know. She is one of those lucky women who live

a few miles away from a large country town and rejoice in a kitchen and fruit garden of generous dimensions. Together we made preserves, *compotes*, syrups, and other delicious concoctions; and when we had exhausted the supply of sugar at hand, we turned our attention to bottling fruit so that there would be a good supply for puddings and pies during the winter months.

It was the extreme simplicity of her bottling process that particularly recommended itself to me, for my own method is much more elaborate and time-occupying, and I have carefully stored up the knowledge I acquired so that I might, at an appropriate season, pass it on to those of my QUIVER friends who are interested in this subject.

### A Simple Method of Bottling Fruit

Let us suppose the fruit to be preserved is cherries—those big, fat, black cherries that are so delicious when cooked in a tart. Select firm, ripe fruit, rejecting all that are bruised or bird-pecked. Remove the stalks and put the berries into a colander, and hold them under the cold-water tap. Move them about gently so that the skins are thoroughly cleansed but do not get broken. When all the water has drained away, place the cherries carefully on a dry cloth and roll them about gently till they are quite dry. Whilst the cherries are being prepared the bottles should be warming in the oven. One of the items of knowledge that I learnt was that it is not essential to use the bottles with glass screw-tops that are sold for preserving fruit—though these cost but 5s. 6d. per dozen, and can be used over and over again. However, in these expensive times,

## THE QUIVER

every shilling has to be considered, so I intend to use the tall, narrow-necked bottles in which fruit is sold in the shops, and of which I have hoarded a number in my empty-jar cupboard.

Take one of the warm bottles from the oven and drop the fruit in, cherry by cherry, until the bottle is rather more than three parts full. This should be done as quickly as possible, so that the bottle does not become quite cold. Fill the bottle with *boiling* water (from a kettle that is boiling on the fire), then put the bottle back in the oven. When all the bottles are full of fruit and boiling water, let the fire die down so that they cool in the oven. They are then ready to have the screw-tops put on, or, failing these, pour into the neck of each bottle sufficient hot mutton fat to make a layer about half an inch thick on the top of the juice. This hermetically seals the bottle, and can be easily taken off when the contents are about to be used. A very little practice in putting the fruit into the bottles will show how much space must be left for the boiling water. The fruit should be handled as little as possible and treated very carefully to prevent breaking the skin.

No sugar is necessary in this process; and for persons who use saccharine as a sweetening medium, this is quite the best method of preserving fruit whole. When making puddings or pies with this bottled fruit, rather more sweetening, either sugar or saccharine, must be added than would be used for the same fruit in a fresh state.

Fruit preserved in this way yields a good deal of juice; that is to say, all the boiling water poured in becomes juice, and there is generally too much to put into a tart or pudding. The surplus liquor can be converted into an excellent jelly or fruit mould.

For a jelly, allow 1 oz. of leaf gelatine and 3 oz. of loaf sugar to each pint of juice. The jelly can be made of one kind of liquor only, or several kinds mixed together.

For a fruit mould, mix 2 tablespoonfuls of cornflour with a little cold water and stir this into 1 pint of boiling juice. Sweeten to taste, and continue to boil and stir for three minutes, then turn into a wetted mould. Eaten with sugar and cream or custard, this is an excellent dinner or supper sweet.

Black, red, and white currants, raspberries,

gooseberries, plums of all kinds, blackberries, etc., can all be bottled by this simple process, and if fruit is plentiful this year there is no excuse for buying the much more expensive "ready-made" article.

With regard to recipes for making jams, most of us use the same, nowadays, as did our great-grandmothers a century ago. Occasionally one comes across a new mixture or blend, but I think the time-honoured mixtures of gooseberry and strawberry, red currant and raspberry, blackberry and apple, etc., are better than any newly invented concoctions. In all probability, the so-called "new" jams have already been tried, and rejected, by housewives who flourished many years ago.

The golden rules to be observed in jam-making are very simple:

- (1) Use only freshly gathered and perfect fruit.
- (2) Add the correct proportion of sugar.
- (3) Cook the jam just long enough—neither five minutes too short nor five minutes too long—to "set" when tried on a cold plate.
- (4) Turn the jam into clean and dry jars, and tie down securely.

Fresh fruit, whether cooked or uncooked, is now universally admitted to be a most wholesome food and one that should, whenever possible, be served at every meal. For breakfast it is usually eaten raw, though some persons who have tried this and found it disagree with them are not enthusiastic on the subject. Probably if they tried it again, cooked, they would become converted to this very wholesome habit.

Quite the best way of cooking fruit is to place it in an earthenware vessel, with or without sugar, and with about half the quantity of water that would be added if the fruit were to be stewed in a saucepan. The casserole should be covered and placed in an oven of quite moderate temperature. It is a good plan to cook the fruit for the following day's consumption after the middle-day or evening meal, when the oven is not required for other purposes and the heat is not too great.

Excellent both for health and palate as is fruit cooked in this way, a continued regime of the same food is apt to grow monotonous, even when the accompaniments of milky puddings or moulds are well varied.

## THE FRUITS IN SEASON

Tapioca or sago jelly makes a good foundation for mixing with cooked fruit, and the coldness of the jelly is very refreshing in hot weather. For a pudding that all children like, put  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of tapioca into a basin with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints of water and leave for twelve hours. Next morning boil the tapioca until it becomes a clear jelly. Allow this to cool, then beat in sufficient stewed fruit to flavour the jelly, and pile high in a dish. The fruit used for this pudding should certainly be cooked in a casserole with very little water, so that what liquor there is is thick and syrupy. If preferred, the tapioca can be boiled with a little flavoured milk, sweetened, and turned into a wetted mould and served with a border of stewed fruit.

Gooseberry fool is always well liked, but other fruits, which also make delicious "fools," are not often used for this purpose.

### Strawberry Fool

Remove the hulls from 3 lb. of ripe strawberries, mash them (with a wooden spoon) with 1 lb. of castor sugar. Pass the pulp through a sieve and add a few drops of carmine colouring. Have ready a pint of cold custard, and stir this into the pulp. Serve in custard glasses with savory fingers.

Although eggs are cheap during the fruit season, it is not necessary to be extravagant with them, and the following recipe will be found very useful for a "fool" custard:

Put a heaped tablespoonful of cornflour into a basin and mix it with a little cold milk. Add 4 tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, and stir in a pint of cold milk. Turn into a saucepan which has been previously rinsed with ice-cold water, and stir over the fire until the mixture has thickened and boiled for three minutes. Take the pan off the fire and let the contents cool. Meanwhile, beat

up a fresh egg and add it very gradually to the cornflour sauce. If the egg is added when the sauce is too hot, it will curdle. Stir the custard over the fire again for a few minutes, then flavour with any approved essence.

Raspberry fool is also good. Put 1 quart of ripe fruit into a casserole with 4 oz. of castor sugar. If the fruit is very juicy no water need be added, but sometimes it is necessary to put in about half a teacupful to prevent the fruit and sugar from burning. Cover and stand in the oven until the fruit is quite soft and can be passed through a hair sieve. Allow the pulp to become thoroughly cold before it is added to the custard.

### Gooseberry Meringue

Remove the tops and tails from 1 lb. of gooseberries, and put them, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of loaf sugar and a gill of water, into a casserole. When quite soft press them through a sieve, and add to the pulp 1 oz. of fresh butter, 2 oz. of crushed macaroons, and the yolks of two well-beaten eggs. Line a pie-dish with pastry, pour in the mixture, and bake until the pastry is cooked. Whip the whites of the eggs with castor sugar, pile them on the pudding, and return it to the oven for a few minutes for the meringue to delicately brown.

### Strawberry Pudding

Mix together 3 oz. of breadcrumbs, 3 oz. of flour, 2 oz. of castor sugar, and 3 oz. of finely chopped suet. Remove the hulls from 4 oz. of fine strawberries, and crush the fruit with the back of a spoon. Beat up two eggs, add the fruit and a few drops of cochineal or carmine colouring to them, and stir into the dry ingredients. Butter a mould, pour in the mixture, and steam for two hours.

Mrs. St. Clair will be pleased to answer inquiries on matters dealt with in these pages, but a stamped envelope must be enclosed. Address—"Mrs. St. Clair, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C."





# A HANDSOME TABLE-CENTRE

With Detailed Instructions for Working

By NORA WALDRON

WITH the coming of the summer it is probable that we shall see a revival of fancy work of various kinds.

War-work has occupied a great many women through the winter; but, even if we consider it merely in the light of a holiday relaxation, a change from the strictly utilitarian in favour of a little purely decorative needlework will be welcome.

This beautiful piece of work is sure to appeal to all lovers of embroidery. It has been specially designed for those of quiet, refined taste who like to give to their household linen that personal touch which makes all the difference between the hopeless mediocrity of one home and the intangible atmosphere of culture in another.

If preferred, the table-centre could be worked in colours, and the effect would then be very rich. But in this case white has been chosen for two good reasons.

No matter how we may be attracted individually by colour, there is no doubt that white work is more serviceable, and in these days of somewhat severe household and personal economies, that is a consideration of which we must not lose sight.

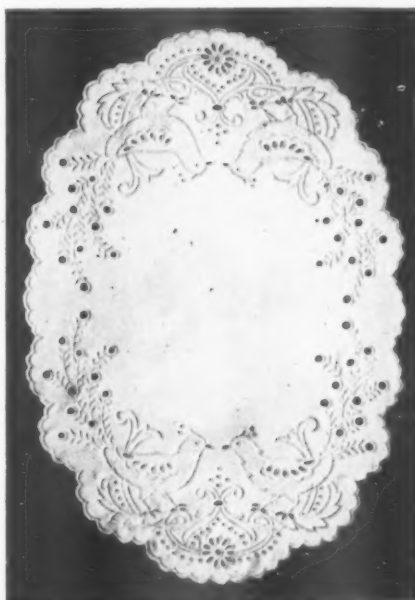
This particular class of work is eminently suitable for a holiday "task," as it takes up little compass, is easy to carry about, and if it should get soiled in the working, that is no detriment to its ultimate beauty and utility.

## The Materials

Arrangements have been made for readers to be supplied with the materials required,



Diagram 1—Padding the Leaves.



The Table-Centre.

comprising the centre traced on white linen of good quality, and six skeins of Floss Embroidery Thread.

The size of the centre when finished is 23 inches by 16 inches. The work is done in "Peri-Lusta" Floss Embroidery, No. 14. This is very much of the same nature as filoselle, and will be found quite pleasant and easy to manipulate. These materials will be sent on receipt of a postal order for 2s. 6d., post free in the British Isles. Foreign readers should enclose extra postage.

Orders should be addressed to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., the envelope marked "Embroidery."

Although the general effect is so handsome, it is achieved by very simple means. The work is the kind known as *Broderie Anglaise*. English women ought to feel it an honour for this particular class of work to be so named, for it must be confessed that,

## A HANDSOME TABLE-CENTRE

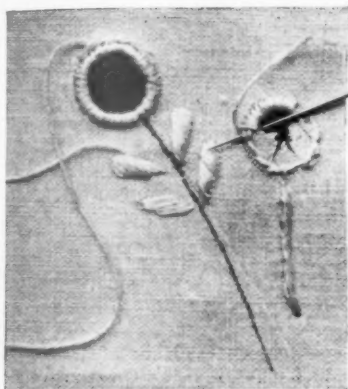


Diagram 2—The Berries.

far from being exclusively English, much more of it is done on the Continent than in our own land. It is, however, becoming better known, and bids fair to supersede other classes of work which have been in popular favour from time to time. With the description of the stitches and help from the working diagrams, nobody with even the most elementary knowledge of needlework has any reason to be afraid of attempting it.

It shows a successful combination of solid and open work. The former requires but little description, as it is already well known. The latter only needs to be better known to be used with greater frequency.

### The Stitches

Let us take the simplest stitches first. Diagram 1 shows the method employed to get the best effect for the solid portions. The stems, leaves, conventional curves, and the outline of the birds are all done in padded satin stitch worked obliquely to the direction of the curve. For the stems, birds' legs, and other finer lines, the satin stitch is done over a simple outline stitch. For the leaves and other wider portions it is over padding, as shown in Diagram 1. The padding must go in the reverse direction to that of the curve, so that there may be

no confusion of the threads when the covering is done.

Diagram 2 shows one small leaf at the bottom on the left padded, the one above only part covered, and the two at the right finished. The method of managing the berry shown here is unmistakable. The tracing of the ring is covered with outline stitch. Three cuts are then made diagonally across the enclosed space, dividing it into six small triangles. These are not cut away, but are sewn over and over, and the thread pulled rather tightly, though not, of course, enough to cause any dragging of the material. This helps to give strength and solidity, and keeps the hole very clear. Outline stitch worked round, quite close to the other work, completes the berry, the first ring of stitching being regarded as padding, and covered by the sewing over and over.

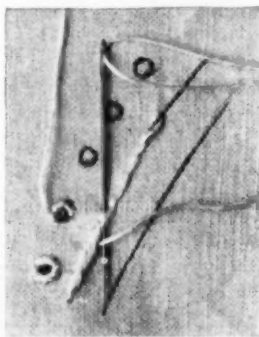


Diagram 4—The Eyelet Holes.

The daisy is worked in precisely the same way over one slit made down the middle of the petal, as shown in Diagram 3. Care must be taken to get the inner point sharp and the outer edge nicely rounded. The centre is like the berries, only smaller.

The birds' beak, claws, and wing feathers are worked in the same way, with the sharp point well marked. The eye and crest tuft are simple eyelet holes. Diagram 4 shows how these are done. None of the material is cut away, the hole being merely pierced by a stiletto, and the stitching done

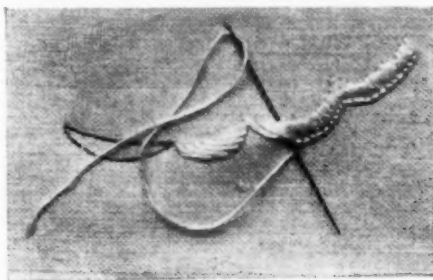


Diagram 5—The Scalloping.

## THE QUIVER

over and over. All the small holes are treated alike.

The feathered effect is obtained by a "powdering" of what are often called seed stitches. They are merely short satin stitches, two placed close together to make a spot, and the spots arranged so as to be in line with the weave of the linen and also with each other diagonally. The illustration giving the enlarged portion shows this quite clearly.

The birds are finished with a scalloped edge round the wing in close buttonholing, done exactly like the outer edge of the table-

centre. This is shown in Diagram 5. The padding should be evenly laid, and the covering stitches fairly close. It is a mistake, however, and one frequently made by a beginner, to

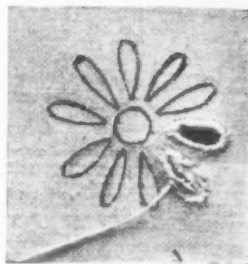
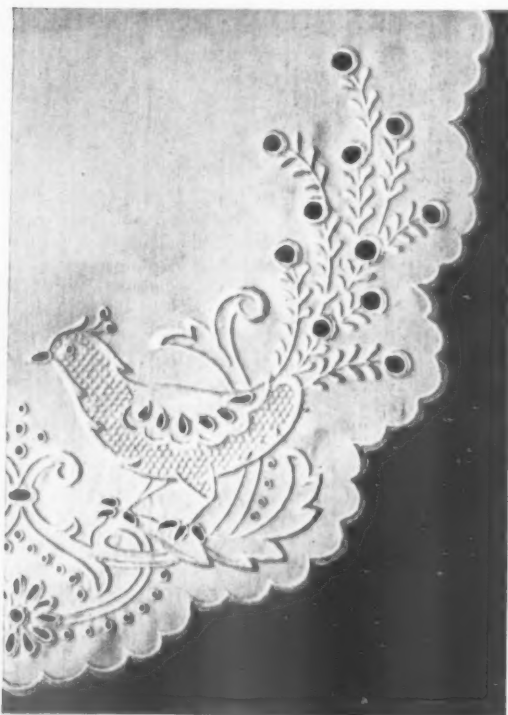


Diagram 3—The Daisy.



One Quarter of the Centre.

pack them so that the edge is inclined to frill. On the other hand, to leave even a slight space between them, through which the padding is visible, gives an impression of carelessness quite out of keeping with the type of work and the desired appearance.

### The Finishing

When the embroidery is completed, the linen outside the scalloped edge must be cut away with a pair of sharp scissors.

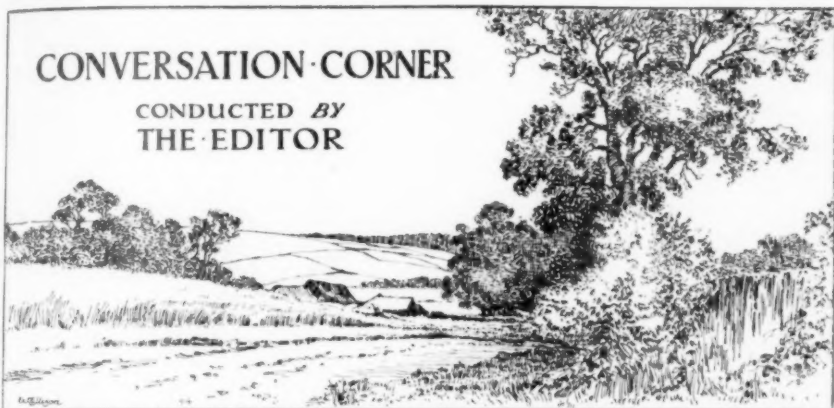
The work should then be damped, turned face downwards on a blanket, and well pressed with a hot iron. In this way the pattern will be stamped out, and the general effect much enhanced.

A word of warning may be given to anyone who finds that her work is soiled. It is, under these conditions, much better for the table-centre to be thoroughly washed and boiled before this final ironing, as otherwise the dirt will be pressed in, and its desired snow-white appearance will not return until it has been laundered repeatedly.



## CONVERSATION CORNER

CONDUCTED BY  
THE EDITOR



### The Robin on the Battlefield

THE literature of the battlefield accumulates. Amid much that is awful and some that is sordid, one is constantly arrested by the heroic and charmed by the sublime. In a recent letter from the front in one of the papers, the writer describes how, amid all the awful din of the battle he saw a robin calmly perched on a tree. Guns were roaring, men were falling, the din of the conflict dominated the world, but the robin calmly preened himself in the sunshine, unmoved.



### God's in His Heaven

A LITTLE touch of that kind gives one a moment's relief from the awful thought of war. We are living in a time of strain almost unprecedented; we are apt to ask if the foundations are not giving way; forms of barbarism we thought long banished from our midst have reared their ugly heads, hurt and shocked us. We question the fruits of our boasted civilisation, the reality and power of Christianity; the war obsesses our thoughts and distorts the calm of our minds. And we look up. The robin is still calmly perched on the tree; Nature survives; God is in His heaven, even if it is not all well with the world.



### The World of Nature

OF course, the robin sits on his tree unmoved because he has not the intelligence to know that the whole world is engaged in war. Presently, maybe, a stray bit of shrapnel will burst under his tree, and he—like so many other innocent victims—

will lay down his life for a reason he cannot understand.

But the unconcerned robin cheers us, because he reminds us of another world that still goes on, however much the world of man may be shaken. The cannon's shot may rip up the earth, destroy lives, lay houses in ruins; and we feel that the effects of war's hideous ravages can never be undone. . . . But Nature comes along, the kindly grass and the beautiful flower grow on the deformities of man's destructive work, and help to heal the sores of the nations. Surely, in no year as in this has the resurrection of spring-time been more welcome. In the dark cold of winter it seemed impossible that the trees could ever live again, that the sun would warm the earth and Nature leap forth with flower and fruit. Yet, this year, as in other and more normal times, the summer has come; Nature has fulfilled her work and the birds have sung again.



### At the Back of Nature

IT is cold comfort thinking and talking about Nature unless we can believe that behind her is Nature's God. To the Christian the close study of Nature must ever come as a strengthening of faith. The first article in this present issue shows "Nature's Provision for her Feathered Babies." This protective colouring that ensures that the nestlings shall have a chance in a world of enemies: is this some blind accident, or automatic working of an unthinking machine—or is there, at the back of Nature's ways, an Intelligence that has ordered all our ways so that "not one sparrow falleth without your Heavenly Father knoweth"?

## THE QUIVER

From the seeds of the wayside to the spots on the sun seems such a stupendous distance that the human mind can hardly grasp the small and the great of it. Yet both the microscope and the telescope reveal wonders that the materialist glibly ascribes to "Nature," but which to the thinking mind can only speak of God.

Yes, above the strife of men, the conflicts on land and sea, the desolation and the anguish, there is a God who reigns. Deeply, intimately is He concerned with the struggle that fills our minds; yet, too, He is able to give thought to the minutest particular of the humblest life in this great world of ours. Ever at work is He, yet unhasting and undisturbed.



### The Promise of Summer

THE meadows and the hedges are full of life, where but a few months ago all was cold and forbidding. Notwithstanding the black threat of winter, summer has broken up the earth and cast its glamour over the fields. The miracle of Nature has happened. And just as surely as the iron grip of winter has been broken and is at an end, so surely, in God's good time, shall we see an end of war, and peace shall reign over the earth.



### For Holiday Reading

IN spite of the war most people will find it necessary to take a holiday of some sort, and my August number will be specially suited for holiday reading. The leading feature will be the stories, but, in addition, there will be articles more or less topical to the times. Our forces at the front will not be forgotten, and I shall give a number of illustrations depicting Church Service on one of Admiral Jellicoe's battleships "somewhere" in the North Sea.



### The Silent Navy

IT is well that, whilst we tend to be so absorbed in the doings of our gallant Army, we should also remember the work of the "silent Navy," without whose vigilance not only should we be unable to maintain our armies abroad, but we should be brought to starvation. When we say grace for our daily bread ought we not to remember our sailors—out in all weathers, waiting and watching? Alas, it is not always just that, for often the toll of the sea is paid in the lives of brave men.

### To Help the Sailors

IT is a very practical rule not to allow any kind of sympathy to run to waste; if we feel sympathy and admiration for our brave sailors let us show it in some practical way. There is one society which has been constantly trying to pay the debt we owe our sailors—the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. At the outset of the war the society—which is the oldest organisation working for the sailor—handed over every available Home and Institute under its jurisdiction to the common cause. Since then it has been doing its utmost to help the sailors. It may astonish some when they are told that already more than 35,000 warm garments and winter woollens have been collected and dispatched to the sailor lads. In view of the very cold weather through which our men have been passing, such gifts have been appreciated to the full. Several tons of books, magazines and bright wholesome literature have been dispatched to the Battle Squadrons at sea. Without respect to anything save need, the society has provided for the material comforts of the sailors, and in so doing has received hundreds of letters indicating the warmest possible gratitude from the officers and the men themselves.



### Caring for All

THE society cares for the sailors of every nationality, and only recently, when the coloured firemen off the *Manga* (which was sunk by the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*) were landed at Las Palmas, it was at the society's Institute that they found a home until the consul shipped them back to their homes at Sierra Leone. The same kind of work is also repeatedly carried on at their Sailors' Homes and Institutes at Havre, Buenos Aires and Milford Haven, where the passengers and crews of the torpedoed ships *Falata*, *Highland Brae*, *Hemisphere*, *Polaro*, *Dulwich*, etc., have been received and well looked after. At the present time the society is in need of some £20,000 to carry on its great work. I know that there are enormous and varied claims on the nation, but I feel sure that many of my readers will value the privilege of helping on a work of this character. I shall be pleased to receive gifts. Who will help?

*The Editor*





*Our Own  
Corner,  
July, 1915*

**MY DEAR COMPANIONS,**—This is the busy month of examinations for you school boys and girls, and of thought and preparation for holidays for you and, generally, for the grown-up members also. Perhaps this year our younger members will have the bigger share of holidays. It may be that the war will mean for many of us the giving up of our summer weeks at the sea or in the mountains. In that case we must just make the best of it.

I once heard a famous man say that when he couldn't go for a holiday in reality he had one in imagination. His plan was to take that fat red book which some of you know—the Continental Bradshaw—and having decided on some route that he would take in body if he could, he would look up his trains and hotels, and spend some time in thought in the stopping places, and all along the journey way. In this fashion he found relief from pressing work, and he said it did him lots of good. Personally, I find good guide-books more pleasure-giving than the Bradshaw in such case. Often, when I long to get away, and cannot, I dig out the map that has accompanied me on some happy holiday, and go over the ground again; and then the books—guide-books that I studied

at the time, or perhaps some book (novel or otherwise) that I read during the particular holiday. Or else I get a book about some country or place I long to visit. It does freshen one up; and I recommend the plan to those whose circumstances deprive them of change of place for this year's holidays. For those whose work is an all-day absorbing business, in office or home, an early morning quarter of an hour with a really good guide-book, or an interesting book of travel, is an exhilaration for the later hours—if the worker possesses imagination!

No doubt some of our school boys and girls will rediscover their own gardens and neighbourhoods this year, if they, too, are unable to go away. I hope you will all write and tell me of the discoveries; and remember that you must find chance, and use it always, for giving some holiday rest and joy to mother, father, and the other dear people of your homes. Then you will have the holiday feeling yourself, and have happiness in spite of all.

And oh! do please make a special note of a particular request I shall make in a moment or two. You have joined hands so splendidly with me in the past, and now I want more help and more helpers.

We have a shoal of letters this month that you will enjoy. I must pass on some of them to you at once.

## THE QUIVER

Here is part of a letter from Toronto :

"It was good to get THE QUIVER on Monday," wrote EDITH M. JONES, "as it has seemed a long wait till this one came. We are all so interested in the story 'Dust of Life'; we loan our copy to our neighbour, and three in their house are reading it also, so it is quite a scramble for it when it comes. I think the other stories are good this month too, but oh! if only the war stories were merely historical and did not have such a touch of twentieth-century pathos about them! We in Canada are at last feeling the touch of tragedy of it all. . . . Our winter, though not severe all the time, has been steady since November, and the snow is still very deep on all the side streets, but clearing it from the main thoroughfares after the heavy falls gave welcome work to hundreds of the unemployed. The war has tied up money so that big works where men might be employed have not the finances to go on. I see by to-day's paper that our own soldiers are now fighting, so there are many anxious hearts here, I expect."

The next in my Letter Box comes from GERTIE FOSTER (Westmorland):

"DEAR ALISON,—Thank you very much," she wrote, "for your kind letter, which I was very pleased to receive, and also the badge, which I like very much. I am very interested in your Corner. I like THE QUIVER very much. We had snow here yesterday; quite like winter again. We are going to Scarborough for a time; we go a week to-morrow. I will write and tell you about it. There was a concert held here last Saturday to help some more Belgians. We enjoyed it very much. A Belgian boy who is here plays the 'cello very well; he played at it. What a lot of Colonial Companions we have! It is very nice to have them, as they tell us what they do in their countries. It is nice for David to earn his own living, and Violet, Lena, and Philip seem very happy. Is not the disease in Serbia terrible? And they seem such brave people. A nurse from somewhere near here has gone; it was very brave of her, as they tell her in London that she is going to certain death."

Here is part of a letter from KATHLEEN BURGESS (Lincolnshire):

"How pleased I was to get your letter! It is the first I have had all to myself. To-day I went into the garden and found sweet violets and primroses. Crocuses are coming up all over, and daffodils are also opening. Don't you think that the trees and flowers awaking up from their long sleep into a new life are sent to remind us of the Resurrection? And to give us fresh hope and courage? . . . I forgot to tell you we have a peacock, and he is so tame that he takes bread out of our hands. We call him 'Tommy.' He put his new tail up for the first time this morning and showed it to the hens."

The following letter tells of a bit of genuine work for our Corner, the like of which is always useful. It was effective work, too, as you have had evidence:

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I wrote to my friend Elsie Smith and asked her to join our Corner, and she says she would like to become a Companion. She asked me to write to you and introduce her. She is at boarding school now, but we used to go to the same school together in —. I do hope we shall be able to get some more members in —; it would be splendid to have a little Group; we should be better able to help the Fund if there were several of us. Isn't it splendid to think that David is earning his living? It is a relief—now that the war is draining our resources so badly. But we must

not flag in our efforts, must we? I hope we shall soon be able to help another child in David's place. I am enclosing six stamps as a small gift for the Fund. I wish I could send more. I have been rather busy lately, as my mother has been ill, but she is getting better now. On Sunday afternoons I go to Holy Trinity Church, as there is a Young People's service there. Sometimes there are competitions. Just before Christmas I won a consolation prize for a hymn competition. Holy Trinity Church supports a missionary, Dr. Cook, at Mengo. The members of the Young People's service help. Last year Dr. Cook came to England. He gave a very interesting lecture about his work in Uganda. Alison, do you think some of the Companions, if they are not already members of the Scripture Union, would like to join? If they would, perhaps they could write to me, and I would send them the cards. I have got a little branch of nineteen members, but am anxious to obtain fresh ones. . . . My poor dog Bruce had an attack of pneumonia a few weeks ago, but he is better now. I usually take him with me when I go out. This morning I went to the dentist's. Bruce went with me and waited outside the door."

So wrote KITTY WILLERS (Cambridgeshire). How fine it would be if every present member of our Companionship were to do as Kitty has done!

It had been long since NESTA PRICHARD (N. Wales) wrote. This is part of a letter which I was glad to receive:

"The Head master of the school had taken three Belgians. M. — knew some English. He was a banker. As he went to the school every day he got to know my French teacher, and he happened to come in one evening as I was having lessons, and came each time until his little girl got whooping cough. Then they removed to B., and about a fortnight ago the head master told the girls that the little Belgian girl had died of pneumonia. Wasn't it sad? During their stay another Belgian family came to this district. The family consisted of eight, and very soon after they came here the youngest—a boy—died. He was two years old, I think. The eldest girl is only fourteen, and she is such a nice girl. I have met and have used as much of my French as I could. It is very sad to hear how the Germans came there and how cruel they were towards them. Only the eldest girl knows some French, and it was so difficult to make the parents understand. The younger children have not only learnt English well, but have learnt Welsh recitations. Really, it was a treat to hear them. I am sure all of the Companions are glad to hear of David's success. I am sending a shilling, and hope to send more next time."

### A Peep at an Australian Home

MARJORIE GRIFFITHS sent me a letter which contained a glimpse of her country home among the hills.

"It is Sunday afternoon," she wrote, "and I am sitting on our front veranda, which is very big and broad, almost the size of a room. We have the most glorious view from here, with hills in front of us, and in the breaks between the hills on clear days we can see the water of Phillip Bay. It is not very clear to-day. Behind our house there is a range of hills, and beyond that is the railway line. This district is becoming very popular as a week-end resort, but few people care to build their week-end houses so far from the station as we are, so we do not see many people here. I meant to finish this letter

## COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

before, but was in town all day yesterday at an afternoon tea given by the women of the University to the 'freshers.' There are a good many girls up from our school this year, and I knew several second and third year girls also. After the tea the second and third year women showed us the lecture-rooms, so that we should know where to go on our first day. I meant to send some money for our Fund this mail. I had no time yesterday to get a P.O., but I hope to send it very soon. With love and all good wishes."

We all wish you, Marjorie, a happy time as a "fresher," and a successful career at your University. Please write and tell us of your experiences.

VERA KIRKBY wrote from Australia also. She had not been able to get THE QUIVER for several months.

"The war has made itself felt here in more ways than one," she writes; "and although a long way from the scene of the war itself, we are not likely to forget it. The khaki uniform is seen here, there, and everywhere. All the offices have lost men and boys, and all the homes fathers and sons. One out of each home group may not amount to a great percentage, but it leaves almost everyone with someone gone in whom they are interested. Again thanking you for the book. With love and good wishes."

ESSIE DALEY is another generous correspondent in the great Commonwealth. You will all enjoy her last letter, for which I am sending her a Letter Prize. Shouldn't we all like to take that trip in the Blue Mountains this summer!

"MY DEAR ALISON,—We have just received the January QUIVER. It is a very good number. We have had some adventures since we came here. The

Blue Mountains are noted for the number of snakes that have been seen and killed. Father and I were down Pope's Glen, and I was picking ox-eyed daisies, and when I turned to come back there was a snake in front of me. I am very nervous of snakes, having had several frights with them. Father came to my assistance and killed it. The snake meas-

ured 3 feet 6 inches, and was between a brown and black variety. Since then father killed one here in our own place and hit another on the tail, but he was too far in his hole—nevertheless he must have suffered with a very sore tail. All the Christmas holidays were wet. I had two friends up for a few

days, and it rained the whole time. One day Olga and I went to the Bridal Veil Fall, and it started to rain. We got to a shelter shed and sat down and laughed and ate plum pudding. The rain simply fell down, and we were very busy watching some ashes that had not been wet for a long time, never thinking

that while they were being covered our crossing was also being flooded. When we came to cross the stones that before only had the everyday stream flowing gently by, we found them covered with 2 feet of water. We climbed to the top and looked at the 'Veil,' which was a rushing flood of dirty-coloured water, and then we wended our way home

through all the wet bushes and swamp, and came home the back way. We were for all the world like a pair of drowned rats, but we only laughed through it all, and enjoyed ourselves immensely.

"I would like to try to describe to you a few of the beauty spots of Blackheath. One to be remembered is the Grand Canyon, which is about four or five miles to the top of it from here. A few weeks back a party of three sisters, their aunt, father, mother, and myself went in our motor to see the Grand Canyon. We left here at two o'clock, and in no time we were at Evans' Look-out, from which can be obtained a most delightful view of depths too wonderful to describe. Tier upon tier of mountains rising up one above the other. In the distance was to be seen, towering up, Mount King George and Mount Hay, and when the morning or evening tints are on these mountains it is a sight that you would go miles to see. Well, we four young girls all went down to view the scenes below. We went down several hundred steps, and came to several ladders—and such ferns! There were our native Tree Fern, Lady Fern, and innumerable others, all of which had their own beauty. We had a camera with us, and we stood behind some of the ferns and were snapshotted. There were several creeks to cross, which at Christmas time were all flooded. One of the girls put her foot in. I very nearly slipped in, but that only made fun. We visited a fall called Pope's Fall, which was very beautiful and had ferns growing all round it. From there we visited a place called the Cathedral. It was a massive place, and anyone would wonder who carved it out; but that was before our time, and is too marvellous to begin to think about. We then started to ascend, and it brought us from the cool depths below to the heat of the sun. A little farther on we came to another waterfall, and in the middle of this is a pool, which looks so still, it makes one feel funny. It has also a fathomless bottom. We drank some of the cool water and wended our way still farther up, had a few more rests, and came to the last ladder and hill, and at the top was Neate's Glen. We arrived at the top to find the rest of our party waiting for us; the tea was made, and I can tell you the sandwiches, cakes, and all the good things found some very hungry people ready to do justice



Kathleen Heard.



Marjorie Heard.

## THE QUIVER

to them. The trip took two and a half hours to walk—a smart walker could do it quicker, but one does not need to rush along, the sights and ferns are so lovely. We arrived home after having a delightful time.

"Trip No. 2—Blackheath Glen. Maud, Olga, and I walked through the rain with macs and umbrellas to the Glen. Maud had a nasty accident when leaving Sydney to come here; she fell and injured her kneecap, which made walking a painful thing to do. But, anyway, we bathed and rubbed it with embrocation, and she got along well. Of course we could not take short cuts, because the hills were steep and slippery, and bad knees do not like being jarred. So we followed the road, and it was all full of water, but we sang 'It's a long way to Tipperary,' and at last we arrived at the bottom, and then the different species of trees and ferns began to be noticeable. There were mountain ash, gums, beech, and numerous other kinds of trees. The height of several of these trees is wonderful; it makes your neck ache trying to look at the top. At that time of the year the beech was laden with a red flower very like our native Christmas Bush, but of different leaf and a much larger flower. We picked a bunch and brought it home. As we got farther down the tree ferns began to peep out, and right at the bottom they were about 20 feet high and just looked like umbrellas. The road rises up, and on our right were cliffs of heights too wonderful for me to count the feet of, and dividing the cliffs on our left was a sweet little stream gurgling along over and under stones, ferns, and shrubs, and all around it were beautiful ferns of several varieties, sizes, shapes, all enjoying the stream and rejoicing in the recent rains; so at Christmas time they all had clean coats and had fresh looks. Some of the large trees were rejoicing in fresh bark; others were only shedding theirs then, and every now and again a piece of old bark would fall. It made me think that it was as if the tree was thinking 'I will have a new dress to start the new year with.' We began to come homewards, and when we got near the top we looked back, and the view of the Megalong Valley was a picture. There was the *blueness* of which these mountains are noted for, and there was a fine mist which gave it a hazy appearance, of which I cannot begin to describe, only I can say the view is one which once seen never fades from your memory. I could tell of several others, but I am sure this will weary you, so I will postpone the high views till another day. Success to the H.W.W.C., and I hope there is another protégé coming in place of David. Love from yours truly, ESSIE DALEY."

Quarter-days do not come more regularly than comes EDITH PENN'S (Somersetshire) collecting book with contributions to the Violet Fund.

"DEAR ALISON," says her last letter,—"Thank you for your letter. I am very busy in my garden just now. I have decided to have pansies instead of London pride in the borders. I think London pride looks so formal, don't you? We are having better weather, and such lovely sunsets. I always go into the garden to see the sun set, as we have no windows facing it. The sun used to set a lovely crimson in the sea at Aberystwyth when we were staying there. Aren't the Welsh mountains grand? They make one feel so small. I expect it is very nasty in London at night with half the lights out. I have a friend there who is simply longing to come home again. She says it is dreadful not to be able to go out into the lanes and fields to look for violets."

That hunger for the country is usually strongest, I fancy, in the spring. Many of us can sympathise with Edith's friend. And

when we *can't* have the lanes and fields and all their treasures, we have to look, Edith, for the compensations of London. There are some, you know.

"We have another dog now," writes QUEENIE COX, "a fox terrier, quite a puppy. We teach him to do tricks and all sorts of things. If I say to him 'Go in the corner,' he goes in the corner of our dining-room with his face to the wall. Then I say 'Turn round and beg,' and he will do it. I can make him jump over my hands. With much love to the Four, and an extra bit for you. I will do my best to find you a helper."

Thank you, Queenie. HERIOT found you for us; you find someone else; someone else finds yet another someone—that's the way for our Companionship to grow! How is the jackdaw this spring, Queenie? I should say "Thank you" also for your card. It is pleasant to receive post cards between letters as a proof that one is remembered constantly.

### This Letter Comes from an Outside Friend

"DEAR ALISON,—I wonder if the scrap-books I am sending will be of any use at this time of year. I noticed you were regretting that you had received no scrap-books at Christmas to take round with the dolls to the cripple children. As the making of scrap-books is a little hobby of mine I thought I would at least send you one or two, and you could do as you thought best as to keeping them till next Christmas or not. You will notice that they are made light, for invalid children to hold. They are made of penny drawing books, covered with glazed lining, and decorated outside as well as inside with pictures of many kinds, amongst them a good number of advertisements which are often so charming. I am too old, I fear, to be a Companion, but I read the Companionship Pages every month with the greatest possible interest, and thoroughly enjoy the letters from the Companions, also all the news about the children who are supported by the members. I enclose a small donation to the Funds. Yours sincerely, ONE CHARMED WITH THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES."

The gift which accompanied this kind letter was acknowledged by post, and the scrap-books were passed on at once to be given to little invalid children. They would give much pleasure—and, in homes such as they went to, gifts of this kind become precious treasures, whether received at Christmas or other times. We are all glad to add another to the list of friends who cheer us by their help—although we don't think them too old for our Companionship as they themselves prove by their actions for us.

And now for

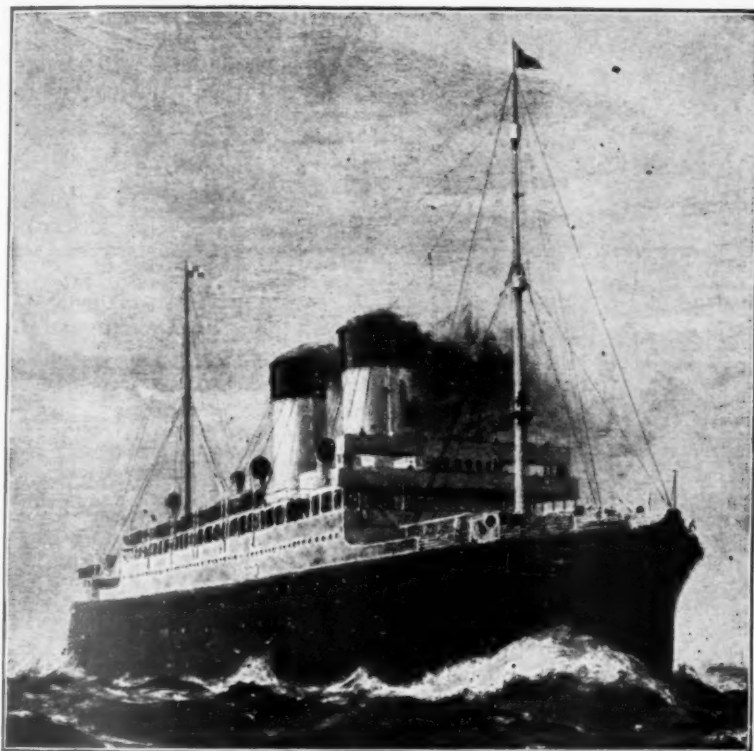
### A Most Delightful Surprise

which I had a few days before writing this Corner.

What do you think it was? I was open-

THE QUIVER

# CANADIAN PACIFIC



Magnificent Twin-Screw Steamers

**"MISSANABIE"**

and

**"METAGAMA."**

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## THE QUIVER



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**La-rola**

#### PALE COMPLEXIONS

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ENGLAND.

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Series No. 3

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DE-LUXE**

**MINT  
DE-LUXE**

#### It's a Man's Sweet

Tommy loves it—speaks of "baccy" and Mackintosh in the same breath. He knows how good and delicious it is—how it cheers and nourishes.

#### SEND

him *some of both*—and cheer him on his way to "Tipperary."

4-lb. tins 5/-; or 1/4 per lb. loose, from all confectioners.  
Me 11



#### A Favoured Flavour

Already the latest of Mackintosh's Toffees—MINT-de-LUXE has jumped into favour. Its very, very nice flavour is obtained by real English Mitcham peppermint.

#### TAKE

some home every week-end and introduce the Mackintosh Habit into your home.

"Tipperary's nearer—MACKINTOSH is here!"

## "PUNCH" WAR VOLUMES

Edition for

### "The Daily Telegraph"

THE Publishers of *The Daily Telegraph* announce that they have made arrangements by which they are able to offer to readers of this magazine a limited edition of the

## Two Volumes of "PUNCH"

at the price of **15/-** for the two Volumes (instead of 21/-)

The first volume, from July 1, 1914, includes the record of events leading up to the War, the invasion of Belgium, the Declaration of War, Mobilization and events to January 1st. The second volume includes PUNCH'S record of events up to June 30th of this year. PUNCH has been a national asset for nearly 80 years, but by universal consent in no period of its history has it been so consistently excellent as during the past twelve months. All the Special numbers of PUNCH will be bound in these volumes.

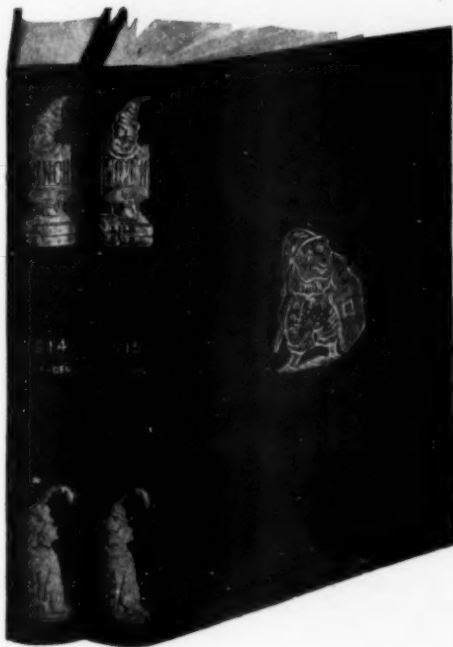
The binding of *The Daily Telegraph* edition will commence as soon after the 30th June as possible.

The volumes, consisting of more than 1,200 pages, will be bound in rich red cloth, gold-blocked on sides and back, and will be precisely the same in every respect as the volumes issued at 21s. the set; being printed at the same time on the same presses as the Guinea Edition.

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Orders must be sent only on the Coupon cut from page 3, and will be accepted only by

**The Daily Telegraph**  
FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.



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Edition for  
**"The Daily Telegraph"**

**I**T must, by this time, have been realized by everyone (for surely in these stirring times everybody who is anybody sees PUNCH every week) that since the outbreak of War PUNCH has risen to a more important position in British life and in British history than it ever



### Cartoonists Mark History

Mr. Balfour, speaking of "our great comic journal, which has given us week by week a picture of what Britons are thinking of" has said: "I do not believe that the satire of that journal has ever left a wound. I do not believe that any man has felt sore, not even for half an hour, so happy has been the taste, so wide the discretion, which has guided the general policy of that journal."

"What scope and amplitude there is in the record which Mr. PUNCH has given to us and to posterity, week by week, of British history! Think of the Ministries which he has seen rise up, culminate and decay. Think of the revolutions abroad which he has witnessed and the Wars which he has recorded; of the great subjects of social interest he has dealt with."

Mr. PUNCH, it is true, had always been recognised as a sort of Cabinet Minister without Portfolio. But with the coming of the crisis which is now faced by the British Empire, Mr. PUNCH has risen to the situation in a way that has far surpassed the highest predictions that could have been made.

In his own vivid, inimitable way Mr. PUNCH has been — throughout these months of the greatest crisis our race has ever met—the calm, truthful, clear-sighted interpreter of all that is best in British thought and British feeling.

In all the conflicts and disasters through which the world has ever passed there has been left no record of a people's mind and heart so vivid and so truthful as that which has been made week by week, and which is now to be preserved for all time in these War-Volumes of PUNCH.



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The binding of the second War-Volume will begin as soon after June 30th as possible, and both volumes will be delivered together.

We dare make no announcement at present as to the sets available in this limited edition, but if any readers may be tempted to postpone acceptance of this offer, we advise them in all earnestness to see that their orders are entered with no delay.

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FROM OUR SPATIALLY CREDULOUS CORRESPONDENT  
Orders: "I see the torpedo approaches" us; on, without waiting for any orders, I drive overboard, just gives 'im a stick on 'is little rubber, an' 'is 'e goes to start 'is an' pines us 'armlessly by."



Bill (who has just acquired a trench periscope): "Here 'ere. Ah! Now you watch me. This is how to get 'em."



SWEDISH DRILL

First Officer "Special" to Second ditto. "I say, what's the good of all this? We're not at war with Sweden, are we?"

Jokes that are part of History too.

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**TO** a wounded friend,  
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to a surgeon or nurse,  
to a hospital unit,  
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to a recreation hut,  
to a friend in Allied or  
Neutral Countries.

## "PUNCH" WAR VOLUMES

Edition for

### "The Daily Telegraph"

"WHEN Mr. PUNCH quizzes the scatter-brained rumourist, the food hog, the amateur strategist, the Home Committee, the Last Line of Defence, or famous authors heatedly engaged in keeping their ends up (and Literature's), he is at the same time blessing the English spirit that thus queerly effloresces," writes a reviewer in *The Westminster Gazette*.

"Far beyond thanks is his A.A.M.'s kindly, easy, happy, insinuating pen, his weekly patter of jokes, excellent (best of all), bad, and always good in parts,

"The only hump that gives nobody the blues."

even if it be their indetectability.

"What a happy three-penny bit brought, say, the blissful visage of Sir Angelo Frampington into view, or the 'absolutely neutral' grocer, or the village ne'er-do-weel, who 'dunna believe there ain't no war,' but 'just a plot to get me out of the village,' or 'Well, so he ought,' or 'I'd 'ave a dam good try,' or 'I've decided to part with you,' or the old lady's 'The Powers will surely intervene,' or 'Driven, indeed, I'd have made them walk,' or the bridegroom in 'for the duration of the War,' and such little lyrical delights as 'The Steeple,' 'Burgomaster Max,' or 'The Southdowns.'

"Some day Peace will come. But even on that day Mr. PUNCH will not go to bed. He will be found about 1 A.M. in the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace, serenely, archly smiling, from under the only hump in the Empire that gives nobody the blues."



THE OLD REFRAIN

First Old Lady: "My Dear, what do you think of this War isn't it terrible?"  
Second Old Lady: "Awful! But it can't last long; The Powers will surely intervene."

Jokes that are part of history too

These are Volumes of *Priceless* and *Permanent* value. No family that is proud of its British heritage will be without them.

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See other side.

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## COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

ing a budget of letters and came upon one with the Liverpool postmark. Inside the envelope I found a sheet of notepaper and—guess! Well, £20 for our Children's Fund! And never a word or anything that could tell me who our kind and generous friend is. "Oh, I do wish I could say thank you for it," was my comment to my companion of the moment, and really that was the only fact about the gift that I did not like. For it is always such a pleasure to be able—to try, anyway—to thank a person who has done one a kindness. I hope sincerely that our friend will see these words, and believe our very happy and grateful thanks. I am sure every one of our members and helpers will feel as I do about this gift: that it comes as a splendid spur to us, and that we must simply double or treble our own efforts so that our Violet Fund shall become larger and more and more useful. Do you know, rather than there being less need of our little bit of work, there will be far, far more because of the war? Many, many homes are being darkened through the war, and there will be so many little boys and girls to whom a helping hand must be put out in order that they may have all the necessary training and chances of becoming good citizens of the Empire. We must, therefore, try hard to be able to take more responsibility, to adopt more children; we cannot for even one month "rest on our oars." Wouldn't it be fine if on our birthday—the day of September, that is, when we celebrate the birthday of our Corner—we could every one of us make a Special Effort, and raise, all together, at least another £20, so doubling the gift of our unknown friend? Then we could take the responsibility of a new protégé. That is, of course, provided all of us go on with our monthly and quarterly collecting and giving as we have done in the past. I have not a shadow of doubt that we could do this, and more, if everyone who is nominally a Companion would do his or her "little bit"; those who have never given anything to our Fund might perhaps

just take a little share for once, even if only a little one, so that we could have a united effort. This is July. Will you each one write to me and say what you think you can do? Remember, if *you*, each of you, write and help, that will ensure the success of the whole.

ELIZABETH M. SHEDDON (aged 16; Renfrewshire) is a new Scottish member.

"I have been a very interested reader of the Corner for several months," she writes, "and after having a talk with Netta Martin I have decided to become a member, and have enclosed a coupon and shall do all I can to help in the Corner."

It was pleasant to hear thus indirectly of NETTA; I hope for a letter from her soon.

Elizabeth is a welcome member.

ROBERT WALKER (Scotland also) wrote appreciatively of the prize he won.

"I was very pleased to get your letter," he said, "but I was not thinking of a prize. It is not long since I began to read books myself, but I used to like them read to me. I am reading 'Coral Island' now, and will read your one next, and I am sure I shall like it."

STUART R. JOHNSON (age 15; Buteshire) is another new Companion to be greeted. She sent a shilling for a pendant badge, and best wishes. I hope she will write soon.

The next letter to hand is from Scotland. JESSIE H. ANDERSON wrote from Glasgow:

"It is such a long time since you have had a letter from me that I fear you will be thinking I have forgotten all about the Corner. But that is not the case. I many a time think about it and our splendid work, but sometimes there is something more substantial than thoughts needed to keep things going. The weeks seem to slip past, and still I put off writing, but I made up my mind not to let another day go by without writing to you. I am really sorry to have kept back my little subscription so long, but I will send the next on all the sooner.

"I was quite surprised that David had reached the age of earning his own living, or helping to do so, for it does not seem so very long since he left England. Well, I am sure we all hope he will have a bright future before him, and that he will get on well. He won't forget THE QUIVER, I am quite sure. I was pleased to see the two letters from Canada, and they are both very cheery letters indeed. . . I trust our Corner will continue to be supported even in a time of war, as our obligations are just the same. With kind regards, yours affectionately."

DOROTHY COLLYER (Canada) sent me an interesting little letter.



Bertha Marjorie Tyrrell.

## THE QUIVER

"Arnulf and myself are building a chicken house," she said, "but have not got on very well lately, as I have had a cold and could not go out to help him. To-night is Confirmation service at our church, and our cousin is going to be confirmed. Daddy, Kathleen, and our cousin went to church, so I thought it would be a good chance to write to you."

Our Companions in South Africa seem to have forgotten us almost. If they see this reminder perhaps I shall have letters before long. I was delighted to hear from AGNES IRVING once more.

"DEAR ALISON," she wrote,—"It is such a long time since I wrote to you last, but we left off taking THE QUIVER for some time. I am taking it again now, and look forward to it every month. I enjoy reading the letters to you, as they are so jolly and breezy. We have been having cruelly hot weather lately; it is cooler to-day, and looks like rain.

"Did I ever tell you that I had given up teaching and had entered the postal service? I am postmistress here, and am fairly happy. G— is a large Moravian Mission station, and this is one of the most perfect beauty spots in South Africa. The scenery is grand, and there are numerable forests on the mountain sides. The population is about 5,000, 4,500 of which is coloured population.

"This is a fairly busy office, and I have to work every night except Saturdays. There is another village about half an hour's drive from here called —. I know the majority of people there, so go over practically every week-end. My week-end is from 5 P.M. on Saturday till 8 P.M. on Sunday.

"A cousin of mine has been taken prisoner of war in G.S.W.A. Several boys I know are fighting there, and three of my cousins. Accept all good wishes for the H.W.W.C.—AGNES MARY IRVING."

I see I must hurriedly tell you of some of the other letters.

MILDRED LOPP (Jamaica) wrote about the building of their new church by the work which the people gave freely—stone-cutting, building, carrying—all given "for love."

"MISS SOMEBODY" (Scotland) sent a gift to our Fund and a nice woolly jersey for me to give away. It went to a mother in a little home in Stepney. JEAN WRIGHT (Scotland) had only recently been seeing THE QUIVER, and wrote for information about our Companionship. I hope soon to have the pleasure of registering her as a member. MARIE GOODIN (Jamaica) sent another gift to the Violet Fund, and the news of success in her examination. Congratulations, Marie. She is collecting stamps, and would like to correspond with another Companion who is also interested. BERTHA TYRRELL (London) enclosed her photograph

and a gift, too, for the Fund. I wish you all would follow her example. MARJORIE HEARD had the great joy of having her brother back from the Front—wounded—to be nursed and rested.

"I am very glad David is earning his own living," she writes. "When the war is over I suppose we can have another child, can't we? What a lot of disagreeable letters the Editor has had this month! Don't you think THE QUIVER is quite the nicest of the magazines published now? I don't know what these people have to grumble about really. I don't think there was any harm in that story, 'A Scrap of Paper,' though the girl certainly had a tremendous lot of self-confidence to do such a thing."

Thank you for the photographs, MARJORIE and KATHLEEN.

CHARLES B. WILLIAMS (London) sent me very kind letters and beautiful flowers from Whitby and from the Surrey hills. ELIZABETH MARSHALL (Scotland) sent a kind letter and a gift for the Fund. KATHLEEN THOMPSON wanted to understand more about the Fund "that so many write to you about"; she sent a gift too. "I would be glad to know more about it," she says.

DORIS LONGTON (Yorks) liked her prize. ADAH POLLARD-URQUHART (Scotland) had been knitting baby jackets and making scrap-books for soldiers' children in Edinburgh. DOROTHY LITTEN promises her "diary soon." ENID LINARD (Grenada) tells me she knows our Companions, LIZZIE and AGNES PALMER, HILDA OTWAY, ALICE WOODROFFE, and EDITH WELLS. Will you please tell them all we should like letters very soon, Enid? EDITH M. SMITH wrote:

"I thought you would like to know I am now able to walk. I have been up now every day for four weeks, and am going away to Devonshire."

That is good news, Edith! We hope you had a lovely time in Devonshire. As I write I am looking for the letter promised, and hope you will get thoroughly strong.

That must be all for to-day.—I am,  
Your Companion Friend,

*Alison.*



## THE QUIVER



"I should just think I do like  
**Bird's Custard.**

— Why! I simply love it."

**BIRD'S** is the only Custard which wise mothers should choose for their children, because it alone contains a rich store of body-building nutriment, and is so pure that it never disagrees.

**Watch the children enjoy  
BIRD'S Custard and thrive upon it.**

Among the grown-ups, BIRD'S Custard is also first favorite. Its clean fresh taste and velvet creaminess add a delightful relish to all stewed fruits and puddings.

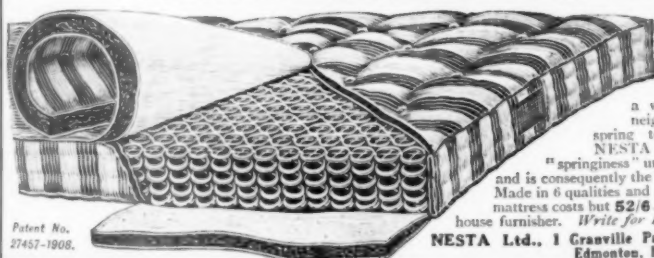
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Patent No.  
27457-1908.

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Erected in any Churchyard  
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Specimens POST FREE.

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Actual  
size :  
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INVALUABLE WHERE SPACE IS A CONSIDERATION.

It entirely supersedes the old-fashioned hat peg, and can be used with great advantage for numerous other purposes.

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**KNIFE CLEANING  
A THING OF THE PAST.**  
THE PRIZE "ARCANUM" CUTLERY.

The Cutlery of the Elite. Requires no cleaning except washing. Unaffected by climate or sea air. Is not stained by vinegar or other acids. Unequalled for Presents. A clean sharp knife, always ready for use! If unobtainable locally, send post card to the Inventor and Sole Manufacturer—

JEFFERSON READ, "Arcanum" Cutlery Works, Augusta St., Birmingham.

**THE LION LEADS IN CURING.**

IT IS NATURE'S REMEDY.

**BURGESS'  
LION  
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Cures WITHOUT LANCING OR CUTTING, bringing all disease to the surface and healing from underneath. Sample 1d., Colonies 2d., Of Chemists, 7d., 1s. 1d., 3s., per box, or post free from—  
**E. BURGESS, 59 Gray's Inn Road, LONDON.**

**C. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd.,**  
CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

**SEVEN PRIZE  
MEDALS.**



**Neither Scratch  
nor Spurt.**

Attention is also drawn to the **NEW PATENT ANTI - BLOTTING PENS.** Sample Box of either series, 7d.

**Works:** BIRMINGHAM.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124 NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.



# Rowlands' Kalydor

a soothing, refreshing, and emollient milk for the **face, hands, and arms**, warranted free from any leaden or metallic ingredients; it

**REMOVES FRECKLES. SUNBURN.**

tan, redness, and roughness of the skin, caused by the use of hard water; soothes prickly heat, stings of insects, &c.; keeps the

## SKIN COOL AND REFRESHED

during the heat of summer, and renders the skin soft, **smooth**, and **delicate**;  
bottles 2/3 and 4/6. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and A. ROWLAND & SONS,  
67 Hatton Garden, London.

# DRINK WITHOUT ALCOHOL

The Question of Substitutes

By CHARLES W. WRIGHT

IN this country we had grown so used to the Drink problem that it had seemed that—like the poor—it must be “ever with us.” Certainly, the most sanguine of reformers would not have ventured a year ago to prophesy that within twelve months Prohibition would come up for serious consideration by any of the great parties of the State. Yet the possibility has been not only before a political party, but considered by the Cabinet, and for one golden moment it did seem as if Prohibition might become an actual fact.

Alas, for the dreams of reformers! Our middle-class taxpayers, our wealthy manufacturers, our aristocratic land-owners, listened calmly to the proposal for doubling the income-tax, not only agreed without a murmur, but, in many cases, paid before the time, and sent letters expressing their delight!

But the thought of doing away with alcoholic drinks “for the war only”—!

## Following the King's Lead

It seems that we must not look to the legislature for drastic action in this matter, but that the problem will have to be tackled by the private individual. And here it is where King George has seized the opportunity, and done exactly the right thing. Everyone—with votes or without them—can follow his lead, and do their share.

What is it that causes our nation—in spite of the crisis that has come upon us—to cling so tenaciously to the drink habit?

Well, partly this tenacity must be ascribed to the tremendous vested interests sunk in the drink traffic. The financial ramifications of “the trade” seem to stretch out in every direction, influencing Church and State and almost every institution.

But there is another side of the question which is too often neglected by Temperance workers.

Why do people drink?

Is it out of sheer perversity—the desire to destroy body and soul? The drunkard, of

course, drinks because he cannot help it. With many people it is as much a disease as consumption, and more attention ought to be directed to the question of cures—both medical and mental—which, indeed, cannot save a man against his will, yet which may work wonders where the will is weak.

But a great number of “moderate drinkers” take alcohol simply because they want something to drink. With a climate such as ours—with humid airs and depressing atmosphere, as well as with occasional summer heat—there are not many people who can be content with plain water. In nearly all seasons there is the craving of the human body for a “stimulant”; in the summer time especially there is the need for thirst-quenching drink.

Now, it does seem to the writer that if we Temperance workers could concentrate more in encouraging the use of real thirst-quenching, stimulating drinks without the harmful qualities of alcohol, we should be rendering a national and social service of very real worth at this time of crisis.

## The New National Drinks

It is a cause for great thankfulness that tea and coffee are becoming so much the national drinks of the people. In business, the man who a few years ago took his customer to a public-house, will now go to the ubiquitous “Lyons” and have a quiet cup of tea or coffee. A change of this nature may take place so quietly as to be almost imperceptible, yet it would be difficult to over-estimate the enormous consequences of such a revolution. Excessive tea-drinking, it may be urged, is harmful, but, of course, the objection is a trifling one. Nobody can get intoxicated on tea or coffee; tea will never ruin our national industries, nor coffee fill our jails!

Would it not be possible to get up a national propaganda extolling the refreshing qualities of a cup of tea or coffee? When one sees on the hoardings the works of art dealing in the most enticing fashion with somebody's whisky, it does make one



## THE QUIVER

wonder whether the psychology of advertising has been sufficiently manipulated in favour of Temperance.

But, after all, tea and coffee are not always suitable. Particularly in the summer time some stimulating, refreshing cold drink is required, and the successful provision of this, and its general adoption, would go a long way to lessen the consumption of alcohol. There are many of these drinks more or less well known, and, too, it is not necessary to go abroad for them. Stretton Water, for instance, is coming more and more into favour as a light mineral, and for those who feel they must have the equivalent of ale or stout with their meals, it cannot too often be pointed out that in Kops Ale and Stout we have beverages in every way as refreshing and stimulating as ales and stouts are claimed to be, but with this difference, that they cannot impair the faculties and debase the mind—they are without alcohol.

There are many simple beverages which can be made at home by anyone with sufficient leisure. Lemonade, ginger-ale, ginger-beer, currant cordial, orangeade, lemon syrup, barley-water—all have their advocates. Here are a few recipes that may be found useful:—

### Barley Water

Mix 1 dessertspoonful of Robinson's "Patent" Barley with wineglassful of cold water into smooth paste. Pour this into stew-pan containing 1 quart boiling water, and stir over fire for 5 minutes. Flavour with lemon and sugar, either or both, allow mixture to cool, and strain off barley sediment.

### Delicious Lemonade

Boil 2 gallons of water and 3 lb. Demerara sugar for 10 minutes. Pour it on 1 oz. tartaric acid, and when quite cold add a small bottle of essence of lemon and put it in a jar with a tap. Keep it for 2 days before using. It will keep for a fortnight.

### Clear Lemonade

Take 6 quarts of water, 1½ oz. bruised ginger, 2 lb. loaf sugar, 1½ oz. cream of tartar, and 2 lemons. Boil the water, sugar, ginger, and rind of the lemons together for 1 hour; squeeze the juice of the lemons, and mix with the cream of tartar, then pour the boiling liquor over it into a pan. When cold add 3 tablespoonfuls of fresh yeast, let it ferment, then bottle. It will be ready for use in 3 days.

### Currant Cordial

Either black or red currants may be used for

this drink, raspberries, strawberries, damsons, plums, mulberries, blackberries, or apricots being substituted if desired. To every 2 lb. of properly picked and well-bruised fruit add 3 pints of cold water and 1 level teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda. Place in the preserving-pan and allow to simmer for 15 minutes. Boil hard for a further 5 minutes. Remove the pan from the fire and strain off the liquor, well pressing the fruit in the process. Clean the pan, and to every pint of liquor add 1½ lb. of castor sugar. Allow it to reach boiling point, then remove the pan from the fire and strain contents through muslin. When lukewarm, add 1 oz. powdered tartaric acid to every pint and stir till dissolved. Bottle and cork closely. Two tablespoonfuls added to a tumbler of plain or aerated water makes a delicious beverage and a real thirst-quencher.

### Ginger Ale

Take 5 drams essence of ginger, 1½ drams tincture of capsicum, 1 dram essence of lemon, 2 lb. lump sugar, 1 gallon hot water, and enough burnt sugar to colour. Put the ingredients into the hot water, shake well, and bottle. When cool it is ready for use. One part of this mixture to 3 parts of soda-water makes a most refreshing drink, and is quite as good as a more expensive ginger-ale.

### Lemon Syrup

Take 2 oz. citric acid (crystals), 3 lb. loaf sugar, and 5 pints of boiling water. Pour the boiling water over the sugar and citric acid, stir occasionally, and when cold add 1 dessertspoonful essence of lemon, or the juice of 2 nice fresh lemons. Bottle for use, then add 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls to a glass of water.

Other recipes may easily be obtained.

But there are comparatively few people who have the time and patience to make their own bread and brew their own drink, and it would be a public service if the makers of the really excellent Temperance drinks that are upon the market could take this opportunity of bringing them more to the notice of the people.

The street hoardings are particularly empty during these months of war—though the liquor trade seem still to be able to tempt their customers with pretty pictures; other ways there are of reaching the public, and I am sure that the readers of THE QUIVER, interested now as ever in the Temperance question, would be only too willing to do their share to divert some of the trade from the publicans into the hands of those who would not be debasing our citizens and injuring our country.

## THE QUIVER



**Barley Water**  
for a Summer Drink is deservedly  
popular but is often badly prepared.  
It should always be made from

# Robinson's "Patent" Barley

as follows:—

Recipe by Mr. H. HAMMOND, M.C.A. (formerly Chef de Cuisine, Bachelors' Club):—Put the outside peel of two lemons into two quarts of water, add eight lumps of sugar and boil for ten minutes. To this add two dessertspoonfuls of Robinson's "Patent" Barley, previously mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Continue to boil for five minutes and allow to cool. When cold, strain off through fine muslin and add ice and lemon juice to taste.

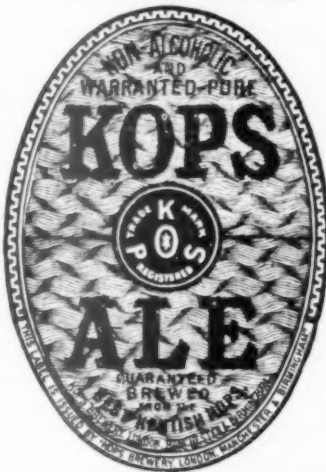
*Pearl Barley should on no account be used as a substitute, as to give it a better appearance, it is frequently adulterated with French Chalk, which is most injurious to the system.*

KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., Ltd., LONDON.

## THE DRINK QUESTION

is solved by taking

STIMULATING



REFRESHING

### PURE ENGLISH BREWED ALE AND STOUT

made from the finest Kentish Hops and Malt, containing all the tonic properties of Alcoholic Beer without the undesirable after effects.

A special analytical commission report: Kops Ale has nothing that is injurious, but is on the contrary a palatable beverage, possessing distinct tonic and invigorating properties.

## "Stretton"

The English

## Natural Table Water

*The Purest in the World.*

There is nothing foreign about it.

British Capital  
British Labour  
British Bottles and all accessories.

AT ALL THE BEST HOTELS AND STORES IN  
LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

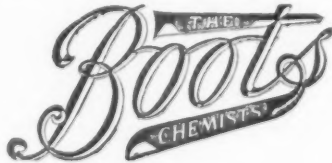
THE STRETTON HILLS MINERAL WATER CO.,  
CHURCH STRETTON, SALOP

# Purity and Security.

All drugs supplied by Boots have to answer every known test for purity, or they are rigidly rejected. Over a thousand analyses are made every month, and the tests imposed are not merely those of the British Pharmacopœia, but tests far more stringent than those required by the British Pharmacopœia. As "Truth" states in reviewing the business of Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., "A passion for purity is displayed in regard to every article."

And though purity is vitally important, freshness is almost equally so. Medicine made up of stale drugs cannot possibly be of maximum efficiency. You cannot even be certain that it is medicinally active. Owing to the careful system of checking the supplies at their 555 Branches it is practically impossible to obtain stale drugs at Boots. The stocks at all their establishments are periodically tested, and any drug showing the least sign of deterioration immediately destroyed. Your own security depends upon the purity and freshness of the drugs you purchase.

YOU ARE SAFE IN DEALING WITH



Chief London Branch:

**182 REGENT STREET, W.**

Numerous Branches in and around London.

*Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.*

The  
Wonderful WEAR of  
**Wood-Milne**  
RUBBER HEELS

means the *best* kind of Economy, and where there's a family the saving on boot-bills is very, very real.

Such is the wearing quality of 'Wood-Milne' rubber that every pair of 'Wood-Milnes' saves ten times its cost—to say nothing of the vastly greater comfort.

**Better Economy  
and Better Health**

Think of it! Think also of being able to walk, walk, walk every day, everywhere, as though on soft, rich carpet all the while—never a shock or a jar from morn till eve.

Get the Bootman to fix 'Wood-Milnes' for you and yours to-day!

**NO INCREASE IN PRICE**



THIS OFFER  
MAY NOT BE  
REPEATED.

**GIVEN AWAY!  
GIVEN AWAY!**

With every Carpet  
we shall absolutely  
Give Away a  
handsome Rug to  
match, or we send  
Two Carpets and  
Two Rugs  
for

**10/6**

Patronized  
by **H.M. The QUEEN of SWEDEN**  
**GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.**  
THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to readers of "The Quiver," July, 1915. On receipt of P.O.  
we will forward direct from our looms to your address one of our  
**5/6 "PRUDENTIAL" REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUINEA**

**BRUSSELETTE**  
**CARPETS**

Over 400,000 sold during the past 12 months.



thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

**A FEW REMARKABLE  
TESTIMONIALS**

from our numerous patrons  
(originals may be seen)

Ivy Cottage, Litcham, Norfolk,  
March 6, 1914.

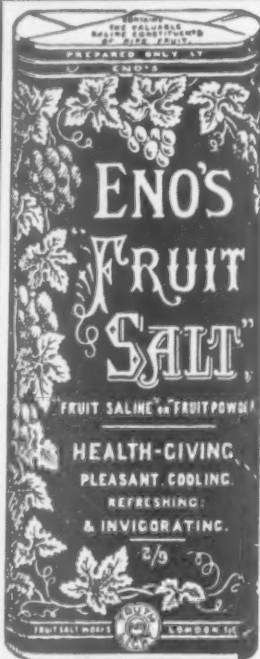
Mrs. W. Foulsham writes:—  
"Send me one of your Brussels Carpets. Amount enclosed. We have now the Carpet which we had from you nineteen years ago, and now it is not worn out."

5 North Avenue, Garden Village,  
Levenshulme, 11.5.14.

Mr. L. W. Stanton writes:—  
"Send me one of your Prudential Brussels Carpets and Rugs, 5s amount enclosed. I was interested to see that one of your customers stated she had a carpet from you 19 years ago that was not worn out. You can also state that I have now in my bedroom one, in fairly good condition, which I bought at your place well over 20 years ago."

Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Embroidered Linen, and Cotton Bedspreads, Quilts, Table Linens, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Linoleums, Blankets, Curtains, &c., Post Free, if, when writing, you mention "The Quiver," July, 1915.

**F. HODGSON & SONS** (Dept. Q.V.), Manufacturers, **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**  
Importers & Merchants.



THE EVER-POPULAR HOUSEHOLD REMEDY  
which has now borne the stamp of Public approval for  
**OVER FORTY YEARS**

# ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

**PLEASANT TO TAKE,  
REFRESHING & INVIGORATING**

THERE is no simpler, safer or more agreeable aperient which will, by natural means, get rid of dangerous waste matter, without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality.

IT IS VERY BENEFICIAL IN ALL CASES OF Quick Pulse, and Feverish Conditions generally.

It is everything you could wish as a Simple and Natural Health-giving Agent.

It can be safely used every day even by invalids and children. The best of all household remedies at all times.

Gentle and safe in its action, it does not cause griping or weakness. Always keep it in the house or in your travelling bag, in readiness for emergencies.

PREPARED ONLY BY

**J. C. ENO, Ltd., "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E.**

Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the World.

A Biscuit of Outstanding Merit.

**McVITIE & PRICE'S  
BELGIUM**

May be obtained from All Grocers, etc.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED  
WHITE  
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

**FURNESS** The Gateway  
TO THE  
**RAILWAY.** English Lakes.

**20** Rail, Coach and Steam Yacht  
Tours throughout Lakeland.

IN OPERATION EVERY WEEK-DAY

WITH CERTAIN EXCEPTIONS FROM

Whitsuntide to End of September.

EXCURSIONS.

Windermere, Rydal, Conistone, Grassmere, Thirlmere, Derwent-  
water, Ullswater, Watnall, Ennerdale, &c., Lakes, George  
Romney's Home (1742 to 1755), and Furness Abbey.



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P.S. "LADY EVELYN" or "LADY MOYRA."  
Daily Sailings (including Sundays) during the Summer Months.  
(This Service is suspended until further notice.)

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is the centre for Lakeland. Beautifully situated within the  
grounds of Furness Abbey.

ALFRED ASLETT

Barrow-in-Furness, May, 1915.

Secretary & Gen. Manager.